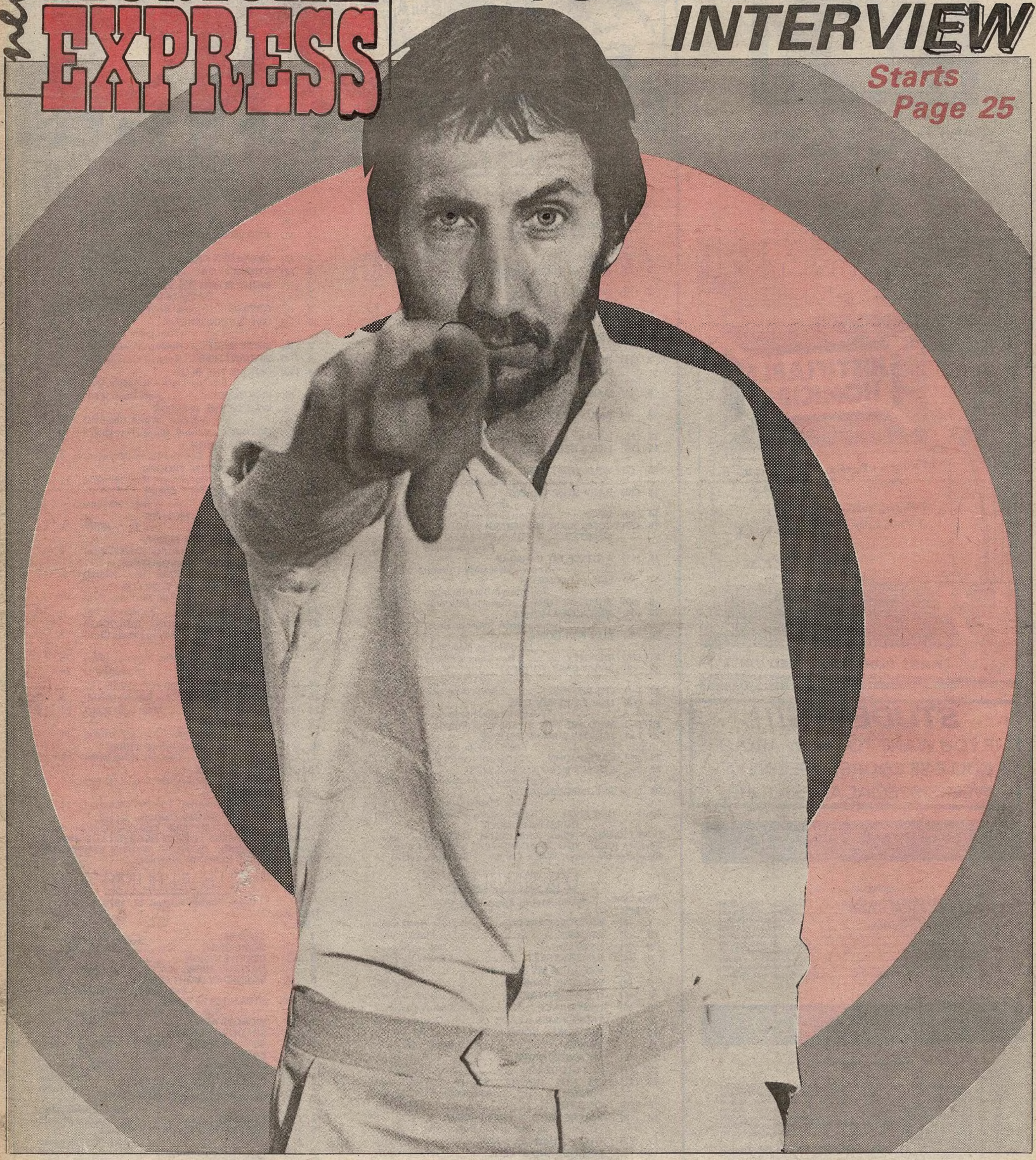
12th August 1978 US $1.10c/Canada 60c 18p

New MUSICAL EXPRESS

THE PETE TOWNSHEND INTERVIEW

Starts Page 25



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WHO NEEDS YOU

Your Chance To Star In "Quadrophenia". See page 11.

NEW SINGLE
'Only You Can Rock Me', 'Cherry'
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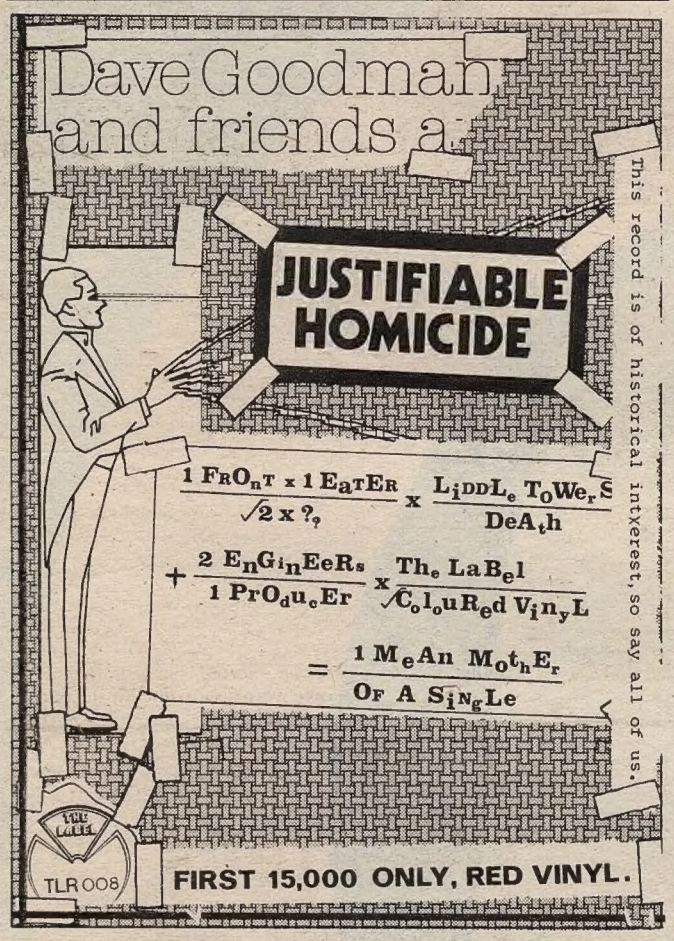
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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 7, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	2	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3	3	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
7	4	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A&M)
9	5	48 CRASH	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
5	6	GOIN' HOME	Osmonds (MGM)
4	7	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
12	8	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
14	9	BAD BAD BOY	Nazareth (Mooncrest)
13	10	TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending August 7, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	MONY MONY	Tommy James & The Shondells (Major Minor)
2	2	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Track)
3	3	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
8	4	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
4	5	MRS ROBINSON	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)
9	6	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
5	7	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A&M)
12	8	LAST NIGHT IN SOHO	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
7	9	MacARTHUR PARK	Richard Harris (RCA)
14	10	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 9, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
2	2	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	3	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	4	TWIST AND SHOUT (EP)	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	5	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
5	6	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)
19	7	BAD TO ME	Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)
12	8	IN SUMMER	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	9	SUKIYAKI	Kyu Sakamoto (HMV)
18	10	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 12, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	12	1
2	(2)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	7	2
3	(5)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	7	3
4	(12)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	5	4
5	(17)	THE KIDS ARE UNITED	Sham 69 (Polydor)	2	5
5	(23)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)	2	5
7	(21)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	16	1
8	(4)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	9	3
9	(6)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	9	2
10	(15)	5-7-0-5	City Boy (Vertigo)	4	10
11	(18)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	4	11
12	(7)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	7
13	(20)	BABY STOP CRYING	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	13
14	(10)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	5	10
15	(27)	COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	2	15
16	(11)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	7	7
17	(5)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	8	5
18	(30)	SUPER NATURE	Cerrone (Atlantic)	2	18
19	(24)	NORTHERN LIGHTS	Renaissance (Warner Bros)	3	19
20	(9)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	6	9
21	(26)	IDENTITY	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	3	21
22	(8)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	7	8
23	(—)	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)	1	23
24	(14)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Philadelphia Int.)	8	12
25	(—)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who (Polydor)	1	25
26	(—)	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	Child (Ariola Hansa)	1	26
27	(—)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	1	27
28	(—)	I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER	Lurkers (Beggars Banquet)	1	28
29	(13)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	4
30	(—)	HOT SHOT	Karen Young (Atlantic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DON'T CARE — Klark Kent (A&M); ANTHEM — New Seekers (CBS); YOU MAKE ME FEEL MIGHTY REAL — Sylvester (Fantasy); WALK ON BY — Stranglers (UA).

ALBUMS

Week ending August 12, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	16	1
2	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	5	2
3	(2)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	8	2
4	(10)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	4	4
5	(5)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	5	5
6	(4)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	10	2
7	(8)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	9	3
8	(14)	20 GIANT HITS	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	3	8
9	(13)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	34	3
10	(6)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	23	1
11	(15)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	16	7
12	(9)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	9	4
13	(16)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	4	13
14	(7)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	13	7
15	(12)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	4	12
16	(20)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	28	5
17	(25)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Soundtrack (Casablanca)	3	17
17	(26)	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION	Steel Pulse (Island)	2	17
19	(—)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS	The Rezillos (Sire)	1	19
20	(24)	ROCK RULES OK	Various (K-Tel)	5	16
21	(22)	MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS & FOOD	Talking Heads (Sire)	2	21
22	(17)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	75	1
23	(21)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	29	1
24	(27)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	2	24
25	(—)	SHOOTING STAR	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	6	23
26	(23)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	21	6
27	(—)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	11	1
28	(11)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	19	2
29	(—)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	1	29
30	(18)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	24	7

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

SOUNDS. . .AND STUFF LIKE THAT — Quincy Jones (A&M); SGT PEPPERS LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND — Soundtrack (A&M); EVITA — Various (MCA); THE ESSENTIAL JIMI HENDRIX (Polydor).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 12, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(2)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
3	(1)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4	(4)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
5	(7)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
6	(8)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
7	(11)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
8	(5)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
9	(6)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
10	(12)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
11	(13)	RUNAWAY	Jefferson Starship
12	(15)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
13	(17)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
14	(21)	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT	Atlanta Rhythm Section
15	(20)	KING TUT	Steve Martin
16	(19)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta
17	(23)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
18	(18)	MAGNET AND STEELE	Walter Egan
19	(9)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
20	(27)	STAY/LOAD OUT	Jackson Browne
21	(10)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
22	(24)	FM (NO STATIC AT ALL)	Steely Dan
23	(—)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
24	(30)	I'VE HAD ENOUGH	Wings
25	(14)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
26	(—)	STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
27	(—)	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE	Eddie Money
28	(29)	EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
29	(—)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth Wind & Fire
30	(—)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 12, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
4	(4)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
5	(6)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
6	(7)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
7	(9)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
8	(5)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
9	(19)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Soundtrack
10	(10)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
11	(11)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan
12	(8)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
13	(12)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
14	(18)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project
15	(16)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
16	(14)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
17	(15)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
18	(13)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
19	(20)	SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
20	(21)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
21	(22)	COME GET IT	Rick James
22	(17)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
23	(24)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
24	(28)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
25	(29)	A TASTE OF HONEY	
26	(26)	AJA	Steely Dan
27	(23)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
28	(—)	LOVESHINE	Confunkshun
29	(30)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
30	(—)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: TONY STEWART

ROTTEN: doesn't want it . . .

PURSEY: wants it . . .

PURSEY, ROTTEN IN LINE FOR WHO FILM ROLE

JOHNNY ROTTEN and Sham 69's Jimmy Pursey are being considered for the leading role in the movie *Quadrophenia*.

Based on The Who's album and using Pete Townshend's original music, production starts next month. Both vocalists are candidates to play the central character, Jimmy.

It's a dramatic role and a script has just been written by Dave Humphries.

Rotten is reportedly dubious about appearing in the movie, but on Thursday discussed the project with Townshend.

"He asked to talk to me about it," Townshend said before their meeting, "But I don't see how it'll change anything.

"I don't think he'll do it. In fact I'm 100 per cent certain he won't."

Pursey, whom Townshend saw on TV and thought looked right for Jimmy, is enthusiastic about the role. He says he has already met with the film's production team.

"I think *Quadrophenia* would suit me," said Pursey, "cos I know the album, and I can understand the kid involved. Having been through the same sort of set up I know I'd really get into it.

"But I'd be a bit wary of how they (the makers) saw it, 'cos I don't think I could handle something potty like the way *Tommy* went."

Director Frank Rhoddam declined to confirm that Rotten and Pursey had been approached. He said it was a very complicated role and other people were also in line for the part.

Tubes to star at Knebworth

MAKING THEIR first concert appearance since singer Fee Waybill's stage accident last May, The Tubes appear at Knebworth II next month.

They co-headline with Peter Gabriel, playing his first UK date this year, and Frank Zappa.

The Boomtown Rats and Rockpile, featuring Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds, comprise the rest of the bill for the one-day event on September 9 — along with Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, who are the openers.

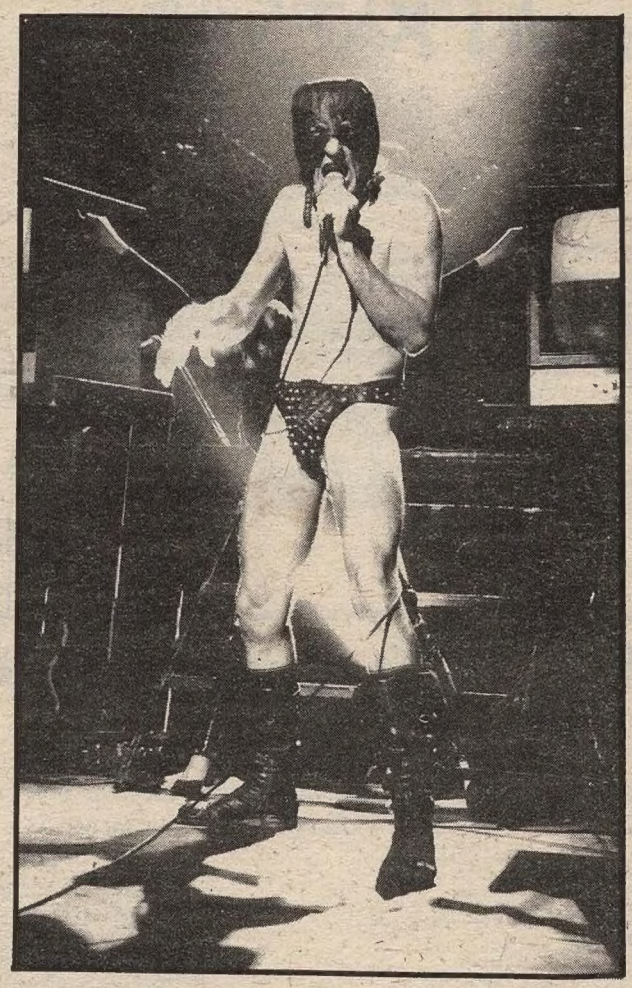
Now with a permanent limp since he broke his leg falling from the Leicester De Montfort stage, Waybill is appearing against his doctor's advice. But The Tubes are eager to close the festival with a partly new show, to compensate for British dates that had to be cancelled because of Waybill's injuries.

Zappa too cancelled one show at London's Hammersmith Odeon earlier this year.

Gabriel's appearance, it's believed, is a prelude to a more extensive UK tour in the autumn. He'll appear with Jerry Marotta (drums), Tony Levin (bass) Syd McGinnis (guitar) and Larry Fast (synthesiser).

Rockpile, also including Terry Williams (drums) and Billy Bremner (guitar) will feature material from Edmunds' solo album "Trax On Wax", released by Swansong on Sptember 8.

Advance tickets priced £5.50 are now available through all Knebworth outlets, and Virgin and Harlequin shops.



Potter quits Solid Senders

PIANIST John Potter has left Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders on completion of their debut album on Virgin, "Solid Senders", released on September 8.

For their Marquee dates this Thursday and Friday, Southend's R&B keyboards player John Denton joins the group. They also appear at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall on Saturday.

Given free with the first 15,000 copies of the LP will be a live album of popular stage material.

NEWS IN BRIEF

ROBERT PALMER plays one provincial concert as a prelude to his previously-reported show at London's Hammersmith Odeon on September 13. It's at Oxford New Theatre on Sunday, September 10.

MIST, Menace and The Tickets appear in a combined Rock Against Racism and Anti-Nazi League gig at London East Ham Town Hall this Saturday (12) at 7.30pm. Admission is £1.

RACING CARS headline three London gigs next week. They're at Camden Dingwalls (August 16) and Kensington Nashville (18 and 19).

MARIANNE FAITHFULL plays a one-off gig at Weston-Super-Mare Webbington Country Club on August 17, as a warm-up for a European outing. A British tour follows in the autumn.

WOODY HERMAN Orchestra play five nights at the Sanyo Jazz Festival in Chichester from October 11 to 15.

PATRIK FITZGERALD plays a benefit gig at Islington's Hope & Anchor on Monday (14). His set will feature an electric section when he is joined by ATV guitarist Nick Linahan and Rusty Egan, the Rich Kids' drummer.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE headlines a Rabid Records bill at Manchester Russell Club (August 18) and Liverpool Eric's (19). Also appearing are Ed Banger, Giro and Gordon The Moron.

£3,000 debt threatens London gig

ONE OF London's important pub-rock venues, The Rochester Castle, is threatened with closure unless the landlord can raise £3,000 in the next month.

Pat Bryon, tenant of this North London pub which has presented rock and punk nightly for the last two years, owes £3,000 to Charrington's brewery.

To raise the money he is staging a series of benefit gigs during August.

Penetration and XTC, who made early London appearances at The Rochester, have agreed to appear. None of the band will collect a gig-fee.

"If all the bands turn up and everything goes well, we should be able to get the necessary money," said Bryon.

Ironically, an original debt of £10,000 was amassed last year when the venue was losing £200 a week on live entertainment. Since then Bryon has cleared over half of it, but now he has been given an early September deadline for the remainder.

TRB, The Jam, Only Ones and The Boyfriends have all played The Rochester.

"It's an important gig on the pub circuit," explained Bryon, "because bands had to start here before they could get gigs at the Hope and Nashville. This pub came to be a proving ground."

Dates so far confirmed include Sore Throat tonight (Thursday), The Sinceros (11), Dead Fingers Talk (12), Autographs (17), The Pleasers (18), Punishment Of Luxury (19), Jab Jab (20) and Skrewdriver (21). An admission charge of 50p or £1 will be charged.

BLONDIE SINGLE

BLONDIE release a new single" "Picture This" on August 18. Backed by "Fade Away (And Radiate)" it was recorded recently in New York.

Two more dates have been added to their short UK tour next month. They play Portsmouth Guildhall (10) and Edinburgh Odeon (13).

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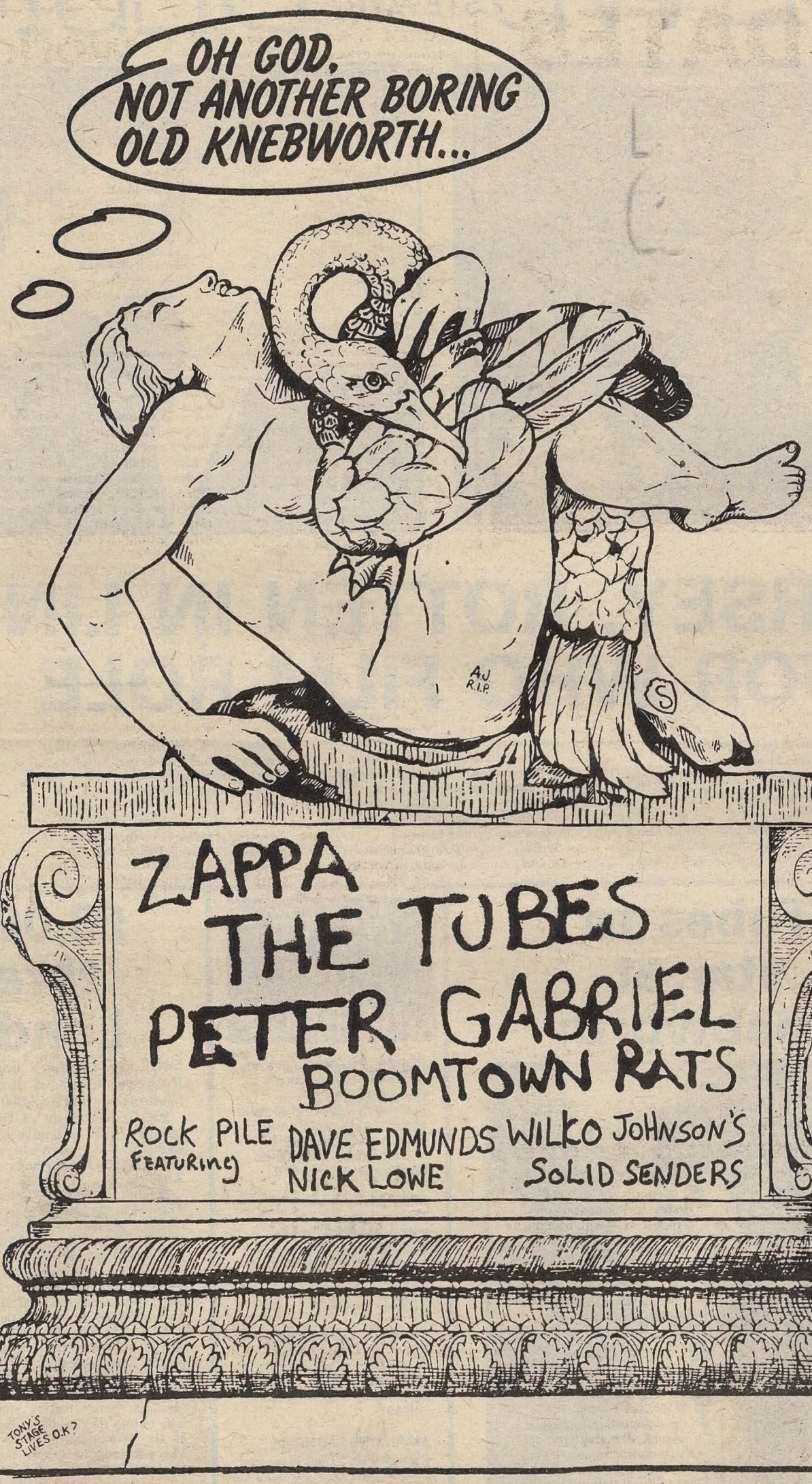

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A Tedoar Presentation.

PATTI SMITH EXTRA DATES

PATTI SMITH now plays a short series of British concerts following her appearance at the Reading Festival.

It was previously expected that Smith would play only one other date, at The Edinburgh Odeon on August 30. Now, with her current four-track EP selling well after advance orders of over 50,000, she plays four more, plus two in Dublin, as well as another 11 in Europe.

She appears at Newcastle City Hall (29), Edinburgh (30), Manchester Apollo (31), Cardiff Top Rank (Sept 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), and Dublin Projects Art Centre (3).

Tickets for Newcastle, Manchester and Birmingham are priced £3, £2.50 , £2 and £1.50. At other dates the price is £2.

Gen X back in action

AFTER A long absence from concert work, Generation X play a short series of low-key dates this week to prepare themselves for a full British tour in the autumn.

Now definitely off the bill for Southampton's Anti-Nazi League carnival this Saturday, they play Edinburgh Astoria tonight (Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday) and Sheffield Limit (Saturday).

The major tour will coincide with the release of a new album, now nearing completion, and a new single produced by Ian Hunter is due shortly.

Grateful Dead plan world tour

THE GRATEFUL DEAD are expected to play a short series of British concerts in October. It's thought the shows, including two nights at the Wembley arena, will climax an extensive world tour taking in Europe and even Egypt.

The legendary San Francisco band led by Jerry Garcia last appeared in Britain in 1974. They now plan to play a Scottish date on October 14, Stafford Bingley Hall (15) and Wembley (16-17).

The concerts are still to be confirmed.

The Dead, who still play shows lasting four hours, are currently playing America, and next month the U.S. Airforce are reportedly flying them to Egypt for concerts in Luxor and Cairo. Their visit is believed to be part of the American Government's community relations programme.

The group are then expected to visit Europe before coming to Britain.

Bardens quits Camel

PETER BARDENS has quit Camel on completion of their new album "Breathless" and on the eve of a seven-month world tour.

But the remaining nucleus of three are augmented by saxist Mel Collins and two keyboard-players, Dave Sinclair and Jan Schaelhass, for their concert work.

Formed six years ago, Camel claim to have sold over two million records. Bardens was regarded as their creative fulcrum, and he now plans to work with Van Morrison who he was with in Them.

The split is "amicable".

Camel begin the first part of their world tour at Croydon Fairfields Halls on September 10, followed by:

Brighton Dome (11), Portsmouth Guildhall (12), Birmingham Odeon (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16), Edinburgh Odeon (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Southampton Guildhall (23), Guildford Civic Hall (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Liverpool Empire (26), Hammersmith Odeon (29/30), Oxford Poly (October 2), Plymouth Poly (3), Aberystwyth University (4), Nottingham University (5), Salford University (6), Bradford University (7), Stoke Victoria Hall (8), Canterbury Kent University (10), Cardiff University (11), Wolverhampton Civic (12), Keele University (13), and York University (14).

"GIANT FOR A Day", the new album by Gentle Giant, is set for release by Chrysalis on September 8. A single "Thank You"/"No Stranger" will be out on August 18.

Frustrated by their concert inactivity in UK, drummer John Weathers says: "We're fed up with being a bunch of Greta Garbos and we hope to play a few dates in October or November".

Ronald Biggs on 'Revolver'

RONALD BIGGS makes his TV debut as a singer when he appears with Sex Pistols Paul Cook and Steve Jones in ATV's *Revolver* this Saturday night (12).

Needless to say, the sequence was filmed in Rio de Janeiro, and not at ATV's Birmingham studios.

Co-topping the bill for this edition are The Jam and The Boomtown Rats, along with The Fabulous Poodles, Dire Straits, Heatwave and Jab-Jab.

GOLD HITS THE HEADLINES

ANDREW GOLD makes his first British headline concert tour next month. The American producer-turned-performer last appeared in the UK as a special guest to Linda Ronstadt in late '76.

Details of his band and the support act are still to be confirmed.

He opens at Newcastle City Hall on September 23, then plays Liverpool Empire (24), Manchester Apollo (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Oxford New Theatre (28), Bristol Colston Hall (29), culminating with Hammersmith Odeon on October 1.

Tickets: On sale in London within three weeks, priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2; in Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham and Bristol within two weeks, with £1.50 seats also available; now on sale in Oxford, with a maximum price of £3.

DP's guitarist

THE D.P.'s, formerly The Depressions, have finally replaced guitarist Frank Smith who left the band last spring. New member Tony Mayberry — previously with Joe Koo and The Killers — is now working on the group's second album.

Vibrators' new line

THE RESHAPED Vibrators are now on the road, and make their London debut as a fourpiece with two nights at the Marquee this weekend.

Founder member Knox (vocals/guitar) and Jon Edwards (drums) have been joined by former Electric Chairs guitarist Greg Van Cook and one-time bassist of the Ivy League Ben Brierly.

They appear at Barnstaple Chequers Club tonight (Thursday) and the Marquee on Sunday and Monday.

CBS are recording both London shows.

A more extensive tour for The Vibrators is being planned for the autumn.

RECORD NEWS

LOL CREME and **KEVIN GODLEY** have their new album released by Mercury on August 18 — called "L", which was also the title of Steve Hillage's first solo LP a couple of years ago. It's their second set since they left 10c.c., the first being the triple album "Consequences" last autumn which introduced their gizmo invention.

PETER SKELLERN'S new LP, simply titled "Skellern", is issued by Phonogram on August 18 — with backing by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band! He promotes it in BBC-2's *Rhythm On Two* (August 16) and ITV's *The Entertainers* (19). Skellern makes his acting debut on August 14 in ATV's drama series *The Soft Touch*, for which he has also written the theme music.

MERCURY release three 12-inch disco singles this weekend, all marketed in special multi-coloured bags. They are "Let's Start The Dance" by **Bohannon,** "Let The Music Play"by **Charles Earland** and "Galaxy Of Love" by **Crown Heights Affair.**

CITY BOY, currently in the charts with their single "5-7-0-5", have their fourth album issued by Vertigo on August 18. Title is "Book Earl".

EMI ARE to reissue the original **Beatles** album of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" in October to coincide with the British opening of the **Peter Frampton-Bee Gees** movie of the same name.

THE FIRST 25,000 copies of **The Motors'** new Virgin single "Forget About You" — the follow-up to their smash hit "Airport" and released tomorrow (Friday) — are pressed on 12-inch red vinyl. The B-side features three new songs — "Picturama", "The Middle Bit" and "Soul Surrender".

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THE DAY SCARBORO' TURNED DAY-GLO

IF FAY FIFE is aware that she's creating something of a stir as she strides energetically through the groups of weather-defeated holiday makers, she ain't letting on.

A blaze of colour amongst the nondescript Scarborough hordes, Fay could pass for the principal boy in a Mod pantomime. Or, with her lime green tights, ankle length boots and stripy "top" — no skirt — that ends a good six inches above the knee, she might well be hurrying to some rendez-vous in a DC Comics' *Flash* drama.

Of all five Rezillos, Fay is the only one who offstage merits a second glance. Yet a few hours later — immediately prior to the gig at the Penthouse — co-vocalist Eugene Reynolds is just passing the time of day with a few fans in the street when the lot of them are set upon by a gang of men in their mid-20s.

The thugs, Eugene later explains, looked as if they were bound for the local disco, but couldn't resist the temptation to demonstrate their anti-punk feelings. Funny, that — Reynolds is about as much a punk as Tom Robinson is.

Bruises are beginning to show on his face as he changes out of his pink leather biker outfit after the gig — a show at which The Rezillos worked as hard as ever . . . and during which their breakneck version of Jeremy Spencer's "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight", unbeknown to the audience, took on another, more serious meaning.

AFTER MONTHS of false-starts things are at last shaping up for The Rezillos. Last Christmas their excellent second single, the double A-side "(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures"/"Flying Saucer Attack" — described in these very pages as a head-on collision between Status Quo and Geno Washington — was lost in the end-of-year record industry snarl-up. Their debut "Can't Stand My Baby", put out on Edinburgh's Sensible Records, didn't stand a chance — records released on independents so rarely do.

Events beyond their control resulted in their first album, "Can't Stand The Rezillos", failing to make its original April release date, and finally being issued last month. Fortunately for The Rezillos the elpee has gone straight into most charts in the lower 20s, not bad for a band who've been immobilised for the greater part of 1978.

"We're flabbergasted," enthuses Fay, sizing up the menu in a cheesy Scarborough eaterie where chips seem compulsory. She's been a vegetarian these past four days, and although it's her first meal since breakfast yesterday she just about manages to avoid ordering a meat dish.

"Events beyond their contro!" — the split between their label Sire and its British licenser, Phonogram — have resulted in only 15 or so Rezillos gigs during the past seven months. (Last year they chalked up nigh on 200 gigs.) Under the circumstances, they are well-chuffed with audience response to the album.

For The Rezillos 1978 began with the recording of "Can't Stand". In the latter half of '77 they'd become the first British act to join the likes of The Ramones, Talking Heads and The Flamin' Groovies on Sire Records. Despite numerous offers from other labels, they signed to Sire, a relatively small outfit, because — in Eugene's words — they felt Sire had its finger on at least some sort of pulse.

Under the direction of label supremo Seymour Stein, they went to Sire's HQ in New York City to record their first album — the first British new wave combo to make its initial long player in America. Stein considered Ramones producer Bob Clearmountain as just the ticket for the album; a potential pairing between the band and Nick Lowe had fallen through because of Lowe's heavy work schedule.

The recording didn't turn out quite the way Sire envisaged. "He (Clearmountain) wasn't really interested," grumbles Eugene. "He didn't know what we were about. All he wanted to do was to see his percentage back from the record. He didn't care if we were completely bastardised."

Though "Can't Stand The Rezillos" sounds just fine production-wise, The Rezillos claim that's more down to engineer Tony Bongiovi and themselves; Clearmountain spent much of the time ill with food poisoning. The current single "Top Of The Pops", though included on the album, is a re-recording, with Brit producer Alan Taylor at the board.

However, The Rezillos enjoyed their five-week stay in America, where they resided in a hotel in New York's sleazy Times Square. On their return, arrangements were made for a two month tour to promote the album.

Then bassist William Mysterious, not keen to return to an on-the-road lifestyle, stacked his hand and was replaced by one Simon Templar.

To familiarise Templar with their material The Rezillos spent 10 days solid rehearsing. Three days before the tour was due to start, they were informed that Sire and Phonogram were no longer partners, and there would be no tour after all. As for the album, well, that was put on permanent hold.

THE REZILLOS' entry into the world of big business had backfired on them. Usually tours are to promote albums, and Phonogram weren't going to pay to push an album they no longer had anything to do with. And Sire Records no longer had a British outlet.

The band are sure that both Sire and Phonogram knew their parting company was imminent.

Complains Eugene: "We weren't given the proper story. We were just given different stories from every angle. The group are always the last people to find out about these things."

Sire later signed with WEA in Britain, "Can't Stand The Rezillos" was finally released, and The Rezillos, albeit a very impoverished Rezillos, are currently on tour.

When there's money, they'll get £25 a week. They say they've spent their advance on running costs.

Just another rock band being ripped off? Or a greedy bunch bitching unnecessarily?

Fay excluded, The Rezillos certainly *look* incredibly poor. Apart from a minimum of stage threads — Eugene's pink suit and Fay's pop art/futuristic all-in-one mini dress outfits — they seem to possess only the clothes they stand up in.

At least one record company employee has been moved to slip them the odd fiver and write it off on expenses.

Yet, despite their financial state and months of setbacks their momentum and enthusiasm remain unscathed.

At Leeds Roots Club, with a house-record 600 crammed inside the shabby walls, the band hi-tail it through a set that takes the audience's breath way.

Starting out with the as-yet unrecorded "Destination Venus" — more comic book sci-fi — and hurtling into The Kinks' "I Need You", The Rezillos demonstrate that it's possible to play in a credible new wave band and still have fun.

Rezillos music is hard to define. While they make no bones about their

Continues next page

Hi' Eugene . . .

From previous page

love for lightweight '60s pop like "I Like It" and "Glad All Over", performed with tongue affectionately in cheek, and '70s bubblegum like Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz", there's no doubting their musical intelligence, be it as songwriters or players/performers.

Guitarist Jo Callis, formerly Luke Warm, didn't spend most of his teens with a guitar at his fingertips for nothing. (With the exception of Eugene, who's 25, all The Rezillos are in their early 20s.) He manages to use influences as far apart as Pete Townshend and Steve Cropper entirely to The Rezillos' advantage.

His timing is immaculate and imaginative, and he can call upon a welter of rock styles at the drop of a hat — knowing exactly what's needed and when.

It's from Callis's wacky mind that most of The Rezillos' songs eminate.

"We would like to aim for the plush credibility and smoothness of the Nolan Sisters, but I'm afraid we fall a little short of that," he says with northern sarcasm.

More seriously: "People feel they have to justify themselves for liking The Rezillos."

Fay bursts in: "A lot of people say that The Rezillos are not a good group, but you can enjoy them."

Jo has too many favoutite guitarists to list them all, but mentions Mick Ronson, Paul Kossoff, Chuck Berry, Hendrix, Ritchie Blackmore (Deep Purple days only — he uses the "Smoke On The Water" riff in one number) and Wilko Johnson.

"Getting Me Down" is heavily Feelgoods-influenced, as the band acknowledge.

"When we started out they were the only group doing anything we'd remotely like to do," says Jo.

Angel Paterson is a steadfastly crisp drummer.

New boy Simon, straight from Durham where he worked as a Ford salesman and still finding his feet in the zany world of The Rezillos, takes care of business, even if he doesn't play with such overt aplomb as his predecessor Mysterious.

And then there's Eugene and Fay . . .

THE TWO MET UP at art college in Edinburgh, Eugene a refuge from Braintree, Essex, and Fay coming south from Dunfirmline. Her family had long mining tradition, but Fay's old man broke it when he became a docker. Fay took a somewhat greater break with tradition when she joined The Rezillos — her father still hasn't recovered, though she's hoping he'll come round when they've had a hit.

Eugene was ostensibly doing a course in stained-glass design at Edinburgh, but having met Callis, spent more time forming rock bands. The Rezillos metamorphosed from a group the two of them had that played '50s rock'n'roll.

In the early days, with two girls singers and a sax player, The Rezillos would play a set composed entirely of other people's material, even featuring an arrangement of The Honeycombs' "Have I The Right". Readers unfamiliar with the song should count themselves lucky.

"I think the concept of The Rezillos was initally gross," muses Eugene. "It was gaudy and it was gross and it was trashy, but it still meant something. I still think it's gross. I think it's even grosser.

"To me The Rezillos is like a group that came out of a dream. It was a conglomeration of what I'd imagine a great group to be. I wear clothes onstage that I think are gross and awful because I would love to see someone in a band wearing that kind of stuff.

"So I cook up an idea of the grossest stuff I can think of — like a punk leather motor bike suit with flying saucers on it — and wear it. For me, that's a realisation of something."

People have misinterpreted The Rezillos' fondness for tasteless flash and the inspiration they draw from comic books to the extent where they're viewed as a comedy band.

"We were interviewed on local radio yesterday," mouths-off Fay, "and the first bloody question he asks us is to do with our being a comedy band! That's a pile of crap.

"It's just taking things on a very surface level. When we started off it was great fun to play in a group — we've just tried to keep that atmosphere going, really finding it a laugh going onstage.

'The fact that we enjoy it and find it such a laugh doesn't mean that it's a comedy band. It just means that we find the whole thing amusing ourselves."

"I think too many people are jaded," reckons Eugene. "As far as being in a band and playing gigs are concerned, we do it because it's enjoyable. Why people think just because you've got a smile on your face after a good gig that it's a comedy band I really don't know."

OTHERS HAVE defined The Rezillos as power-pop. This too needles them. "I'll tell ya," shouts Fay, "I think we *are* a powerful pop group. But the fact that journalists have described these wimpy bands as power pop makes me baulk at the term. To me, Clash are a powerful group 'cause they've got tunes and power."

She prefers to call what The Rezillos do "tune-noise".

Not one to restrain herself, Fay, arms rotating manically onstage, has stage presence with a vengeance. She's remarkably unselfconscious, self-possessed and fired with a brash confidence. At a party to celebrate WEA's deal with Sire, Fay had had a couple of sherbets — and it doesn't take many for her to feel it — when she started to hurl some strawberry gateaux around. A disgusted Linda Stein — wife of Seymour and co-boss of Sire — threatened to have The Rezillos taken off the label.

"I don't like going to these record company parties," she belts. "If I go I like to leave an impression." Her favourite female singers are Tina Turner, Dusty Springfield, Twinkle and Lulu. "I really don't think I've got a voice like any of them — I'm the complete opposite.

"I really like gutsy, soully voices, but I went for the complete opposite of that just to be annoying. I can't sing like that — I can hardly sing at all. I've tried to get my voice like white '60s girl singers gone mad. I can't really explain. If you visualise it, it would be a straight line, whereas soully voices look like a lot of up and down lines.

"I liked Lulu when she first came out, because she had a lot of go in her. Maybe I *have* been influenced by her — I like the way that she wasn't fantastic looking, but she put over a great personality."

The same could easily be said of Fay. If her voice is a crazed version of '60s white soul singers, then her visual image could just as well be a '70s interpretation of mid-'60s mod a la Mary Quant. She always wears huge, chunky ear-rings — or anything that will serve as an ear-ring.

"I've got the atmosphere of it (the Quant trip), rather than the style," she says. "I've always been attracted by groups with a strong visual identity."

Say no more. *(No room — Ed.)*

Bye, Fay . . .

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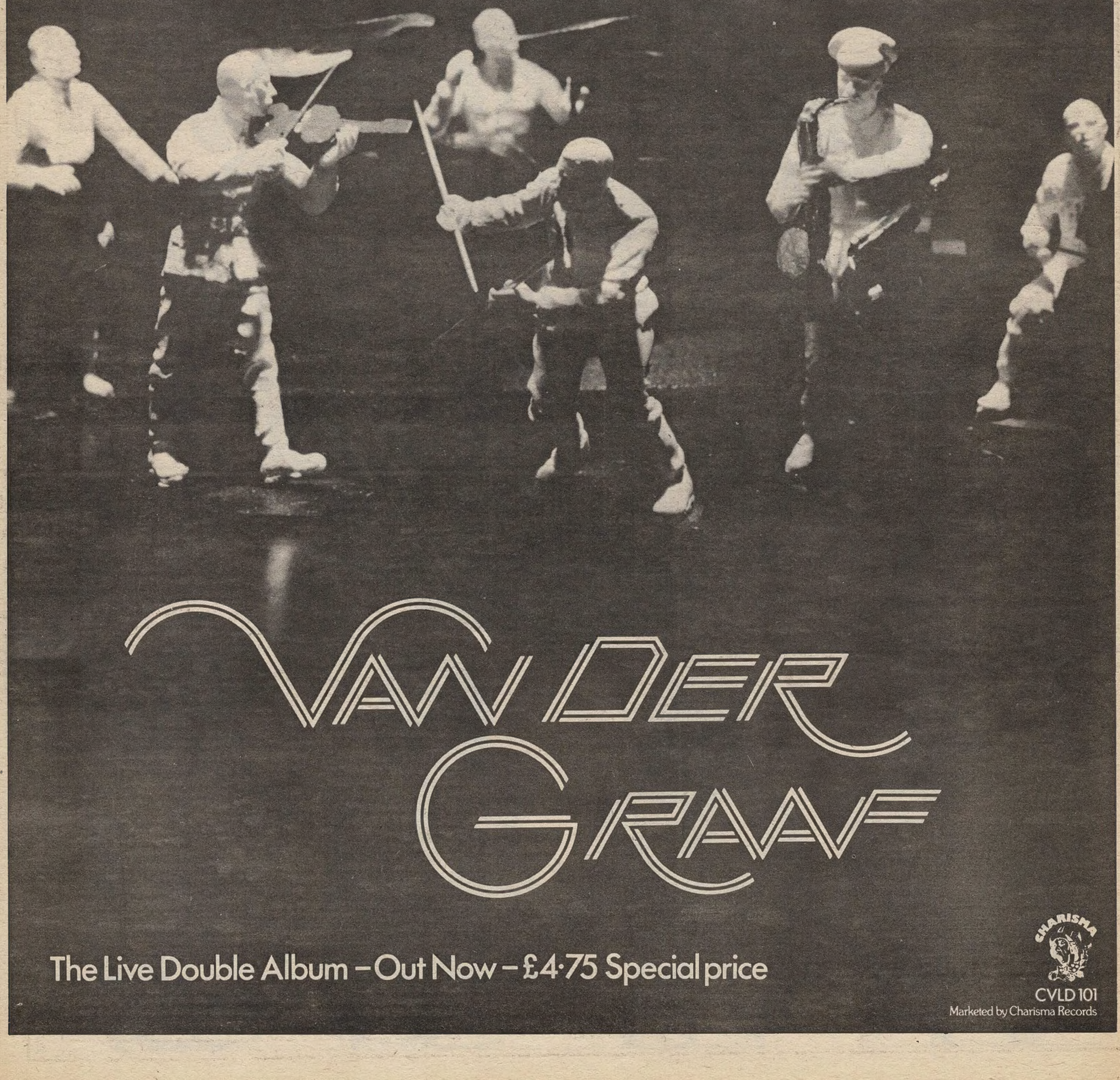

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At this very moment, a full-length movie based around The Who's "Quadrophenia" album is in production, directed by Franc Rodden. However, not all the key roles have been assigned. In fact, no less than *four* characters essential to the movie's exciting plot have still to be cast — those of an archetypal high-energy British rock 'n' roll band. And when we say rock 'n' roll band we mean precisely that.

Not four actors who can pass themselves off as musicians, but a ready-made band of four skilled rock musicians who can be moulded into scintillating screen personalities.

Pete Townshend suggested that someone like The Jam would ideally suit three-quarters of the vacant role, so you've got some idea of what is required: kinda like a lean beak-nosed genuis, an incorrigible fun-loving hotel room wrecker, a sardonic introvert and possibly a curly-haired stud with Ken Russell affiliations.

Joking aside, this ain't no cheap stunt. What we're looking for is a band resembling The Who.

It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for some unknown rock band to take a short-cut to the very top of the profession. After that, the rest is up to you!

Quadrophenia co-producer Roy Baird states that though the movie is set in the mid-'60s, both he and The Who are looking for an unknown band of four musicians who can deliver the brand of energy and charisma one might expect from a band that might have emerged either in the '60s *or* the '70s.

"A band whose music and appeal is timeless," says Baird enthusiastically. "And whichever band is finally selected from all the entrants by Pete Townshend and The Who, they will be called upon to appear in at least two scenes vital to *Quadrophenia's* story-line. One will definitely be a re-creation of a Mod club like the old Goldhawke, whilst a second scene will most probably be shot during a gig staged at Brighton's Aquarium Ballroom."

As to the material this fortunate band will perform, Baird reveals, "Pete Townshend will be composing some new songs for them — and there is a possibility that they might be called upon to cover a couple of R&B things that were popular with the Mods of that period."

However, the band's career won't just be restricted to the *Quadrophenia* project. Says Baird: "This film will give the band selected a wonderful opportunity to present themselves before a captive worldwide audience.

"They will also receive an exclusive recording contract with Polydor Records and the chance to then make it on their own.

"However," he concludes, "there is just one proviso — it must be a group free of any existing recording commitments."

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Names of Group Members and Instruments Played:

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Manager's Name (if any): .....

Address Where Group Can Be Contacted: .....

.....

Telephone: .....

Titles Of Songs Submitted: .....

.....

On behalf of (group name) ..... I agree to abide by the final decision of both The Who and the producers of *Quadrophenia*.

Signed ..... Date .....

All entries to be mailed to: NME/QUADROPHENIA INSTANT STARDOM, TRINIFOLD, 112 Wardour Street, London W.1. To arrive by 5 pm Monday, August 28, 1978.

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

TEEN QUEEN AT TWENTY EIGHT

IF IT HADN'T BEEN for Suzi Quatro, a couple of generations would have grown up imagining that there was no place for a girl on stage unless she fell into one of three categories: (i) simpering folkie sobbing into acoustic guitar (stool optional), (ii) alked-out, smacked-up Al Jolson impersonator or (iii) inflatable barbi doll wank fodder.

Blazing a trail for Joan Jett, Anna Ford and the rest to follow, five feet zero of patent leather (with nowt beneath her kilt but birth-marks, so Suzi relates), Quatro flickered raunchily across the *TOTP* screen backed by a band almost as awesomely repulsive as The Motors *(reeeeetch!!)* and yer Dad stopped filling in his Littlewood's coupon.

The '50s had Sammy Cahn/Van Heusen, the '60s had McCartney/Lennon, and every Thursday night in the early '70s Chinn/Chapman had next week's paper-round peanuts. The litany was endless and quite magnificent: "Can The Can", "Glycerine Queen", "48 Crash", "Daytona Demon", "Devil Gate Drive", "Too Big", "The Wild One", "You're Mamma Won't Like Me", "I Bit Off More Than I Could Chew", "I May Be Too Young". . .how could we resist her?

"Was a hot afternoon, the last day in June and the sun it was sinking. I told Billy Ray, in his red Chevrolet; I needed time for some thinking. . ."

Muriel Young would never seem the same again after Suzi Quatro. . .

"I was just up there being myself," Suzi leers amiably as she reclines in the plush opulence of Mickie Most's RAK Records. "I'd been on stage doing the same thing since I was fourteen. Nobody *ever* told me how to act. If they *had*, I would have said, 'Fuck off, asshole!' "

But in 1975, after a few gilt-edged years at the apex of commercial viability with her number uno hits by now approaching double-figures, the format started to wear a mite thin and the smashes became less frequent. Alas, alack, Suzi and the rest of us were all getting older, gentle reader, and it was beginning to show (unthinkable, isn't it?).

"The whole thing had become too settled for *everybody,"* recalls Suzi plaintively. "You can't work in a stagnant atmophere. . .so we split from Nicky (Chinn) and Mike (Chapman) for a while and got back together last year for the 'Aggro-Phobia' album. . ."

. . .which found Suzi blossoming as songwriter on cuts like "Half As Much As Me", "Don't Break My Heart" and "What's It Like To Be Loved", revealing a 24-carat heart lurking behind that Lewis Leather cat-suit.

"I get very involved when I'm writing songs," Suzi confesses.

Also present on the album was a solitary new Chinnichap composition, the rest of the covers sticking to standards like "Heartbreak Hotel", "Wake Up Little Suzi" and "The Honky Tonk Downstairs",

Though certainly no "Horses" or "Blondie", "Aggro-Phobia" impressed — and this housewife for one wouldn't have swapped it for a truck-load of "Plastic Letters", "Radio Ethiopias" or "Easters".

"The break did us all a lot of good," asserts Suzi as she plays me her new single "The Race Is On" and bounces around the room swatting an imaginary drum-kit.

How do you feel about the prejudices that still exist towards girls in rock, Suzi?

"Well, those barriers have always been there," she replies, refraining from attacking an imaginary hi-hat. "Shit, sorry! I'm a frustrated drummer! Like, I've been on the road for exactly half my life, since I was 14 years old, and there's *always* been prejudices towards girls. Guys imagining that you'll fuck anything, they expect girls to be there just to promote their own fantasies — the fantasies of mugs.

"It's got better, but only because the women have *made* it better. Women can be their own worst enemies — all the prejudices and bullshit against us *will* change but only if *we* force it to change. It'll have nothing to do with guys *relenting* or whatever, it'll be because women show the pig-ignorant bastards we ain't gonna accept it any other way."

Meeting Suzi is hardly the sticky-pyjamas wet-dream one might have anticipated all those years back as a mere sprog with cradle marks on ass and a cherry on top. More than anything, the spry 28-year-old inspires the feelings of amicability, affection and admiration I imagine you'd have should you run into an ex-suffragette returning years later to the place where she once chained herself to a policeman's truncheon.

"I still get the same rush outta rock'n'roll that I always did," sighs Suzi. "I'm still happiest when I'm playing live, and though I *try* to enjoy *watching* bands live, I can't really *settle*. . .coz I wanna be up there on stage myself! That's why — no matter what other stuff I do — there'll always be rock'n'roll because that's my life."

"Y'know, I often get on stage in some pub like out in Harold Hill, Essex, where we live, and Len's heard people saying, 'Nah, that *can't* be *her* she's too *natural!'* Ain't that great?"

Nevertheless, it's undeniable that although on stage Suzi remains the same well-put-together, little-piece-of-leatherette suffragette she always was, her career now has broader horizons that suggest a possible future transition to Family Entertainer.

Her appearances in *Happy Days* as the endearingly girl-next-door-type Quatro caricature Leather Tuscadero met with such rapturous acclaim from kid, critic and granny alike that Suzi has got slotted into her very own series portraying the same character. She returns to the States shortly to begin shooting.

Meanwhile, the renewed alliance with the Chinny-Chappies has produced the chaste C&W-flavoured "If You Can't Give Me Love", which has captured a crossover market far beyond the narrow if sizeable confines of the pubescent hordes who formerly comprised Suzi Quatro's prime audience. Of course, the majority of those kids are full-fledged adults now, taking their lawn for a walk, mowing their dogs and everything. Suzi reckons they've grown along with her.

"At our gigs we get all ages, from kids to grandads, man! Hey, that's cool. . .*I'm* older, too. Went back to my hometown little while ago—"

Romford?

"Nah! *DEE-TROYT,* dummy..."

Oh, sorry.

". . .and, anyhow, where was I? Oh yeah, and I went to this reunion bash with the girls that useta be in my first band centuries ago, they was all settled down with their husbands, jobs, kids an' stuff, and they kept telling me how little I'd changed. But I *have!"* she roars. "Jesus, I *hope* I've changed in 14 goddamn years!"

How?

Suzi ponders thoughtfully. "Ah'm older, wiser, altogether more. . .*suss!* Ya like that?"

Spoken like a native, John.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

Pic: NEAL PRESTON

RAY LOWRY

"What we need now, of course, is a token black."

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

KLARK KENT, MYSTERY MAN...

Top pic: KLARK KENT lensed by JILL FURMANOVSKY. Above: The Police, S. COPELAND in the centre. Spot the difference?

UNMASKED!

WE ARE pleased to announce that decent folks can once again sleep easy in their beds, and the forces of law and order can step down from red alert. Yep, that's right . . . the Great Klark Kent Mystery is a mystery no longer.

With experienced *Thrills* sleuths on his trail ol' Klark just didn't stand a chance.

You remember the case? An excellent green-vinyl single, titled "Don't Care" and bearing the Kryptone label, smashed onto the market some three months back and had critics grasping desperately for superlatives.

It was by Klark Kent; the first stunning hotshot by a mysterious masked kat of unknown real identity — written, performed and produced entirely by the man himself, it was claimed.

A&M Records — sensing a money-spinning coup — acquired the master and are currently pulling out all the stops in an attempt to transform "Don't Care" into a bona fide hit.

Meanwhile, parents kept their kids in at night just to be on the safe side, while one music paper interviewed KK just last week in full mysterioso rig but failed to get behind the death-head rubber mask.

The original Klark Kent, you'll recall, hid behind a typewriter, wore horn-rimmed glasses and baggy suit, and filed stories for the *Daily Planet* when not doing quick changes in telephone booths before rescuing Lois Lane from distress or saving the world once a month.

But who, I hear you gasp, is *this* Klark Kent?

Well, not Superman, for a kick-off . . .

A lotta dummies have come up with lame-brain suggestions. The cloth-ear brigade insisted it was El Rotten, while others favoured a Bowie jape.

One smart-ass even figured it was a Kent of another name — Nick!

The truth must be told, the culprit un-masked.

The lanky quiet-spoken American responible is none other than Stewart Copeland, Bro'thur of Step Forward Records boss Miles Copeland III, and sticksman with informal new wavers The Police.

Stewart Copeland first got his name in small print as a sideman with a late version of Curved Air.

He co-founded The Police in January '77. A debut single, "Fall Out" was released on Illegal and the group hit the road as Cherry Vanilla's back-up.

They added a fourth member, lost their original guitarist and, once more as a trio, cut an underrated single, "Roxanne"/"Peanuts", for A&M. End of story so far.

However, let's get back to the Klark Kent manifestation. The discovery of Copeland's identity still leaves a rather hairy and probably apocryphal yarn for your amusement.

We're asked to believe that his cloak and dagger obsession may have something to do with allegations that his father, Miles Copeland II, was once employed by the CIA — and that Stewart himself was a field operator for an undisclosed American research agency.

Are you ready for this?

Stewart underwent a high-intensity crash course / indoctrination programme which equipped him with sufficient knowledge to perform rock'n'roll . . .

Then he was sent to Britain to infiltrate the new wave in report back to his superiors.

But — in our man's own words: "I responded to local stimuli and did something that wasn't part of the designated programme." Yes, he became a True Punk!

Thank you, Klark — over and out. How on earth Mr Copeland found time to cut a mini-classic like "Don't Care" in the midst of all his fascinating fabrication, Jah alone knows.

One thing is for sure — you'll be hearing more from Klark Kent or Stewart Copeland or whatever else he decides to call himself. And if what he's been saying is a pack of lies, maybe *we'll* be hearing from someone's solicitors . . .

ROY CARR
BRUCE WAYNE

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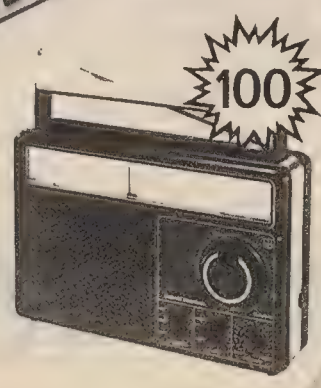

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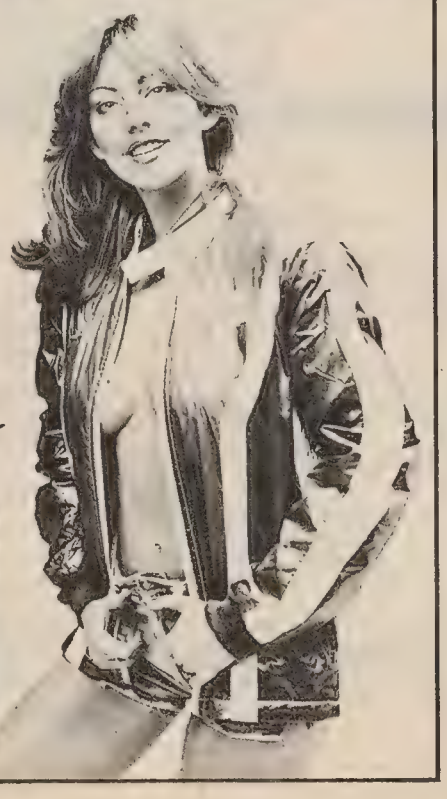

BLACKMAIL CORNER

DOES THAT Les Paul Junior (second from left) look familiar? It should, because the gent at the end of it is none other than aspiring superstar Mick Jones of The Clash. Caught in the pre-punk days of early '76, your hero is seen modelling a prototype Bamones pose and — gasp! — flared jeans.

The name of this rag-time combo was The Young Colts. They reportedly also included, though his mug is not to be seen here, guitarist Keith Levine of John Lydon's band-to-be.

Blackmail Corner — bringing you yesterday's future of rock'n'roll today!

FEDS HIT RICH FOLKS PLAYGROUND

THE CELEBRITY CLIENTELE of Chic New York disco Studio 54 — which includes Bianca, Mick, Margaux, Ahmet and the like — must have been stunned by a recent court case in which it was revealed that undercover narc agents posing as cocaine and Quaalude dealers were regular customers.

The brief three-day trial led to Leslie Duverglas, a commodities broker, and Georgio Penco, a disco owner, being convicted of supplying 40 ounces of "fantastic flake" coke to Dennis Solovay, a 54 regular and Federal informant.

Solovay claimed to have been introduced to the two defendants by Patrice Mespoulede, another of the disco's patrons. The authorities reluctantly revealed during the course of the trial that Mespoulede was also a Federal fink.

All of which is very bad news for patrons — who see this as the beginning of a cocaine witch hunt. The Drug Enforcement Agency, who will be submitting a multi-million-dollar anti-coke plan to Congress later this year, are believed to be keen on setting up a grand jury to investigate further their undercover agents' evidence.

How many celebrities would be forced to take the Fifth?

Meantime Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, owners of Studio 54, must be worried about the future of their £3 million-a-year moneymaker. Investigations by the State Liquor Authority have revealed that the duo used to own a gay bar in Boston in 1975 which they sold to a woman with alleged Mob connections.

According to *Village Voice* magazine, until now Rubell and Schrager have managed to defuse most legal problems through their lawyer, Roy Cohn, also a Studio 54 regular. He held his 51st birthday party there with 21 judges as guests.

But it seems that a lot of people are still very interested in the pair's business associates.

INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

BIANCA lettin' it all hang out at Studio 54.

A LONDON GUIDE TO TOURISTS

THEY WERE thinking of calling themselves The Spheres Of Celestial Influence ("just to confuse people"), and they come from such sun soaked shores as Scotland, Sunderland, and Singapore.

They're now called The Tourists, and they live in Crouch End.

A five-piece band with talent to spare, they've played a mere handful of gigs, and already are stirring up audience and record company interest at a rate that's almost unhealthy.

Pete Coombes, Northerner, self-styled recluse and poet, plays rhythm and is the source of most of their material. He'd never been in a band before he met up with the lead guitarist Dave Stewart.

"I came to London with no real ambitions, and I met Dave. We smoked a thai stick, and played — and everyone went 'GASP!' Well this is how all good art originates — from spontaneity."

Anne Lennox (vocals, keyboards, flute, blonde locks, huge eyes, huger grin, multi-coloured jewellery and red mini-skirt) adds a fair amount of colour to both the stage act and the music, and joined the ranks after meeting Dave a year ago. Having left Aberdeen, she spent three years studying flute at the Royal Academy. Not a great success, I gather.

"That place was an antiquated wreck," she claims, her broad Scots accent losing its usual smoothness. "It was so uninspiring, and I was really miserable. When I left I started doing crazy cabaret things — I just wanted to do anything that wasn't waitressing."

At this stage the threesome were playing acoustic (for the simple reason they were skint), but got hold of a session drummer, Jim 'Do It' Toomey, to back them on a demo tape.

"I'll never forget that day," says Toomey with restraint, (he's usually banned from interviews on account of his wild and jabbering demeanour). "I thought they were just a bunch of hippies at the time, you know, real nutcases."

Despite this, he was knocked out with their music, and contacted Oriental bassist Eddie Chin, who he'd worked with doing sessions that covered everything from funk to commercial jingles, and told him he was onto a winner.

Three days later, hair tied in a topknot ponytail, and eyes glued to a chord sheet taped to the floor, Chin played with them at the Hope and Anchor, and to an ecstatic reception. And thus The Tourists were born.

Their music is about as diverse as their backgrounds. Pete calls it "music to make you dance to your thoughts". Toomey just calls it "fun".

They take a batch of very colourful early Beatles-type melodies, dovetailed with West Coast guitar, slip in the odd slinky reggae rhythm, and serve it up with a certain new wave drive. All this, The Tourists package into an early pop verse/chorus format that's a showcase for Anne and Pete's vocal harmonies.

Coupled with some lyrics of unusual insight, the net result is that every number has a strength and immediacy that leaps out and starts shoving your feet around.

And it's no surprise that they don't subscribe much to methodical practice.

"We never spend much time on rehearsals," explains Anne. "We work out basically what's required, and everyone puts their own ideas into it. And if we're pleased with what's come about — right, we'll try it onstage."

They acknowledge that they absorb influences, although not any specific ones, but Pete gets almost irate at the mention of making any concessions to popular taste.

"Fashion isn't to be followed, it's to be created." And the band's direction? "When I write a song, I think that's the new direction."

See them on tour, and you'll find something that gives Tourists a good name.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

Stirring up an unhealthy interest . . . THE TOURISTS. *Pic: ROB HALL*

DESPITE BRITAIN'S blinkered attitude towards cannabis law reform, a number of Third World countries are seriously looking into the complex questions involved in legalising the growing and use of marijuana.

Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley is one man exploring the possibilities. Interviewed by a *High Times* reporter at a recent White House press conference, he said:

"The question of legitimate marijuana exposes me to extreme temptation. As you may know, Jamaica has a balance-of-payments crisis, and we have never been able to get the marijuana sales to pass through our central bank.

"We have been looking at the marijuana situation, although not really from the point of view of exports . . . That hadn't occurred to me. The majority of the Jamaican population tend to take the same view of marijuana as they do of alcohol. They will not accept the distinction between the stimulant alcohol and marijuana. And this has concerned us for some time."

Genuine ad from High Times

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Many official sources believe that legalisation in Jamaica could be a reality within five years, providing the island with a tourist boom if nothing else. As far back as 1975 Manley ordered the Drug Enforcement Administration to stop destroying Jamaica's marijuana plantations.

Obviously, he's a guy with an eye to the future.

Hawaii's lawmakers are also looking into legal marijuana, now that it has become the island's biggest cash crop. Last year, according to the *Daily Mail*, total sugar exports reached £100 million; marijuana revenue reached £300 million. (Our own newshound in Hawaii gives figures of $70 million for sugar; 89 million for marijuana).

Peru is in a similar situation. Marijuana is a rapidly growing cash crop, and export sales of coffee have now been overtaken by sales of cocoa. *(Is this really relevant to Inside Dope? — Ed).*

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: the publication of a *A Guide To Growing Marijuana In The British Isles And Other Cool Climates* — the first such guide to appear on this side of the Atlantic.

Author Don Irving covers every aspect, from botanical details to a discussion of Britain's climate, and a complete commentary on the progress of taking marijauna from seed to mature plant.

Copies are available from: Hassle Free Press, BCM Box 311, London WC1V 6XX. Price £1.00 plus P&P.

BLUES: THE EFFECT ON BULLDOGS

NOBODY MESSES with Koko Taylor. She's been making out in a man's world since the late '50s, and looks like being the last of the female blues singers unless soul reverses the traffic.

*Koko has the voice Aldo Ray should've had, and is one of the few women who can holler a line like **"I got the same thing that make a bulldog break his chain"** and have an audience scrambling for the tabletops.*

"You heard me sing 'I'm A Woman' at the concert last night," says Koko quietly, conserving the pipes. "That was wrote basically as an answer to Muddy Waters' 'Mannish Boy'. I felt like if Muddy can be a man and talk about all these great things he can do — he can go down behind the moon — I was just showing I'm a woman and I can do just as great.

"I can go down behind the sun and I can shake hands with the devil, so that makes us even."

*Or even a little ahead. One of her amplifiers burst into flames (well, it began smoking — Ed.) at the Blues Festival as she belted the bombast back. **"I'm a ball of fire!"***

Born Cora Walton on a farm near Memphis, she sang at the Baptist Church and teethed on the records of Memphis Minne, Bessie Smith, Elmore James and B. B. King. "As far back, knee-high to a duck, I've always loved singing. I came here singing, I guess."

KOKO TAYLOR. Pic PENNIE SMITH

Willie Dixon heard her at a Sunday Celebrity gig in Chicago, and signed her up with Leonard Chess. "I didn't even know what the word contract meant. I was really dumb."

Didn't she have an agent?

"Agent! For WHAT? To take me to and fro to my everyday job as a domestic worker, getting on my knees scrubbing floors?" Her gold teeth flashed at me in some amusement.

"When I moved to Chicago I worked in laundries, did domestic housework — which I'm not ashamed of. I've worked all my life and this makes an honest person."

Her first single for the USA label sold badly, but the next, "What Kinda Man Is This" which she wrote herself, did well.

"Willie Dixon was good at making people feel they was to write some tunes of your own. All you gotta do is start thinking about everyday living, start putting two and two together, and make it rhyme. I started concentrating, and now I've got seven tunes under my belt."

It isn't easy bossing a four-man blues band (she could only bring her guitarist, Johnny B Moore, to the UK). "It's no plaything. By the time you got something straightened out with one guy, something pops up with the other one. You gotta be so firm because guys think they can take advantage.

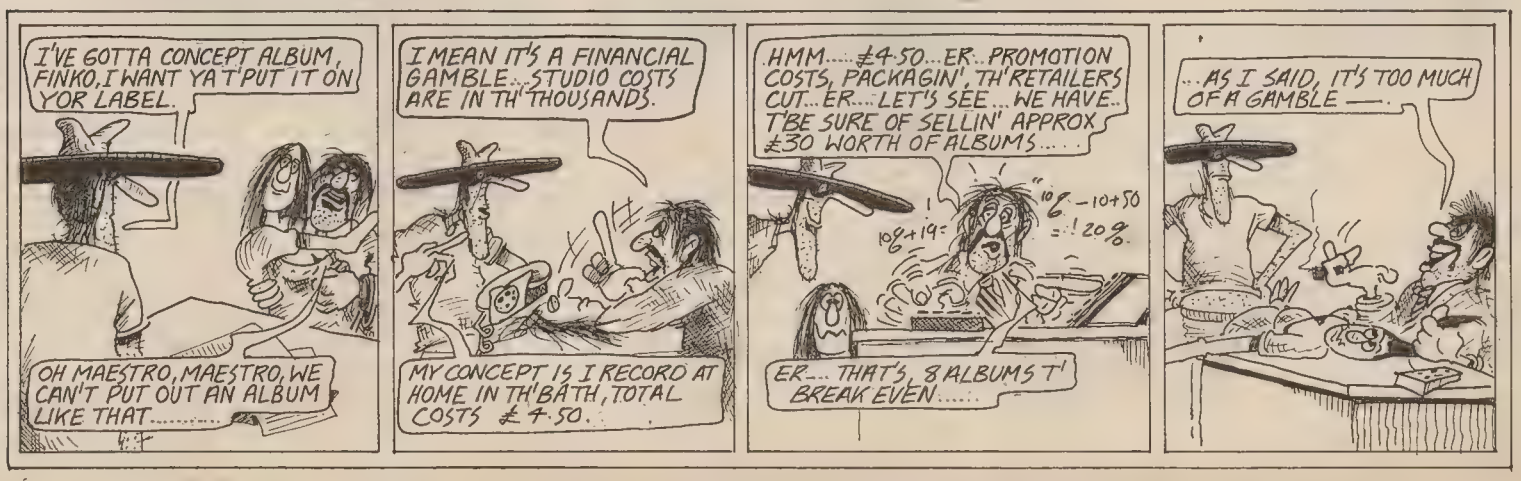
"Big Mama Thornton is the toughest, but I haven't been pushed around either. Some people seem to think because I'm a woman I get special treatment, but I get the same hard shifts and I work just as hard as the average man on the stage. I don't get no special nuthin'."

Except applause: deserved.

"I'm holding up for the female artist," says Koko with a voice like a belly-gun, "and the blues'll never die."

BRIAN CASE

The Lone Groover — BENYON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	The Beatles. Double album	PCS 7067/8	£8.70	£6.40
	Yellow Submarine. Soundtrack	PCS 7070	£4.40	£3.30
	Abbey Road	PCS 7088	£4.40	£3.30
	Let It Be	PCS 7096	£4.40	£3.30
	The Beatles 1962-1966 Double album	PCSP 717	£7.70	£5.75
	The Beatles 1967-1970 Double album	PCSP 718	£7.70	£5.75
	Rock 'n' Roll Music Double album	PCSP 719	£6.50	£4.90
	Magical Mystery Tour	PCTC 255	£4.99	£3.65
	Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl	EMTV 4	£4.40	£1.50
	The Beatles Love Songs Double Album	PCSP 721	£6.80	£5.10
BE BOP DELUXE	Live In The Air Age	SHVL 816	£4.70	£3.45
	Drastic Plastic	SHSP 4091	£4.40	£3.30
JEFF BECK	Blow By Blow	CBS 69117	£4.29	£3.15
	Wired	CBS 86012	£4.29	£3.15
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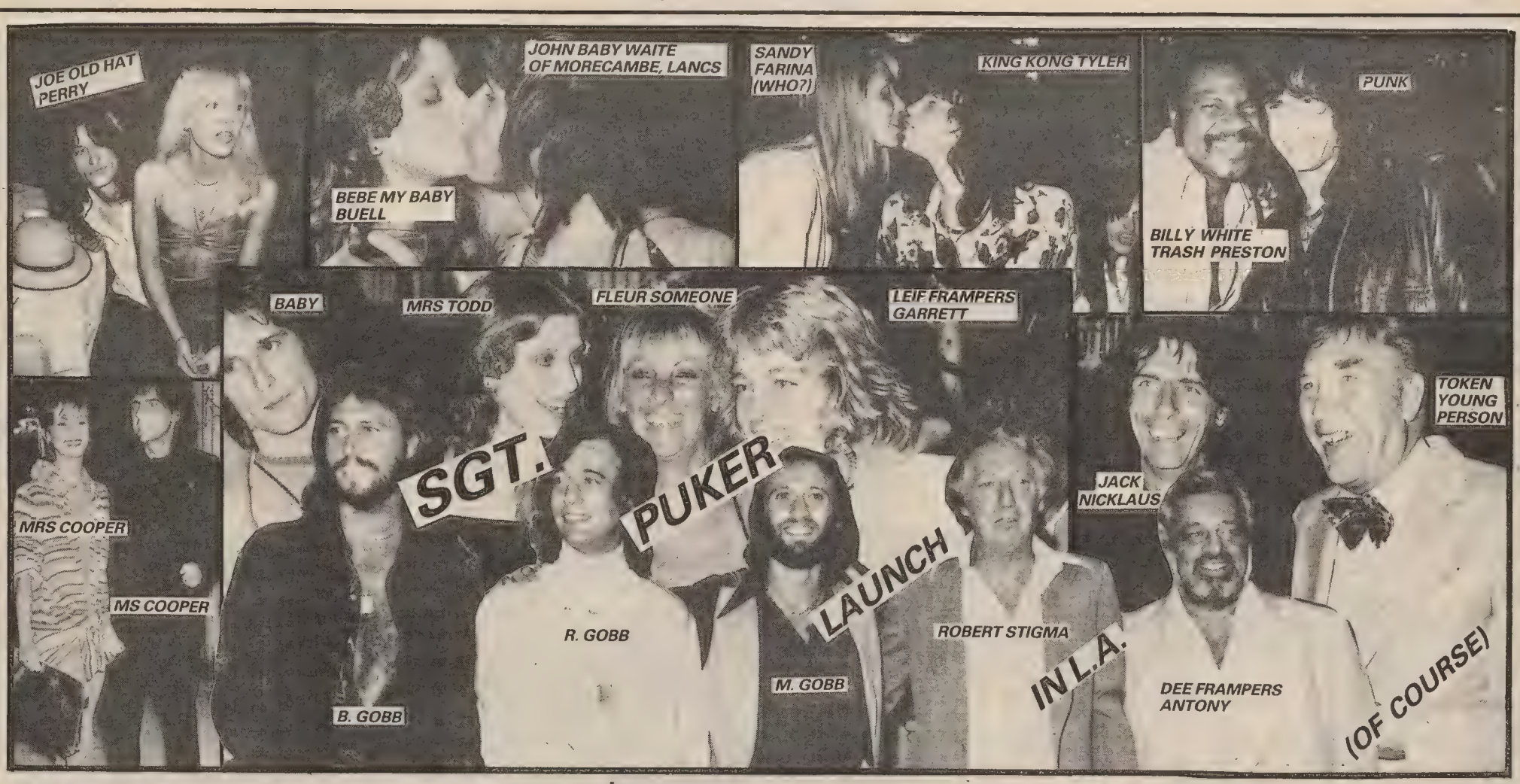


McCARTNEY SPEAKS 'FRANKLY' TO GAY PIN-UP MAG

"PAUL McCARTNEY speaks frankly to *GOLD*," boasts the cover line on the self-styled "international magazine for international men", *Gold*, whose prime content is male soft porn pin-ups.

What does McCartney talk about so frankly? Can he have had homosexual orgies with the other Beatles backstage at Shea Stadium? Does he support the Campaign for Homosexual Equality? Does he pose nude???

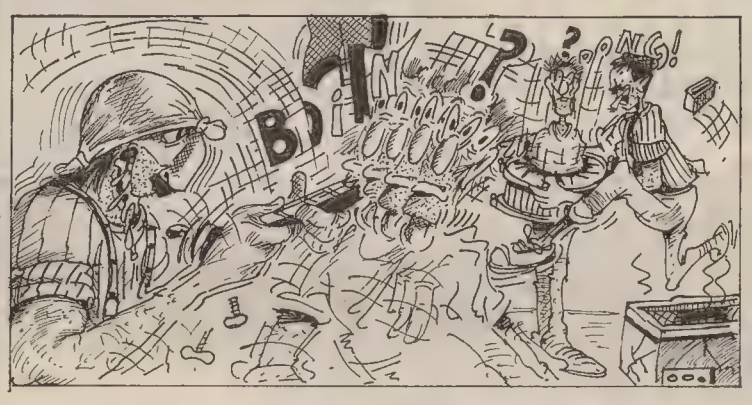
Turns out his 'frankness' extends to the iniquitous music press, a happy home life, and how John Lennon is "full of wind".

Still, in these days when celebrities will seemingly go to catastrophic lengths in order to shy away from any gay connections, all power to McCartney for even daring to talk to a gay mag.

What really interests us, though, is why Wings' PR Tony Brainsby is denying that Mecca ever spoke to *Gold's* Timothy Swallow . . .

CRISPIN QUENT

THRILLS



BENYON

FEAR & LOATHING IN BOGNOR REGIS

"THIS MADE a John Wayne movie look like a Stranglers concert!"

The scene: The Sussex Hotel in Bognor Regis. The date: August 1. The group: Southern Ryda, Lewes-based rock band. The protagonists: members of the South Acton Working Men's Club returning from a Goodwood race meet coach outing.

According to Ryda's manager Robert A Bett, the aggro began when one exuberant ego among the Acton fraternity claimed he was a former drummer with The Who, and bet Bett a tenner that he could perform a solo superior to Southern Ryda's own skinhead.

"The usual drunken shit," Bett described him. "In fact it was when The Who weren't The Who but when they were The High Numbers, or something similar. I said I believed him and that we couldn't afford to take him on, etc. — he looked so old that it might have given him a heart attack, and I do want to keep my conscience clear."

The first set apparently held the majority of the Sussex Hotel clientele in sway, hut half way through the second a "pissed parrot" began a minor skirmish during the band's rendition of "Fever" . . .

". . . and then the Acton Working Maaan's Club went bananas. Anything that could be thrown was: chairs, tables, glasses, pool balls. The PA stack was flattened on one side; mike stands went over; the mixer was buried under broken glass and furniture."

And after 20 members of the riot squad had departed, three men were treated at nearby St. Richard's Hospital in Chichester, one of them undergoing major surgery. Forty five men were held overnight by the police for questioning.

The gig ended up costing the band nearly a grand's worth o' damage in wrecked equipment. Cries of shame!

If you deal with violence you will go down in silence.

PENNY REEL

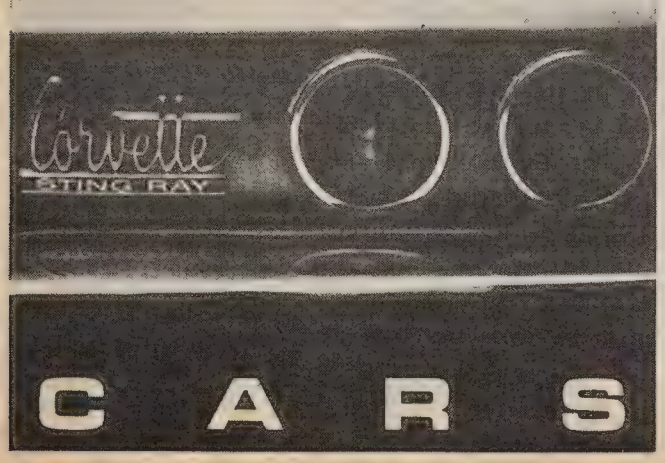
THRILLS

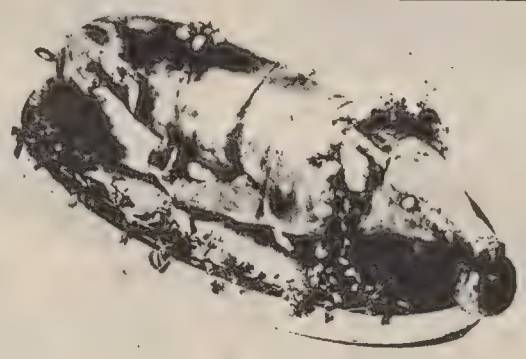
Stanley Reynolds

Watching Mickie Mouse's new rock show, *Revolver*, on Saturday night, I had a feeling of *deja vu*. It was not that the show is like Jack Good's *Oh, Boy!* or *Ready Steady Go* or any such past telly glories. For some reason, it seemed like *The Muppets*. The ugly look-a-

Seen in The Times (I) by Evan James of Chippenham — smartass.

STUDENTS!!!
DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WHICH HAS IMPORTANT INFO ON FURTHER EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES.





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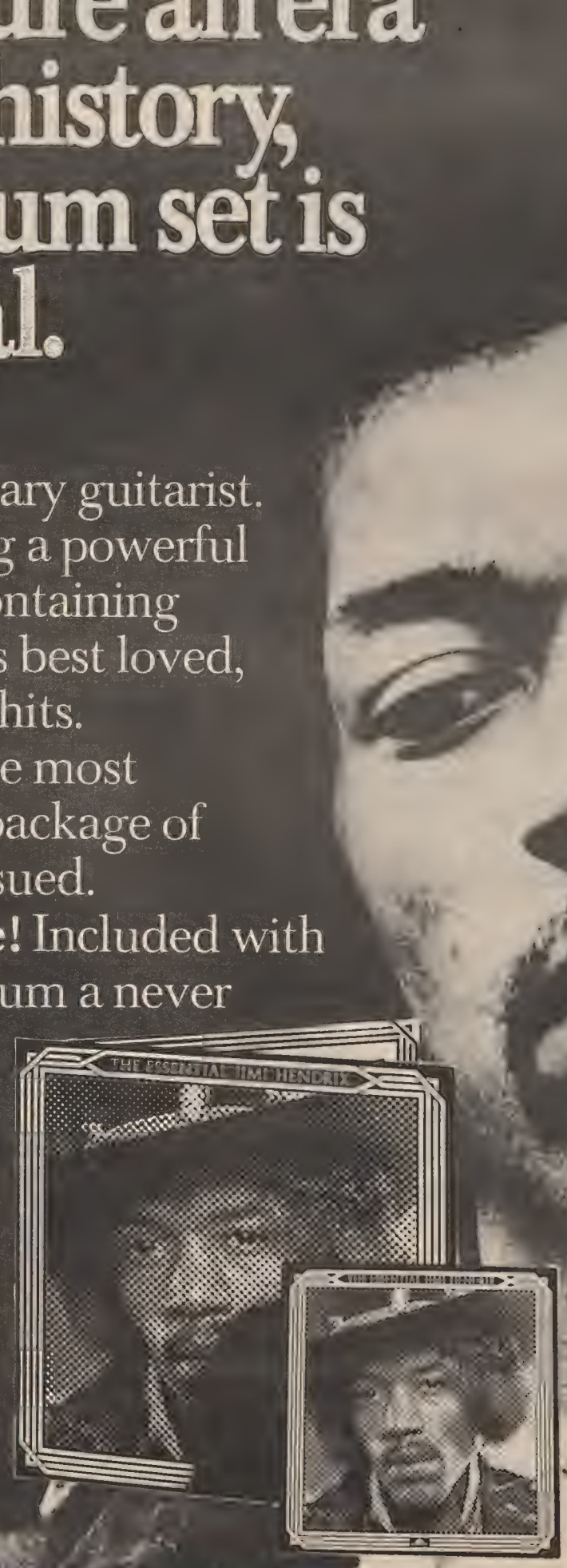


polydor

PETER MEADEN

PETER MEADEN, originator of The Who's early mod image and manager for The Steve Gibbons Band, died at his parents' North London home last weekend of barbiturate poisoning. He was 35.

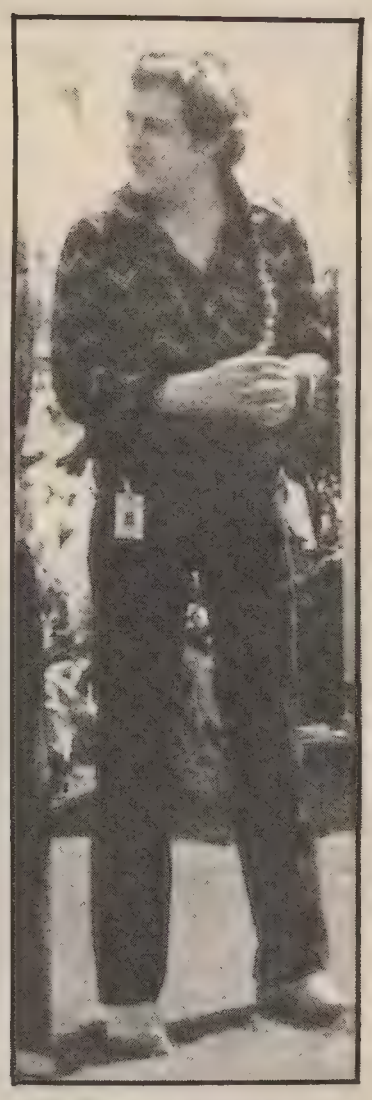
Meaden, best known to Who fans as the writer of their first single "I Am The Face"/"Zoot Suit" (Fontana, July 1964), first encountered the band earlier that same year when he took his barber's advice and checked out a band called The Detours who were playing a small pub circuit in West London.

What he discovered was four young lads in Pierre Cardin leather jackets playing a mixture of Beatles, Dylan and blues, and he was given £50 by their then manager Helmut Gordon to do a promotional job on them. Meaden's credentials at the time consisted of acting as publicist for the Stones, Chuck Berry and The Crystals, operating an advertising company called Image in partnership with Andrew Loog Oldham, and being one of London's ace mods. The Detours provided the perfect opportunity to focus these talents and associations into a single powerful thrust.

He saw the band as a possible local point for the burgeoning mod movement in which he'd been a leading participant since 1961. He used the £50 to improve their image — new clothes, new haircuts and visits to The Scene club, the mecca of mod night life. He also renamed them The High Numbers and designed their first press hand-out:

"on their first disco outing, four hip young men from london say: i'm the face and wear zoot suit (the first *authentic* mod record) for four hip young men? the high numbers"

By this time the band had asked him to manage them, which he did, but the job was short-lived. Preferring the musicians' friendship to any contractual rights, he allowed them to be taken over by Kit Lambert, from whom he eventually accepted a settlement fee of £500. His focal point of mod living then shifted to the more purist Jimmy James and The Vagabonds, whom he managed up until 1968.



In the following years he carried out various music business jobs, including acting as publicist for Captain Beefheart and talent scout for Mo-West, but never with the obvious success of his early find. Nervous breakdowns, possibly precipitated by his indulgence in drugs, helped to impede his progress.

In 1975, however, things began to improve. He became excited by his discovery of The Steve Gibbons Band and began to manage them in conjunction with Who manager Bill Curbishley. After eleven years he was back and working in the Who camp and in his three years with the Gibbons Band he saw them go from an unrecorded Birmingham club act to a headlining band with four albums and a building U,S. reputation. At the time of his death, besides handling the band's affairs, he was contributing his knowledge of the mod scene to the making of the *Quadrophenia* film.

Meaden was, in his own assessment, a 'taste master'. His unique ability lay in an understanding of image combined with a sense of the mood of the times. This was most perfectly enshrined in his handling of The High Numbers, in his conscious welding of music to a grass roots movement. For this he deserves a place in rock history.

"I was the fellow who saw the potential in modism, which is the greatest form of lifestyle you can imagine," he once told me. "I got The Who together because I loved the life so much. I got them together and I dressed them in mod clothes, gave them all the jingoism and all the paraphernalia of modism. It was right on the button. The timing was just right.

"And timing is where it's at."

STEVE TURNER

THRILLS

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HOLLYWOOD GETS A LITTLE TOO REAL. . .

HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST widescreen drug film in recent years opens to the public in London this week.

Directed by Alan Parker of *Bugsy Malone* fame, *Midnight Express* is based on the true story of Billie Hayes, a young American who was busted in Turkey in 1970 trying to smuggle 2½ kilos of hashish through the customs.

Originally sentenced to 4½ years in prison, he had just 53 days left to serve when his charge was changed from simple possession to trafficking, and his sentence altered to life imprisonment, a minimum of 30 years.

Faced with spending a large part of his life in gaol, Billie Hayes planned his escape and, after spending five years inside — during which time he was physically abused by his guards — he eventually escaped across the border to Greece.

The movie has already stirred up a good deal of controversy.

Much soul-searching went on before it was chosen to be the official British entry at Cannes, where, despite critical acclaim, the movie failed to get a prize. Insiders claim that this was because the French did not wish to damage their diplomatic relations with Turkey.

When *NME* spoke to director Alan Parker, he claimed that Rank had refused to let the premiere of the film be held at one of their cinemas because it was a benefit for Amnesty International. However, a Rank spokesman described this as "a load of cock", while another, more diplomatically, said that the Odeon Haymarket was unsuitable for premieres. The main reason seems to be that they were not willing to forego the rental on the cinema — this despite the fact that the late Lord Rank was a supporter of Amnesty.

Why the proceeds should go to Amnesty at all is another question.

At present Amnesty claims it is against their charter to adopt drug prisoners under their umbrella. Release, on the other hand, would seem a more suitable choice — they have been working hard at it for a number of years, fighting for the rights of British prisoners in foreign jails.

The movie itself pulls few punches in portraying the barbarity of the Turkish penal system, and may well prove the focus of protests from oppmemts of screen violence.

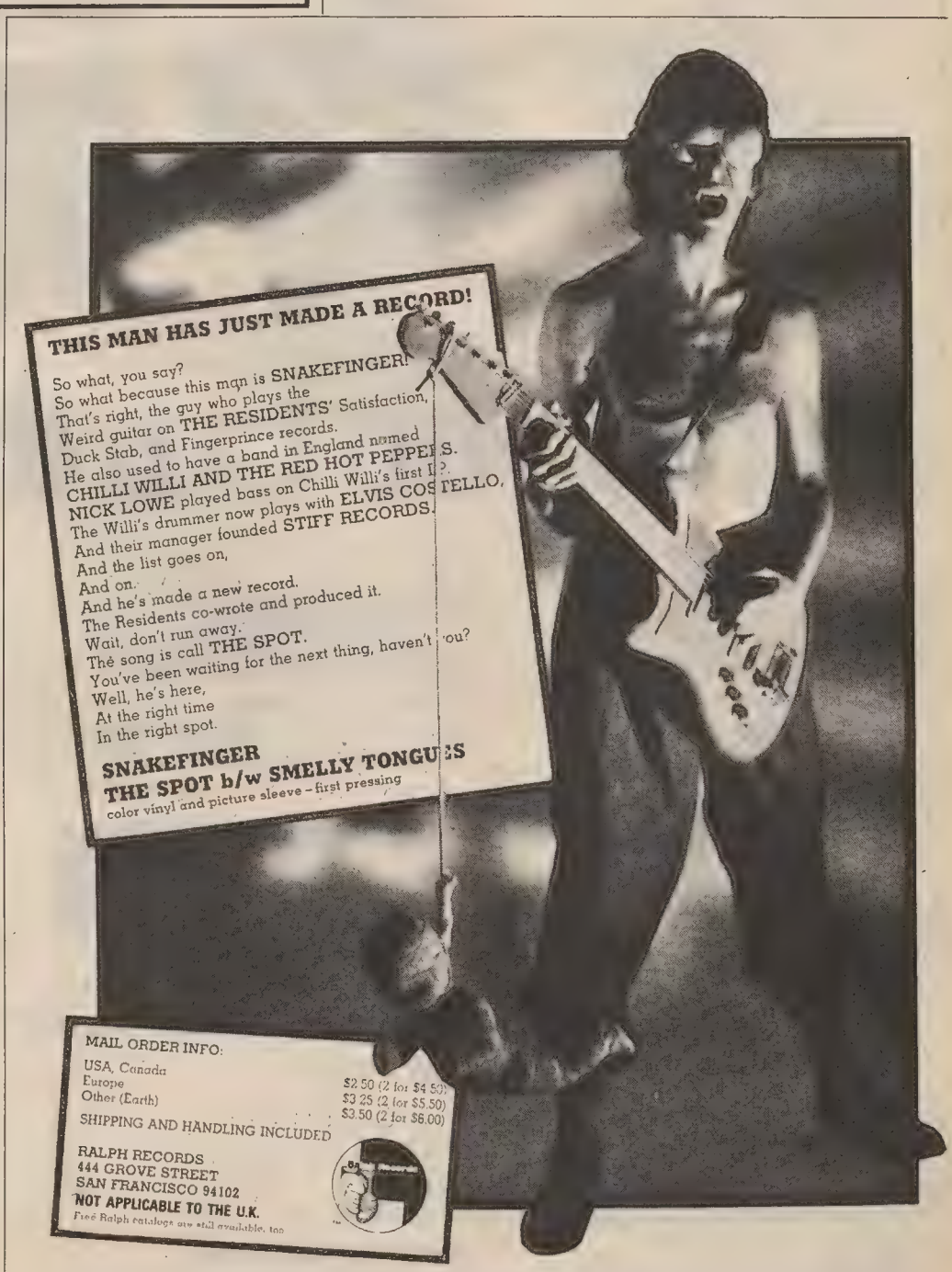
Next week, *NME* interviews Billie Hayes himself and Brad Davis, the actor who plays Hayes in the film, to explore the link between the reality and the cinematic fantasy.

Dick Tracy

THRILLS

Following last week's popular Paul Simonon featurette, we reckoned we'd bring this precedent to your attention — from Woman's Own magazine, January '78, meet Don, who's torn between Peggy and Aunt Rose-Anna, would you believe! Spotted by Graeme Cunningham, of Dundee. Tom Robinson was unavailable for comment . . .

THE END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ED BANGER: Kinnel Tommy (Rabid). Now that Jilted John's comic romance has been picked up by EMI for thoroughly deserved nationwide penetration, stage two of the Rabid resurgence arrives in the guise of Ed Banger, ex of The Nosebleeds and seemingly a figure of affectionate derision amongst acolytes of Manchester.

Surely the product of a warped imagination, Ed Banger delivers a compulsive narrative in the persona of an exasperated football fan screaming out the right moves to his local team's prize turkey — all this being set to a terse and dynamic backdrop of spiralling synthesiser and Garson-like piano.

Weird and in theory unworkable but somehow wonderfully effective.

THE MOTORS: Forget About You (Virgin). No doubt before you even have time to read this The Motors' latest — in reality an early contender for the Eurovision Song Contest — will have thoroughly insinuated itself into the hearts of the radio programmers.

For a band who've come up with at best two half-way decent hooks in their entire career, to have achieved such success is a living testimonial to the gullibility of the record-buying public. But I have seen the rat, and its name is unashamed opportunism.

The opportunism under scrutiny here seems related to White Plains' "My Baby Loves Lovin" or some other tawdry Tony McCauley-type composition.

How long can this subliminal manipulation of the pop population go on? At a guess, until their contract expires and they sign with Mickie Most.

DARTS: It's Raining (Magnet). Everyone loves Darts, everyone hates Showaddywaddy. This has nothing whatever to do with critical elitism real or imagined. Credibility doesn't come from merely not dressing up in matching goof-suits. Darts revere and uphold, Showaddywaddy plunder and debase. To me it's that simple.

This, Darts first self-penned single, is simple too. Simple and direct. A loving recreation of sweet soul music redolent in parts of Otis's "My Girl" and that can't be at all bad. Cue it after The O'Jays' "Use Ta Be My Girl", and if the two together don't bring a warm rush and a lump to the throat then you are obviously emotionally shell-shocked and have my deepest sympathy.

BILLY HAMON: Butch Things (Bronze). Immaculately blow-waved (could be the next big thing after the blue wave) and trying his hardest to provide a moody stare for the prospective consumer (age: 9 — 14; sex: female), Billy Hamon intones thus: *"Butch young things come out at night/Standing on street corners lit by lamplight/Leather jackets and tight-jeaned bikes."*

Incisive, telling, evocative, all of these things it ain't. Producer Andy Mackay affects a sound midway twixt Bryan Ferry and "Lamplight" David Essex in the hope that you'll all either be too young to remember or too old to care anyway.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY: Puppet Life (Small Wonder). Now there's a name to conjure with. Punishment Of Luxury, or Punilux for short, would appear to be well versed in the popular psychological diseases of our time and take on these intangibles with manic determination and an altogether welcome sense of humour.

Not 60 seconds in and they've already weaved both Big Brother and Religion into a song about mental crutches and the lemming-like blankness they feel pervades the fabric of modern life.

Heady stuff that sounds close to The Stranglers, gruff and psychotic. But what The Strangs do with unremitting grimness Punilux do with a grin. And if amateur philosophy is ever going to make it with rock it'll need the pinch of salt this crew has sagely kept at hand.

THE ZONES: Sign Of The Times (Arista). Neither thrilling nor contemporary nor, despite the title, in any way a crystallisation of the mood of the moment. It is indeed a sign of the times when third league new wave surfers are forced to dress up hackneyed statements about the inconsistencies of pop fashion and punk intent with grandiose Spectorian noises and synthesised guitar solos.

Graeme Douglas produced it, Arista released it, and the rest of the world will doubtless ignore it.

Above: Homegrown product in line for NME'S Export Success Award.

THIS WEEK'S MODEL

THE JAM: David Watts (Polydor). And not before time either.

For almost too long it seemed The Jam had been left, spent and burned by their own runaway momentum, that they'd given their all in blinding rapid-fire succession. Much too much, much too soon.

Paul Weller can deny it till he's blue in the face, but The Jam's second album sounded hurried, dizzy, incomplete, containing seeds of songs that should have been steadily nurtured instead of forced into a premature daylight.

It's been said before but I'll reiterate for ya: The Jam shouldn't have put out that album, they should have concentrated on knocking out one hot single after the other — like this one.

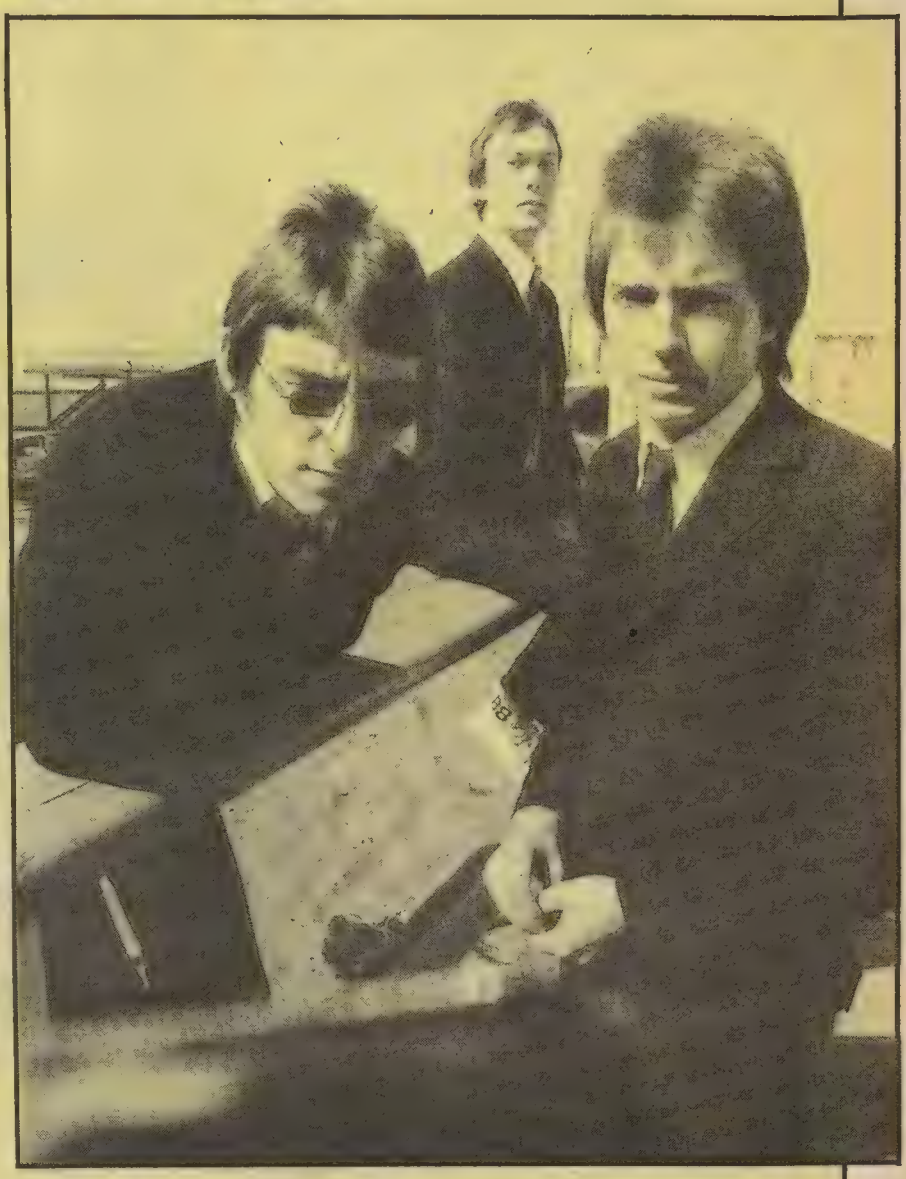
Forget the lacklustre "News Of The World", this is The Jam as they were and should always be: riding out strong and furious and instinctive. Every time I play it, it just gets *better.*

And who is David Watts? One of Ray Davies' (for it's an old Kinks song circa "Village Green"/"Something Else") cast of fictitious characters. The schoolboy who has it all and doesn't even have to try. The kid who leads the team, wins the fights, passes his exams and gets the girl. There's one in every class and it's never you or me.

"Wish I could have all he's got, HOY / Wish I could be like David Watts."

It applies the seductively naive vocal charm of "Happy Jack" to the tense rhythmic paces of "Let's Spend The Night Together".

The Clash-like flip, "A Bomb In Wardour Street", continues Weller's fixation with faded Brit-pop-culture locations but is nowhere near as compelling and thus plays second fiddle.



Paul, Rick & Bruce pay homage at 1964 Clacton Mod/Rocker memorial.

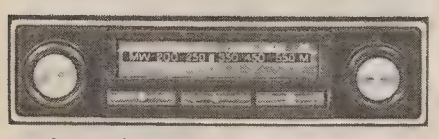
THE WALKER BROTHERS: The Electrician (GTO). A deliberately perverse play for public attention recalling the Bowie/Eno atmosphere pieces from "Low" (I kid you not). Structured asymetrically and endowed with virtually unintelligible dissonant lyrics, it's as if they set out to take the heavy emotional melodrama ticket of their career a decade and more ago and purposely pervert it; like playing a warped copy of "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore" at the wrong speed.

But . . . why? Is this just a fatuous stab at proving that serious, artistic minds lurk beneath the housewife-orientated exterior? Or do they really hate themselves that much. Uneasy listening that might have worked had it not tried *too* hard to be so.

JOHNNY G: The Hippy's Graveyard (Beggars Banquet). Amidst superabundance of singles consigned to oblivion there's an unsung gem of a song by this man Johnny G titled "Call Me Bwana". Few ears pricked up at the time (late '77) and even fewer tongues have wagged since, but "Call Me Bwana" was as funny and compassionate an insight into the positions of black and white in Britain today as you're ever likely to hear.

Straddling a knife-edge of blackface irony with brilliant equipoise, Johnny

Now you can drive a bargain.



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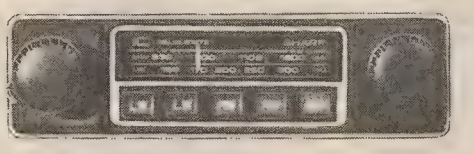

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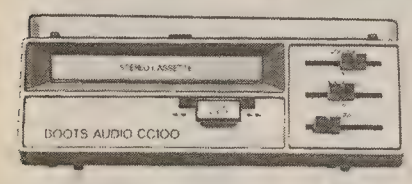

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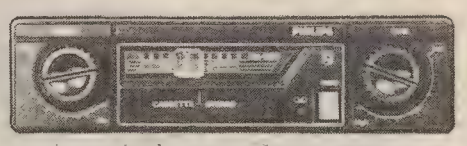

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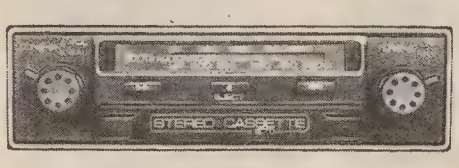

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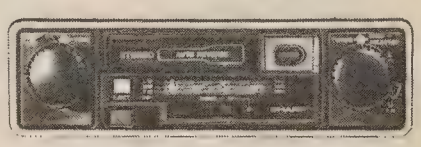

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SINGLES

Reviewed by PAUL RAMBALI

G brought home a few colonial truths and made you stop, think, smile and wonder. He even got played on the radio. Once.

"The Hippys (sic) Graveyard" is meeting a kinder fate with the airwaves, but sadly this time the subject of Johnny's lone-voice sensibility topples all too easily.

"Krisna save me from this smiling sincerity you've spread all around/Hare hare essential it is, both my feet touch the ground."

The wry reality of his lyrics seems undiminished. Maybe next outing he'll apply it to something we actually *need* some perspective on.

THE SNIFTERS: I Like Boys (Lightning). And I like girls— we all have our weaknesses. As a tongue-in-cheek homosexual paean this dismally fails to excite anything, let alone the funny bone. As a straight-faced attempt at being wilfully cryptic it just about succeeds. But the point is lost. It's probably of foreign extract; jokes are notorious for vanishing in translation.

However, this one's memorable for being one of the few records I've ever heard use a rhythm box and actually *drive* with it, and also for being the third record this week to owe more than a passing debt to Bryan Ferry. Boys will be boys will be boyoyoyoys. Quaint but stupid.

DAVID BYRON: African Breeze (Arista). The one-time Uriah Heep chest beater turns to disco. And let's face it, after Uriah Heep there can't be much else left to turn to. This is guaranteed to offend practically anybody who comes within earshot at being both utterly banal and glibly catchy at the same time. Therefore, most likely, a hit.

THE LURKERS: I Don't Need To Tell Her (Beggars Banquet). The Lurkers play '77 speed with a '78 production. Clean, fast and flat — a monochrome drone drone that amply illustrates just how far (wrong) one band can go trying to re-enact "Suzy Is A Headbanger" for the umpteenth time. Available in four different sleeves so you can support your favourite Lurker. I have no favourite Lurker.

THE NO ENTRY BAND: Cold And Lonely Lives (Kube Arts). A four song EP from Glasgow's No Entry Band gets to grips with that subject of periennial concern — modern love. Operating stylistically somewhere between Dire Straits and Fairport Convention, and if not exactly reeking of benign hippiedom, this is definitely possessed of a grey, autumnal '73 feel — kind of dated and contemporary at the same time, thanks to the way they spell out romance and alienation with a mitigating sense of the absurd.

For the insidious charm of the title track alone it's well worth attention.

THE JETS: Rockabilly Baby (Soho). Cruising my local high street used to be a chance for poking fun at the hordes of big-trouser types who would regularly leave their big-trouser ghettos and converge on the nearby Ice-Rink. But these days gangs of teenage teds with immaculately oiled ducktails, day-glo socks and needle sharp threads have taken to showing the disco boys the way to go.

One such gang is The Jets, the average age of whom is reputedly around 14. If that's so then the finger-poppin' authenticity of their delivery on this ode to a favourite bobby-soxer can definitely be said to put the cool back into schooldays.

CHEAP TRICK: California Man. (CBS). The criminal failure of "Surrender" to gain precious airspace and thereby turn Cheap Trick into the teenage sensations they really ought to be has not gone un-noticed. Sadly this affectionate but finally uneventful replay of the old Move chestnut looks unlikely to see justice done.

SHOES: Tomorrow Night (Bomp—Import). These four fresh-faced U.S. pop kids have such an intuitive grasp of their chosen oeuvre it's downright frightening. They've made two albums on a home four-track, the second of which is now almost impossible to find but stands as a latterday genre classic.

This is the first time they've made it into a studio proper, and it's easily the best music of its kind since the Dwight Twilley Band blew out their promise in a blaze of teen dreamboat preening. Switchblade fuzz-tone guitars do battle with David Crosby/Byrds harmonies and like a miraculous two-sided object with a soft centre and hard exterior it flashes, gels and bites and deserves to be heard.

CALIFORNIA IMPORT CORNER

THE DEADBEATS: Kill The Hippies (Dangerhouse—Import) X: Adult Books (Dangerhouse — Import). THE ZEROS: Wild Weekend (Bomp — Import). THE LAST: She Don't Know Why I'm Here (Bomp — Import). BOYFRIENDS: You're The One (Bomp — Import). THE DICKIES: Eve Of Destruction (A&M). A brace of releases from California's teenage lobotomy contingent, all suffering, in one way or another, from the same malaise. Namely: how can you be an angry young man when the biggest threat to your future is the outside possibility of an earthquake? A malcontent is by definition not content, and yet not one of these would-be angst-ridden creatures has chosen to vent his spleen against what one might think is their most pressing sickness, that of the affluent suburban lifestyle.

Frustration and rebellion here come off as no more than weak excuses for a wild weekend, which would be fine if they owned up and left it at that. But they don't. Instead they choose facile targets for their directionless venom (does anyone really give two hoots about the late Jacqueline Suzanne, the subject of X's "Adult Books"?). Plus they all play much too fast, '77 speed, and seem to think copying Joe Strummer's vocal intonation and making the words incomprehensible (which is what Strummer's are to them) is a passport to instant credibility.

The worst offenders are the totally plastic and disposable Dickies and The Deadbeats, who at least unconsciously transcend their severe limitations by virtue of the sheer dumbness of "Kill The Hippies" (not a good week for long hair, all in all).

Least offenders are The Zeros and Boyfriends, because they don't actually try to say anything beyond a pinhead celebration of teen dream: cars, gurls, drugs etc. But then again, they obviously hold the Brothers Ramone in high esteem and can see nothing better to do with themselves than emulating their heroes . . . ineptly.

The sole prize amongst this clutch of Rotten eggs is The Last, whose "She Don't Know Why I'm Here" powers along like an old Seeds nugget delivered with the manic overcharge of Subway Sect.

West coast import offerings. Our advice: Buy British

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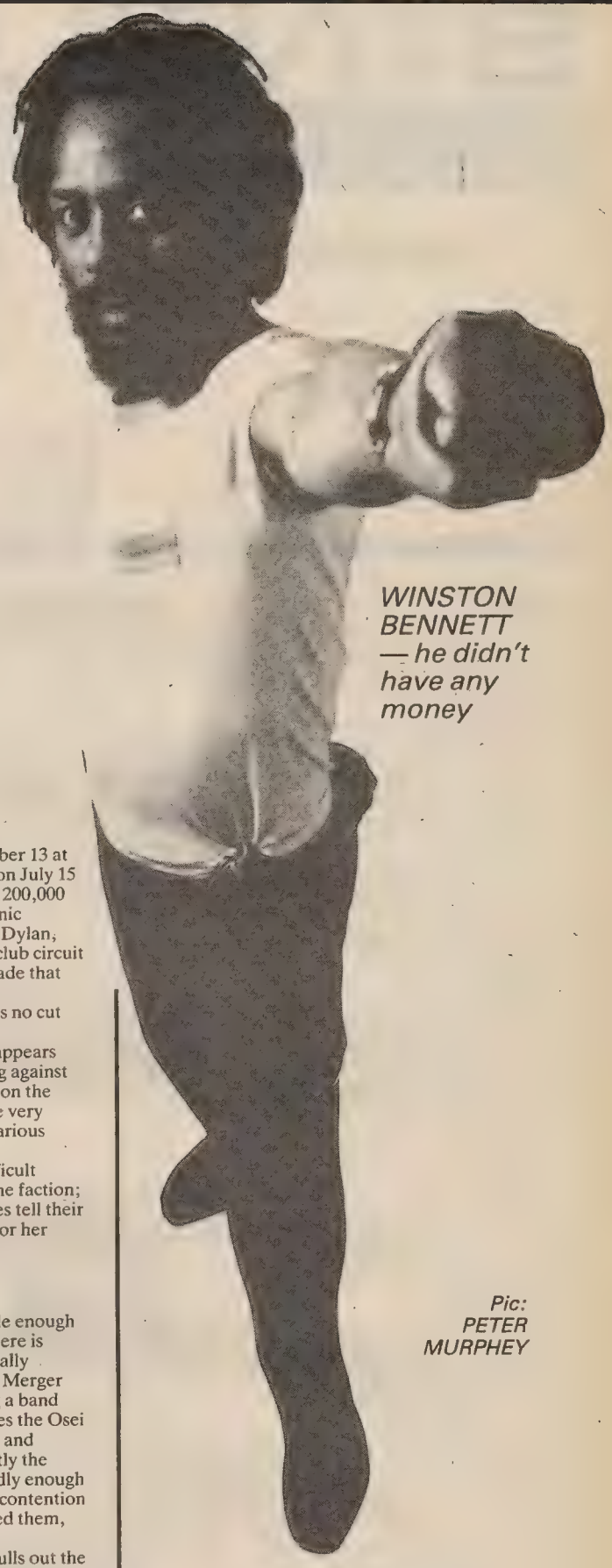
NOTTING HILL BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

In last week's episode we saw how MERGER (played by The Beatles) had split in confusion after BARRY FORD (played by John Lennon) had decided to retire to Jamaica to meditate with JOHN MAXWELL (played by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi). Meanwhile in 'the Grove', WINSTON BENNETT (Sid Vicious) was determined to carry on with the band's name come what may, and with the patronage of BOB DYLAN (Bob Dylan) scaled heights of power beyond even the scheming Maxwell's wildest dreams. Enter NICK KENT, played by his alter-ego Clark . . .



WINSTON BENNETT — he didn't have any money

Pic: PETER MURPHEY

"JUST CHECK this out man!" John Maxwell's metabolism seems constantly to function on sudden shock-waves of adrenalin that make his gestures and general carriage somewhat unnerving to be around. He lurches over to grasp hold of a diary propped up on a shelf in the room where we're holding court.

"See, see." He points to an entry marked under the mid-September period of 1978 wherein are crudely scrawled the words — "Merger at Wembley Stadium".

This, Maxwell claims, was viewed as the symbolic culmination point of the Merger masterplan — a masterplan that had begun approximately one year before, involving a nucleus of three black musicians, Winston Bennett, Barry Ford and Michael Dan, an independent record label named Sunstar, and a vision formulated by the collective, with P.R./all-purpose hustler Maxwell at the helm, to break out into the big, big league a zillion echelons beyond the 'strictly roots' club-land circuit populated by all the strugglung bredren — Aswad, Steel Pulse, Matumbi and co.

Ah, but the strange twists of fate that the past six months have seen bedazzling the initial Merger connection and supposed 'common vision'. For of the three dread-locked musicians photographed on the inner sleeve of "Exiles In A Babylon", Merger's first (and thus far only) album, only Winston Bennett now remains, to carry on the band's moniker.

That this set of circumstances alone should have come to be is fodder enough for a fairly intriguing piece of journalistic investigation, but to add a lucrative twist of irony to the tale, the new Merger recently landed a gig of such prestige that it effectively dwarfed even former-Svengalian John Maxwell's hoped for pie-in-the-sky. For, instead of September 13 at Wembley Stadium, two months early on July 15 Merger played before an approximate 200,000 when they opened the Blackbushe Picnic festivites at the special request of Bob Dylan, whose forays into the London reggae club circuit during his stay in London town had made that particular heavyweight connection.

To refer to the Merger story so far as no cut and dried affair is something of an understatement. In many respects, it appears purely petty, with each faction niggling against each other to the point where insiders on the London reggae scene now groan at the very mention of the group's name and its various controversies.

More to the point, however, it's difficult actually to side completely with any one faction; one can merely let each of the two sides tell their story and leave the reader to draw his or her conclusions.

THE TWO FACTIONS are simple enough to pinpoint. On the one hand, there is Winston Bennett who, it's generally considered, was the founding-force of Merger itself, and remains at the helm leading a band with the same name which also includes the Osei brothers, Tony and Michael on drums and keyboards. Ever Wellington is currently the bass-player. The collective are a friendly enough bunch but make no bones about their contention that the music press has misrepresented them, misquoted them and ignored them.

For further proof of this, Bennett pulls out the latest issue of *Black Echoes*, with a lavish bare-chested photograph of Barry Ford on the cover. Bennett is righteously pissed off that Ford — who apparently has no working band, and no new record out — can land this sort of lavish coup while he and Merger continue virtually unnoticed by the press.

More than Ford, though, Bennett and all other compatriots of Merger blame John Maxwell for this publicity starvation.

"Maxwell, man, is so strong he has the press like *that* (he clenches his fist). He can do anything, say anything, and they'll believe it. He's done us great harm, man — he's threatened us, done everything in his power to keep us down."

BENNETT'S CLAIMS about Maxwell, viewed in a more objective light, are somewhat over the top, but there's no denying a forceful character at work. As a hustler, Maxwell is a 'heavy manners' pro, with basically two approaches when it comes to coercing writers into covering his acts. The more renowned one is the 'heavy aggression' angle, utilising a menacing persona plus the classic 'black suppression' angle designed to play upon the classic white-liberal guilt syndrome inherent in most of us fair-skinned scribes. (The second angle, by the way, is blatant charm.)

Actually, Maxwell has a quite stunning line in raps about the various dilemmas facing the 'black artist', most of which are expounded with great solemnity and a pristine sense of theatrics.

He's expounding away on one of these raps on a hot Saturday afternoon, making very little sense but still sounding impressive, when I first meet Barry Ford. Nicknamed 'the Doc', as in Doc Locks, he sits serenely in a semi-lotus position picking away on an acoustic guitar. A couple are playing chess on one side of the room. Maxwell and myself are talking and a spliff is slowly making its way around those present. When it reaches Ford, he refuses, proclaiming: "Life is my high, man" (dutiful cool pause) "my high and my low."

After this none-too-striking preface the interview slowly commences, tracing Ford's origins. Born in Jamaica, he and his parents moved to London when he was five. By his mid-teens he'd become a professional drummer, and he recalls working in pick-up bands for the likes of Desmond Dekker. By the end of the '60s Ford had joined a band with three other black session players named Noir who made it to support spot on a Rolling Stones Roundhouse show but were thwarted in being immortalised on vinyl when they gave their label Dawn (a subsidiary of Pye) the royal finger.

Ford next fell in with Island Records' Basing Street crew, folk like Chris Wood and other Traffic players and the soon-to-be-deceased Paul Kossoff. There he remained, existing on funds culled from session-work until fate and lack of finance moved him to join a multi-racial oddity known as Clancy.

Clancy were a true curio. They included an Irish singer, Ernie Graham (ex-of Eire Apparent), two Rastas, a German and one son of Albion on keyboards. The music was, not unsurprisingly, a bastardised blend of funk melody, with hints of reggae. Again not unsurprisingly, the band's commercial appeal was a fat zero, despite reportedly huge financial support from the Brothers Warner.

After Clancy, Ford decided to become a full-time reggae musician and beyond the odd gig, more or less laid off the traps, choosing instead to play rhythm guitar.

It was sometime in 1975 when Ford, Winston Bennett and Michael Dan consummated Merger, choosing the name at Bennett's suggestion to pinpoint the merging together of a musical style rooted in reggae but with a more conventional 'funk' intonation. This triumvirate were the main physical ingredients of the musical sculpting together of "Exiles In A Babylon", although other musicians including the Osei brothers and the notorious Ivor Steadman made the odd contribution here and there.

COMMUNALLY CREATED, "Exiles" remains a pleasant but feckless affair, clean-cut reggae that thankfully turns its back on all the tedious Sellasse-isms of its time but, in attempting to forge an attitude that could

As if the amazing 'Evita' wasn't success enough for one year Tim Rice is about to have a second hit on his hands – The Guinness Book of British Hit Singles. It lists all the singles that have passed through the British charts since they were first started way back in '52. Illustrated with a hundred or more photos.

It's in the bookshops now.

The Guinness Book of British Hit Singles by Jo and Tim Rice, Paul Gambaccini and Mike Read.
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GUINNESS BOOKS

be defined as 'relevant' (one song, "1977", lyrically reflects upon the *"Jubilee of hate")* turns out simply uninspired — and certainly too lightweight by half when compared with the recorded works of, say, Third World.

"Exiles" 's circumstances and record label are, if anything, more intriguing. The album was released on the Sunstar label, an independent company co-owned by Maxwell and Caroline Baker (who, incidentally, also helped Don Letts in his film-making activities by purchasing his first video camera) amongst others.

Winston Bennett, however, has his doubts about the 'independent' nature of the operation, claiming that two companies were created as extensions of the Sunstar banner with Ford and Maxwell in control of Merger's publishing as a result. Bennett adds that he has yet to see a penny from the royalties of "Exiles" — an album which, though greeted with indifference in Britain, still sold strongly in certain parts of Europe, principally Holland where Merger are very big.

Bennett also claims that Ford was credited with 'lead guitar' playing in Merger although he was only the rhythm player.

These matters are all fairly trivial, however, compared to the nature of the Merger break-up and the conflicting stories that proliferate around it.

Ford's reason for leaving — which coincided with a tour of Holland last year — are a little hazy, though he claims that he left because the other members of the group were on a "star trip". Bennett, however, when I mention this to him, starts fuming.

"He told you that, man! Ha! I don't believe it. The reason he left was because he and Maxwell wanted us to go to Jamaica. They had two air tickets and we didn't have a penny, so we couldn't do nuttin', man. Nuttin'. Fuckin' star-trip!"

The other members of Merger nod their heads in unison. They have been wronged and only now — after Blackbushe and the publicity they gained from it — is there light at the end of the tunnel. Although cagey about naming a record deal, Merger have firm plans to release their salute to the martyred South African, Steve Biko — "Biko" — as a single, while new songs like "It Ain't Easy", "Armageddon Time", "Prisoner Of Your Love" and "You Are To Me" will probably be forthcoming on an album, although on which label remains a mystery.

Barry Ford is also planning an album release. Currently recording up in Swiss Cottage on time financed apparently by a former partner of Phil Spector's, Ford's first solo album will be Sunstar's second release and will include a paean to Johnny Rotten — "Johnny Was A Rebel" — and a reggae version of Jimi Hendrix's "Angel". He has a basic session band that will probably carry on to support him live.

MEANWHILE IN THE midst of all this haggling, there resides the mystery of Ivor Steadman. Steadman's principal claim to fame is that he was the enigmatic bass-player whom Johnny Rotten went to Jamaica to track down in order to coerce him into his own band immediately after the Pistols' break-up. Steadman had fled there from England due to an impending court-case which everyone claims to be *sub judice,* but which appears to have involved violence perpetrated against an officer of the law.

Young, and purportedly given to outbursts of an extremely physical nature, Steadman has since mysteriously metamorphosed back in London, his locks shorn in a fit of depression over the ethics of Rastafarianism, and here remains to face a charge for which insiders who prefer to be anonymous claim he could go down for up to two years.

Whatever the outcome, Steadman is very much on the Ford / Maxwell side of the fence (Ford hopes that the pair will work together again) — to the point, in fact, where Winston Bennett claimes that "Ivor Steadman is going to be John Maxwell's human sacrifice, you mark my words."

And so it goes. A bizarre set of circumstances all told and beyond it all, it's nigh impossible to really side with any one faction.

Ford himself is a gentle, engaging sort who's obviously hip to Maxwell's, uh, excesses, passing them off with an easy laugh, while Bennett and Merger are also highly amiable souls.

Even John Maxwell can be eminently charming when the hustling side cools off and he chooses to come out from behind his leonine front. Facing them each on a one-to-one level, it seems more ridiculous than anything else that the factions should go to such hysterical lengths to berate each other.

Perhaps it's better to just let it lay and hold onto hopes that the two factions' current ventures will pay richer dividends than that previous merger.

BARRY FORD — he wanted to go to Jamaica

Pic: AHMET FRANCIS

D E V O

New Single— Be Stiff Böy2

Some are in picture bags — some aren't. Some are in transparent vinyl — some are in blotchy vinyl

where the commonplace is unusual

STIFF RECORDS

WHO SAID THAT!

THE POLICE found Pete Townshend unconscious in a Soho doorway the day after he'd been to hell and back.

In the grey light of a cold dawn, the copper recognised the soiled and dishevelled figure that stank of stale booze, and gruffly shook him awake. " 'Ello, Pete," he said, smiling benignly. "If you can get up and just walk away as a special treat you can sleep in your *own* bed today."

Eyes screwed up against the harsh daylight, cold and confused, Townshend staggered to his feet. As he slowly made his way along bleak and deserted streets to the tube station, the painful memories of the previous day started to come back. . .

He'd been at a business meeting with his former manager Chris Stamp, his accountant and the infamous rockbiz troubleshooter Allen Klein. For six months he'd been trying to get back payment of his American songwriting royalties, and it was the final meeting in a series of many.

Klein apparently produced sheets of figures, totally confused everybody, haggled over his cut for collecting the monies, and after 12 hours presented Townshend with a cheque. Townshend was emotionally drained, exasperated and infuriated by the whole ordeal.

"I said to Chris Stamp," he recalls, " 'I don't fuckin' believe all that! I don't believe that after all these years in the rock business that I've sat through all that shit, and gone through all that for six months *just* to get a cheque.'

"I felt like a piece of shit!"

But his tortuous journey into self-abuse to visit the hell of his own personality had only just begun. And after drinking his "compulsory bottle of brandy", he and Stamp went to the Speakeasy to see John Otway and Wild Willie Barrett perform.

"I burst in, ignored John and Willie who were on their last number, smashed a few glasses, trod on a few toes and hit a few people, all friends of mine, I dunno why I went. I should have just gone and banged me 'ead against a wall.

"Then I thought I saw Johnny Rotten.

"Then I said to Chris, *"Oo's that there?'* An' he said, 'It's one of The Sex Pistols. It's. . .'

"And I'd already gone, and I'd got him and cornered him against the bar. I said something like, 'What the fuck are *you* doing here?' And he said, 'Well, what the fuck are *you* doing here?'

"I thought he was Johnny Rotten for about the first five minutes I was talking to him. Then I suddenly realised it was somebody else. It turned out to be Paul, the Pistols' drummer.

"And I sat him down and I was really preaching at the poor little sod. Then Steve Jones, the guitar player, came and sat down and I went, *'Rock and Roll's gone down the fuckin' pan!'* and I tore up the royalty cheque.

"About half way through the tirade Paul looked at me really confused. He didn't really know what I was talking about. And he said, 'The Who aren't going to break up are they?'

" *'Break up!'* I said. *'We're fuckin' finished! It's a disaster!'*

"And he said, *'Ahhh, but we like The Who'.*

"I went, *'YOU LIKE THE 'OO? AHHHHHHHHHH!'* And I stormed out of the place, and the next thing I knew I was being woken up in a doorway in Soho. . .

"And I got in and me old lady was waiting for me. . .sitting there with the rolling pin, but too tired to use it. She said, 'Where have you been?'

"I said, 'I've been to hell'. And I really did feel that I'd actually been to hell, and that's what the song 'Who Are You' is about."

Paul Cook later said that you thought you were past it — which may well have been the impression you gave.

"That's a polite way of putting it.

"I felt like a raging bull. I obviously collapsed just as soon as I walked out the door. but I didn't feel so bad just because I'd been drunk in the Speakeasy; it was because I'd been stone cold sober at a business meeting in Tin Pan Alley.

"That sort of thing had nothing to do with why I picked up a guitar in the first place.

"I think," he adds, "the whole new album will serve as an encyclopedia of rock and roll for the up and coming group — where *not* to get caught."

IN THE THREE years since he last allowed the rock press to interview him at length, Pete Townshend has changed very little in appearance.

Conscientiously the '70s Mod, he still gives the impression of being haunted. Not even the smart white shirt with a buttondown collar, the crisply tailored khaki trousers and the cumbersome Dr Martens he wears hide the nervous tension stiffening his thin, angular body.

Suspicious and uneasy, his eyes dart around their sockets; but it's understandable that he should be wary at first.

Continues over page

THE 1978 PETE TOWNSHEND INTERVIEW

By TONY STEWART

Photography: PENNIE SMITH

"If you're doing something that you don't wanna do, you feel like a martyr — particularly if you feel you're doing it for a cause. And to me rock's a cause . . ."

From previous page

His last major interview with *NME* in May 75 told of his own disillusionment with Rock and The Who and led to a public feud. Three months later Roger Daltrey retaliated; he accused Townshend of going onstage drunk, betraying the group and their fans, and generally continued a vendetta that many expected would finally finish The Who.

"When Roger said I was drunk," Townshend says, "he was right. Drunk? Was I drunk!!

"I felt part of rock and roll was going on the road, getting drunk, having a good time and screwing birds.

"But on that particular occasion I couldn't handle it . . . and I was falling to bits.

"At the same time I was going slightly barmy. I was hallucinating; I was forgetting big chunks of time: I think only because I was drinking so much.

"Like I was waking up in bed with somebody and not knowing what had led up to that particular point. Then I was going home and trying to face me old lady.

"So it was a really peculiar period."

The Who survived, but Townshend declined to be interviewed.

"There's only one direct line between me and the public and that's through the songs. And that's obviously where I want to be judged, not on the strength of what I say in interviews.

"Because interviews are opinions. Songs are actions."

Yet he did once break his silence, even if he remained unquestioned, to write *Pete Townshend's Back Pages,* published in *NME* last November. It was a courageous attempt to exorcise the ghosts of disenchantment and the frustration of 'old-age' that haunted Townshend's career during the mid-'70s.

Undoubtedly cathartic, the piece ended optimistically; and it's this spirit that's been captured on the new album, "Who Are You".

While it may be idealistic to believe that Townshend has agreed to be interviewed again because the psychological scars have disappeared, you can't help but suspect that it's also a timely way of promoting the LP as The Who aren't playing concerts. But that suspicion undermines Townshend's dignity.

Now regarded as the spiritual Godfather of Punk, and arguably the single most important precursor of Rock's New Age, he's abrasive, animated and candid. Once he overcomes his initial reserve, he relaxes into a comprehensive interview lasting three hours.

Obviously the traumatic years have changed his attitudes, but more significantly he has regained his artistic confidence.

"I'm really quite relieved that we managed to get the new album done," he says.

"But I'm pleased with the writing. I particularly like 'Trick Of The Light', a song John wrote. And I'm glad I managed to get 'Guitar And Pen' and 'Music Must Change' to be as optimistic *and* razor-edged.

"They're not screaming vitriol, but they're still quite hard. . .Not in the aggressive way that 'Who Are You' is hard; that's probably the most archetypal, old-fashioned Who-sounding track on the album. . .very much in the tradition of 'Won't Get Fooled'.

"But I know we're evolving," he adds confidently, "no question about it."

Were you in a better frame of mind when you wrote the songs for "Who Are You" than you were in 74/75?

"Oh yeah," he answers without hesitation. "In a much better frame of mind than after and during 'Who By Numbers'. At that particular period I felt the band was finished and I was finished and the music was *dying*. There was very little sign that the New Wave was gonna emerge.

"I started to get disenchanted not only with what we were doing and everything around the band, but because nobody else seemed to be pushing either.

"The band came through that very down period. I came out the other side giving up on the rock business *and* giving up on the band, but discovered three other blokes that I really liked. I stopped treating them as a group of partners and started to think about them as people to drink with.

"Suddenly I realised I liked them and liked working with them. It was a bit of a discovery.

"When the New Wave came along it was, for me, a great affirmation. I thought, 'Aye, aye, we're not dead yet'.

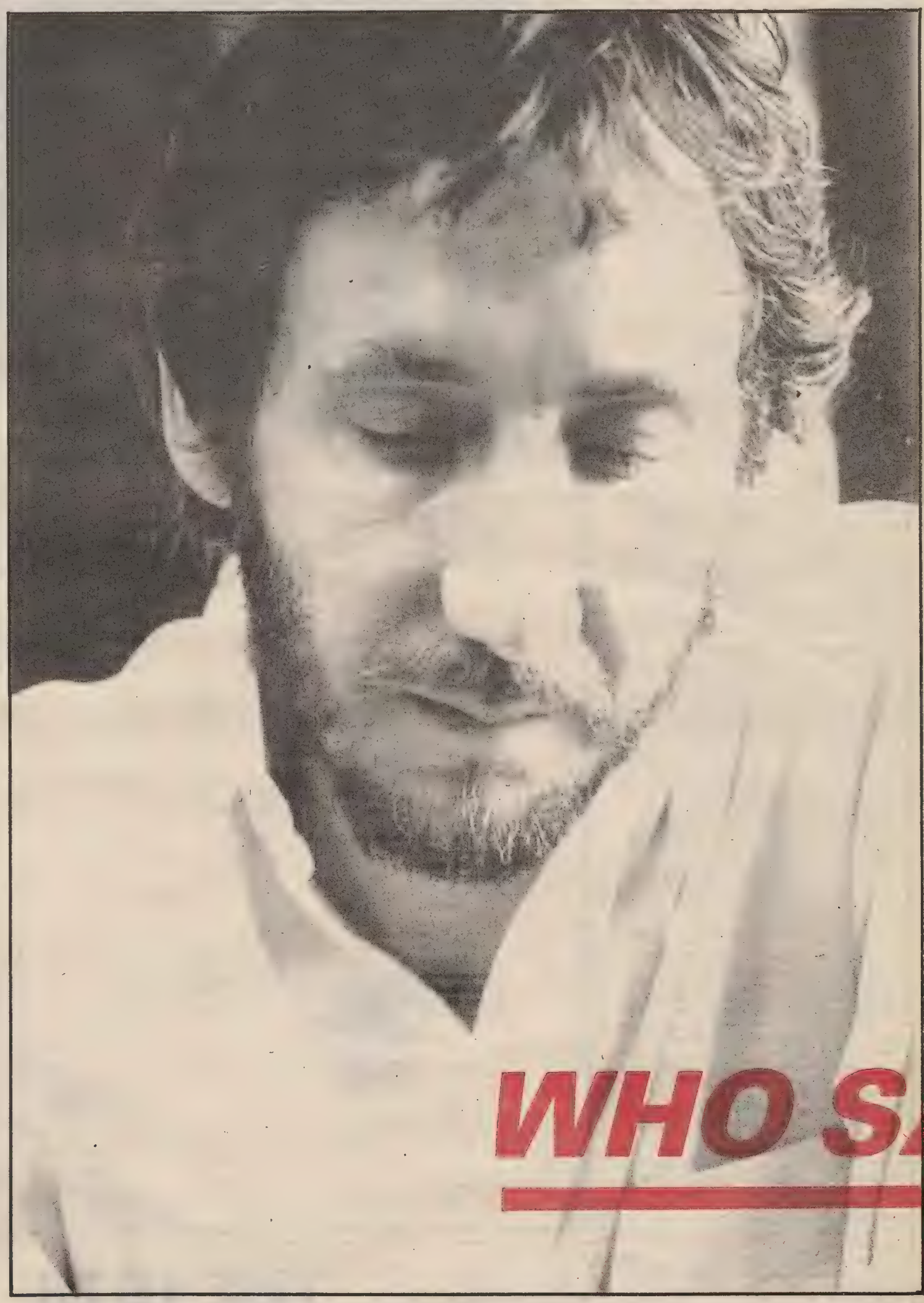
I felt it was the closing of a circle. It was part of what had been nagging at me: it didn't seem the music business was *ever* gonna get back to rock again, and that we were incapable of going back. We were getting older, getting more mature and we were settling down.

"Like there's a big difference between me playing the guitar today and me playing even six years ago. It's not just that I don't wanna play in the same aggresive way, but I haven't got the ability to do that. I've knocked down that wall of screaming and shouting so often that it's no fun to knock it down anymore. So I'm going over and knocking at another wall.

"It's not necessarily one that's so romantic or *macho* or young and proud, but it's nevertheless a wall; and I like smashing at it.

"Nowadays when I write I push myself in another direction. I try and work out chord changes that turn your head inside out; I might spend a month messin' around with a particular synthesiser sound just to try and get something that's gonna last for ten years and not sound jaded in a week.

"I'm trying to discover something else that's as good as a wound-up electric guitar."



UNLIKE YOU, a lot of musicians in your class-group felt threatened and intimidated by the New Wave. They thought they were finished.

"Well, I can understand that. A lot of bands that felt finished I hope are finished.

"I think The Who are standing on a different bit of ground. If you feel intimidated you have to get territorial. Say, 'I'm on this patch of ground; if you want it come and get it'.

"The strongest survive, and if a new band wants that patch badly enough, it'll get it.

"I don't think enough people did that. If anybody should have felt completely superfluous, it should have been The Who. The roots of practically every New Wave act I saw seemed to be The Who. Then I realised that made *more* of us.

"There was a line between us and the kids on the street; people The Who are finding increasingly difficult to reach.

"At least it makes us feel we've achieved something over a longer period of time.

"I'm a rock idealist," he laughs. "I'm not interested whether I make money out of it. I'm interested that when I picked up a guitar to write *I'd* been listening to people like Dylan.

"You can use music to communicate with people and to affirm that you share certain feelings about the world and about the music that we enjoy. And I think that lasts to today.

"So now I spend my time communicating through my music to people that are about 33 years old, used to live in Shepherd's Bush, sometimes wear Dr Martens. . .

"When I was a kid, and when I was in me middle-20s, I had something that they don't seem to have today. And I felt very glad I could

reach younger people. It's just an amazing kick that rock and roll has managed to sustain.

"Admittedly I was wearing dark glasses at the time, and looking at everything in a grey way, but after 'By Numbers' I saw people like Electric Light Orchestra and ELP. I thought about what *we* were up to, and the Stones and Mick Jagger's silk pyjamas and Elton John and Rod Stewart.

"I thought, 'ell, it really is dead.'

"Luckily the New Wave came when I was already down. They say if you're down far enough the gutter looks like up. Well, the gutter is where modern rock bands, all rock music comes from. It's where it starts and you've got to be in the gutter to see it.

"And the New Wave began when I was feeling really wretched. So I took most of the insults as grand compliments.

THE JAM WERE probably influenced more by The Who than any other New Wave band. When they released their first album "In The City" they were regarded as the surrogate-Who to the extent that one critic claimed they were more entitled to Who licks than The Who were themselves.

"Entitlement to a lick is a complete waste of words anyway; cos all rock comes from somewhere. It all evolves, is handed on, taken, snatched, ripped off. You're entitled to it if you've got it. Possession is nine points of the law.

"He's probably right," Pete adds with a chuckle.

But why are you so benevolent towards them? Don't you want to retain the music yourself? For one thing blatant mimickry (which it was at first) is unhealthy in rock and roll.

"I don't think it's a good thing for The Jam, because they've got a helluva lot of potential. Seems a waste of time.

"But I don't think Paul Weller writes because he wants to emulate what The Who did. He just sees what The Who did as being a particular way of reaching a public which would work again.

"It's not so much blatant mimicry as outrageous commercial *Stigwoodism*. He's doing it with *Saturday Night Fever*, turning Travolta into another Elvis Presley, and the old man hasn't turned in his grave yet.

"So why not do it on other levels? It's smaller, but it's the same thing.

"I'm not trying to justify it and nor do I want to appear Mary Poppins-benevolent either.

But surely it's got something to do with the rock audience now being too big for any one band to meet?

"We can't even play for the 30 year old B-O-Fs who want to come and see us at Wembley Pool. We could probably play six weeks at Wembley, and only towards the end the audiences would start to trail off.

"We could travel in America all year round playing to full-houses. So it just goes to show there's not enough bands to go round.

"I've always said to Roger (Daltrey), who wanted badly to go to Japan, 'What's the point? We'll go and they'll probably love the band, and then there'll be an amazing demand and we won't be able to meet it'. We might as well not go and prick-tease.

"It's a strange situation. And yet a lot of younger bands that I'd quite happily spend time listening to don't make it."

Well, seeing a band in a club is genuinely exciting, but once they get into a vast stadium the vitality is dissipated and very often the essence of rock and roll is lost. Unless, of course, it's somebody like Dylan, when just to actually see him contributes to the excitement of the event.

"It did happen with Dylan, didn't it? I couldn't believe it. My old lady took the tickets, but after the last couple of shitty albums he's put out, I couldn't be bothered to go.

"And she said he was *AMAZING!*

"I said, 'You're kidding. 'Ow could Dylan possibly be amazing at this point in his life?'

"I was just incredibly surprised he could actually do it. Perhaps it's because he's conscious of his writing today, in the same way, that The Who are of 13 years of history. But in a different way.

"He doesn't treat his history in the way The Who treat theirs.

"We treat our history like Who fans. We look back on it as something almost sacred, not to be tampered with. You don't take a song like 'My Generation' and rearrange the fuckin' thing. You don't have black women singing on it.

"But I suppose we're denying ourselves a true evolution, which is one whereby the music continues to live rather than being ice-box material which is constantly de-thawed and then shoved back in the ice-box again.

"The Who *are* doing something wrong, and I don't really know what it is; I feel that passionately at the moment."

Perhaps it's because you're denying yourself the feeling of being involved in rock, because you don't tour and "Who Are You" is the first new album in three years?

"The only time I feel the joy of rock and roll is when I'm actually on stage. But getting to the stage is another story: getting on a plane with Moon, going to an hotel, getting stuck in some dive in the States.

"Then you come back from a six-week stint feeling like a superhuman, but nobody around you recognises it, and you don't relate to your own family.

"What's *that* all about?

"It's just disorientation; unless you're gonna spend your life on the road until you get killed in an aircrash. Yeah, Lynyrd Skynyrd!

"I don't wanna die in an aircrash. And I also don't wanna drink a bottle of brandy every day, cos that'll kill me too.

"Different people want different things. I heard that Jagger said the Stones would be on stage until they're 50, and look at the human wreckage they've already left behind them.

"I don't want to be responsible for that for the rest of my life. I can excuse a lot of wreckage The Who have created, put it down to experience maybe. But now I can't do it.

"I could handle a nightly engagement at the Hammersmith Odeon. I said to Bill Curbishley (The Who's manager) I'd play every night of the week at the Odeon, but not to ask me to go round the world again because *I'm not gonna do it!* They're trying to persuade me to agree to three three-week tours of America.

"But I haven't got that kind of need anymore. I don't *need* to get up and play.

"I enjoy it when I'm there. . .and I might need it more than I think I do.

"But when I say there's something wrong with The Who I'm really talking about the stage. We still go on and do that same old act again and again. It's so backward looking.

"The Who must never be a parody of ourselves. It started to hapen in '76 and I don't think we realised it. I was really fucked up after that."

After you played that Kilburn gig for *The Kids Are Alright* movie last Christmas, the producer said he thought it'd given you the bug to play concerts again.

"Roger, Keith and John all came off bubbling. Roger said, 'Right Townshend, now you must feel like going back on the road'.

"That performance made me feel more than ever that we shouldn't go back on the road. And everybody kinda went, *'Eurghhhhh!'* Then Roger said, 'You're barmy. I'm not gonna let your feelings of depression affect me'.

"Of course there's always a chance that the band affect the way I feel about it. But until I can actually feel they share my neurosis then it's hard to begin to even talk about the problems I feel are there.

"The group has gone past the point of no return, and I haven't now got the machinery to find me way back. But I do accept that somebody like Roger could, if he wanted to, probably bring me back.

"But he'd have to work on it, because I feel such a long way from that desire to get up and play the guitar.

"Like I said about the album, I'm relieved we got it out. I think it's a miracle, and not because it took too long or any of the hardships."

On just one hearing, it still seems a positiive album.

"Yeah. There's nothing that gets you at it like a few problems. We've been through some amazing ups and downs. A little thing like a tape-recorder breaking down is not known to stop us. It's just that it did happen a helluva lot."

Did you ever think The Who were fated?

"No. Glyn (Johns) used to. In fact he actually ran out of time completely. He'd worked a year longer on the album than he planned."

He digresses. . ."See, I like to keep a space open as far as the band live performances go. We have to find another way to do shows if it's gonna fit in with being a young married with a couple of kids who're nine and seven and need to see me every day.

"That's something I could never account for when I was 19 and wrote *'Why don't they all fade away?'* 'I never fuckin' knew one day I'd have two kids I missed with a physical pain when I was away from home.

" 'Ow do you deal with *that?* Big fuckin' rock star!"

WE WERE TALKING about communication, and you seemed to suggest you only appeal to 30-year-olds in suburbia. Does that mean you feel bands like The Clash, Bethnal and The Jam now communicate with the teen-generation?

"Not entirely to the younger generation. As you probably know as well I do, a lot of the so-called young punks that you used to see down the Roxy were all about 50.

"But a lot of them were also very young people who were isolated. They couldn't find anything in The Who's music that appealed to them.

"It was weird. Just as somebody started to speak up, thousands of people said 'Right, I want to hear that!' They didn't care whether it was music, or whether it sound any good. It mattered more that somebody was saying it.

"I think The Clash are an amazing band. I hope they don't break up, but unless they go to America they will.

"They're probably now regretting having said, 'We never want to go to America; we're never gonna leave England; fuck America and the materialistic Cadillacs an' all that crap!'

"But it's *not* like that.

"The Clash have not received the kind of recognition they, yes, *deserve* in this country, apart from a certain inspired minority, like myself. It would be balanced and more powerful in the American environment.

"They'd be acceptable in street terms because they've got their own cultural ground. They would feel a kinship in the States rather than feel intimidated. Whereas it's difficult to feel you've achieved anything in England if you think that achievement is measured by results.

"America's big enough to make a small result look bigger.

"The Who fans there don't number anything like Elton John's, but it's still a significant enough group to pay the bills and allow you to go on and make you feel you're achieving something.

Continues over page

WHO'S WHO

CONTINUED

From previous page

"But you could put Elton's 15 million fans against our million, and you'd have a different substance of people. They'd buy his records for *entertainment*. They wouldn't listen to the lyrics. . .they'd listen to the clever production and the musicians' session ability."

But nowadays don't people just buy Who albums because they want to know what you're going to reveal about *yourself* next? Certainly this was true with "By Numbers", which contained songs like "However Much I Booze".

"If all you had to do to sell records is be honest. . .it'd be really easy.

" 'Who By Numbers' was revealing, I suppose, because it was all that I had left at the time. I just thought, 'What am I gonna do because I'm fucked up, not writing anything?'

"Not all the songs I submitted for that album — about 30 — were like that. There's one little chink in the armour, and that's the ukelele track, *'I like every minute of the day'* ("Blue Red And Grey"). I put in five other things like that."

Do you think it was an album of despair?

"Not entirely. It's just a statement of fact.

"You don't despair about something that you feel has already gone down the pan, and I just felt the band was down the pan. I felt the situation between Roger and me was irredeemable.

"The things I said I genuinely meant at the time. The reason they got up his nose, and why what he said in reply got up my nose, was because we were both speaking the truth about one another. We both made it clear we hated one another's guts. And you only hate somebody if you don't know 'em.

"I really feel the reverse now. Now if I was gonna pick three friends, I'd *start* with those three.

"Everybody's changed in the band in the last three years. I think 'Who By Numbers' was partly responsible for that.

"But the other thing that's been played down like mad — because it's very painful for the band to talk about — is that we were going through litigation with our management, Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp; people we loved.

"I felt myself being pulled in two directions, and in the end I had to let go my friendship with Kit and Chris, and run with the band.

"And I *don't* like that, but I knew what I had to do.

"It's like if your two kids are drowning; which one do you save? You don't necessarily save the nearest. Somewhere along the line you make a choice, and the choice may be selfish. In retrospect I made the right choice.

"It was when 'Who By Numbers' was finished that I said to Roger, 'Alright, let's get together and blow 'em out'.

"Then he dropped his armour, and we immediately became very close. He'd seen me very much as an enemy, and it explained a helluva lot. Like when we were doing 'Quadrophenia' I couldn't understand why he was so aggressive toward me and about the album."

Ripped apart by mixed loyalties and your own feelings of gloom, there were those lines on "They Are All In Love" on "By Numbers":

"Goodbye all you punks stay young and stay high / Hand me my chequebook and I'll crawl off to die."

Why didn't you?

"I think I did.

"What the lines are about is that we went on to sue Kit Lambert. It's not really what it seems to be about.

"Punks didn't mean what it does today. Punks is what I used to call the New York fans who used to try and get you by the ears and pin you down and take you home in a cardboard box.

"The song was about what the band had become. It was about money, about law courts, about lawyers, and about accountants. Those things had *never* mattered and the band had a backlog of tax problems and unpaid royalties. We had to deal with it.

"I really felt like crawling off and dying."

So it wasn't abdication from rock and roll?

"Only in as much as I didn't think we were gonna be able to go on. I couldn't see how we could if we were gonna worry about these kind of things."

It must have been hard for somebody who's a rock and roll idealist.

"I blame The Who fans for this!" Townshend goons. "If they hadn't bought the records, if they hadn't come to the concerts, we wouldn't have had all that money, we wouldn't have had to buy Shepperton Studios, and I wouldn't be here.

"So it's their fuckin' fault!"

"It certainly hasn't changed my idealistic stance. I can't be hypocritical about it. But I'm not in the place I thought I'd end up.

"When the band started off in 64/65 I really thought we were just gonna explode. I thought I was gonna die. Looking at the footage of *The Kids Are Alright* it's a bloody wonder we are still here today.

"I never ate; it was all dope-dope-dope, and *'orrible* vibes of aggression and bitterness.

"Out of that we were saying, 'We are the mirror for the desperation and bitterness and frustration and misery of the misunderstood adolescents; the people in the vacuum'.

"I never expected to be able to afford a reliable car or go somewhere wonderful for me holidays, or buy a big house, or run a business. And I don't know if I *want* to.

"How many people do *exactly* what they want to?

"I've done what I want to for ten years, so I don't mind the odd things that I don't want to do now.

"Meher Baba says, 'Don't worry, be happy'. I think that's what rock and roll's about.

"But it doesn't walk away from the things that aren't right. It lays everything out on the table, all the problems that you've got, and all the problems society has. It doesn't squash that or screw 'em up and throw 'em away. It fuckin' lives with them!"

YOUR DEFINITION of rock and roll in *Back Pages* was: If it screams for truth rather than help, if it commits itself with a courage it can't be sure it really has, if it stands up and admits something is wrong, but doesn't insist on blood, then it's rock and roll. We shed our own blood, we don't need to shed anyone else's.

"YEA THE TEAM!" calls Townshend, punching the air and laughing.

"It shouldn't be said as poetically as that, but that's really what it's about.

America where they're into metaphysics, the connection between your mood and the way you live your life, and the vibrations in the air.

"It was all spacey talk when I first started. The rest of the band thought I was insane ..."

Or ready to join the Moody Blues.

"Right.

"But the story has inspired me to write songs like 'Guitar And Pen', which are not just about music but also about writing a song.

"If you've got the ability to write a song that reaches people, if you've got the ability to play guitar in such a way that it makes people jump up and down, then it's a God-given thing."

Isn't "New Song" on "Who Are You" part of that too?

"It's really about rock needing to do the same things, say the same things again and again.

"It's like I said before: it never lets go; it always admits to the same thing; it carries its own crap along with it. It never throws it on to someone else. It can't, because when it does it's then guilty of what the rest of the world does.

"Then I thought I saw Johnny Rotten . . . I said something like 'What are YOU doing here?' "
Paul / Steve entertain Pete, 1977.

"People talk about not taking rock too seriously. But to me it's everything; so I can't take it seriously enough. If it is your release, the key to happiness, then you should take it seriously."

For somebody who follows Meher Baba's philosophies (and rock's), you've had more than your share of torment and despair.

"That's cos I'm silly.

"I remember Patti Smith said, 'How can somebody like Townshend follow Meher Baba and be such a miserable bastard?'

"Could it be I'm happy when I'm depressed?

"I dunno. I definitely like a bit of drama. Like I said, I'm happy when I'm taking things seriously.

"It's also difficult to practice what you believe, what you aspire to. It's one thing to say *'I hope I die before I get old'* and it's another matter to do it. And it's easier to please other people than it is yourself.

"I don't NEED to get up and play. I enjoy it when I'm there, and I might need it more than I think I do . . ."

"So I'm not worried about making my life cosily happy.

"But I know now my need for security and stability is greater than it ever was. People used to say to me, 'Townshend why don't you learn how to relax? Go away for a week and have a holiday'.

"I'd say, 'I don't want a holiday; work's a holiday, music's a holiday to me'. Utter crap like that.

"Now I do need to get the business and music out of me 'ead. If you think about one thing obsessively for 15 years you eventually go barmy; and I went barmy with rock and roll and The Who.

"Though keeping it at a distance and being objective about it for a couple of years, I feel fresher and happier."

Do you think that shows on the new album?

"I hope so. The lyrics I wrote are hard-edged and cut in the way I want them to, but not in a bitter or aggressive way. They've got venom. But there's also a bit of joy in the music.

"I don't mean it's doom-laden music with pretty lyrics in the background; the balance is right.

"A lot of the material on this album was inspired again by the *Lifehouse* film. I revived it in the middle of last year to try and persuade The Who not to release an album this year. For the band to do a big film instead of an album — and reach fantastic amounts of people would mean we wouldn't have to play so many concerts.

"The band went along with it, so I've developed the *Lifehouse* script. It's what first inspired a lot of music on 'Who's Next'.

"Basically it's a story about music, the rediscovering of music and what music is. It's not just about rock and roll, it's got a mystical quality.

"Seven years later a lot of what I wrote about has since become accepted, particularly in

"In that sense a good bit of rock is still fairly pure.

"How long it can stay that way I don't know."

You said earlier The Who mirrored the frustrations of the people in a void who otherwise weren't represented. Do you still do that with your music?

"Only partly, because I'm not trying to do the same thing anymore.

"Things have apparently changed around me. Every man is a pivot for his own private universe, and that's the way I still feel.

"I'm still Townshend and I'm writing every now and again, but not necessarily to change things. Perhaps now certain things could be left as they are. Certain things you can't change. Certain things aren't worth worrying about. Rather than getting so desperately unhappy I come out with something 'Who By Numbers'."

But you haven't any teen-anthems like "My Generation" and "Won't Get Fooled", and perhaps that's part of The Who's problem: you've alienated yourself from the audience. Paul Weller claimed the songs you write now are self-indulgent, that you come on with "all this martyr shit" and that you can't rest on your laurels for the rest of your life.

"There's an element of truth in what Paul said.

"There have been periods, and I'm sure there'll be more, when I felt like an amazing martyr. If you think you're doing something that you don't wanna do, then automatically you feel like a martyr. Particularly if you feel you're doing it for a cause.

"To me rock's a cause. So I often end up going on stage or into the studio when I don't really want to.

"As for resting on me laurels, that's the last thing anybody should want to do.

"He's really saying anybody over a certain age who's achieved anything should just go off and DIE! It's exactly the same thing I once said. Life isn't like that. You think it is when you're 17 — sometimes even if you're older.

"If somebody wants to judge me in terms of what I've produced in the band, and then write me off, fine."

You've said before, in *Back Pages*, that you find it hard to accept you're regarded as "well-nigh a saint". But that's because you're articulate and above all appreciate the social and political power of rock. When the New Wave emerged, rock did turn full-circle. It was again about the rot in society and government: some

"I think Clash are an amazing band, I hope they don't break up, but unless they go to America they will."

of the issues you wrote about for another generation; most of all about adolescent confusion, with songs like "I'm A Boy".

As a Who fan there's frustration for me now, as I want to know what Townshend has to say about the National Front or about the way this country is. But you haven't said anything.

"No."

Is there a reason why not? Are you oblivious to it?

"No, no, no.

"It's actually because I'm now actively doing something about it, whereas when you're an adolescent you're not capable of doing anything.

"If I wanted to I could become really practical, and not just write a song which I know now doesn't change anything. It just lets you know that there are other people who feel the same way.

"I could actually be a right pain in the National Front's arse, if I wanted to be.

"But I don't really like Vanessa Redgrave and Jane Fonda and people involved in petty power politics in unions. But if The Who wanted to, they could. We know Lords here and MPs there.

"We not only meet people with problems, we do something about them. And that's important because you feel what's happening on the streets and you're a part of it.

"If you haven't been in a black squat in Brixton, grit your teeth and try it. It's nothing like those squats in Westbourne Grove where they spend their money not on their rent but on their *pot* and heroin.

"It's people with families, people who go out in the day labouring; and mothers who try to keep their families together, sometimes large ones. And they've got *dignity!*

"But what kind of fuckin' music does that make? And how long can you go on doing it?

"I've got to the point in my life where you can't do it all, and rock is not capable of changing society. The only thing that's capable of doing that is power.

"So I'm more concerned now with trying to make music that makes people feel better, rather than worse.

"I don't suppose I ever really wanted to make people feel bad. But I definitely wrote songs like 'My Generation' to intimidate anybody who was driving round in a Rolls Royce.

"The stupidity of writing it was that nobody in a Rolls ever listened to 'My Generation'. Nobody in a Rolls was ever even *slightly* scared of people with safety pins in their ears."

But rock's an instrument to make people aware of things, even if it doesn't effect change. And some people who need it haven't got that voice. Whether it's minority groups like squatters, blacks and gays, or disturbed kids living in highrise blocks, they want *somebody* to speak for them.

That's why The Clash came from nowhere and were accepted almost immediately. It's why McLaren manipulated the whole Sex Pistols charade, which it often was. At least some truth was coming out.

"So many kids relate to me because ... I'm in middle-class confused misery!" He laughs loudly.

"I don't know where The Clash are coming from, or even where Johnny Rotten's coming from. But I know that when I wrote 'My Generation' I was in a flat in Belgravia looking down at the Rolls Royces. It was only 12 quid a week, but it was still in Belgravia.

"There was an embassy over here, another over there and the Queen Mother went past every day.

"I've always thought that was a bit peculiar.

"I hope now people will understand what I feel about the important issues, just through the way I am as a person, and the way the band conduct their lives.

"If the band are gonna be worth anythin' they've got to stand up first as people. Their opinions don't matter. It's what they do that counts; not what you say.

"So I'm more concerned with doing; rather than pointing fingers saying 'That's wrong and that's wrong!'

"But there again, it's less important to say it when other people are saying it, and when they're being heard."

Didn't you ever want to be all-powerful and shout: listen to me! This is RIGHT!

"No. Unfortunately the only time I'd get like that was when I was pissed, and then I'm extremely uninterested in intelligent matters. I'm much more interested in getting in fights.

"I feel something incredible has happened in my life, with Meher Baba. That's what I'd be most happy to pass on to other people. But it's something you can hardly ever mention."

Time passes.

But to suggest Townshend is uncommitted would misjudge an awareness and sense of outrage that he simply choses not to project in his music now.

He condemns the National Front, abhors pornography and, to precis, is genuinely concerned that the quality of life is eroding for many kids. He talks about it all with conviction.

Three years ago he couldn't even accept that his own role in rock had evolved into something different. Over a decade in the unreality of the music business inevitably put a distance between him and the audience of which he was once a part.

Now he has come to terms with it, and has made an album he says is "an encyclopedia of rock and roll for the up and coming group": the reality of his environment.

And he's no longer thrashing round in a malaise of bewildered despair.

"It is very difficult to see the problems people have in society. And to that extent The Who have lost their roots and lost that reality.

"Roger was really upset about a *Daily Mail* article where they talked about him being in his big 'ouse. Bill Curbishley said, "'Ell man, admit it! It's true. You ride around in a helicopter ... you're not a Shepherd's Bush geezer'.

"And Roger was saying, 'Fuck it! I *am* still a Shepherd's Bush geezer'.

"Without starting another journalistic interchange with 'im ... I certainly don't feel I'm in the same piece of space. But it's hard to see how you change. Things change around you."

Continues page 49

GEORGE LEWIS on the sleeve of his "Solo Trombone Record" (Sackville 3012).

JAZZ

By BRIAN CASE

ELBOWING THE NO RISK ZONE

*AACM trombonist **GEORGE LEWIS** anatomizes Chicago's transport system, and the impossibility of improvising on shoes.*

HE WAS wearing a roomy suit of stickbuddy overalls with an AACM buzzer on the starboard gallus, and he was fixing to visit Stonehenge for the day. This is George Lewis, not to be confused with the old New Orleans clarinet player, but the young Chicagoan who has been delighting and amazing the fancy with his concept of contemporary trombone, partnering Braxton, partnering Douglas Ewart, gracing the Carla Bley Band and running his own wind quartet, Quadrisect, when time permits.

Like Anthony Braxton, George has a fine mind and a musing manner: "Do I mean that? — hmm, that would imply the opposite — retract and run it again". He started out on trombone at nine, took a Philosophy degree from Yale, joined the AACM in 1971 at 19.

"Part of the reason why AACM music made such an impact was that it had been suppressed for so long that by the time the first wave reached the light of day, it was already quite mature music," says George.

"When I first started being around the AACM, I didn't have any idea of the strength of the people in the organisation. I was attracted because there seemed to be a lot of activity and it seemed purposeful and oriented in a self-determinatory way — the idea being not to borrow concepts of order from other people, but to make up your own and actually form your own tradition."

But is there anybody left in Chicago to carry it on, I ask. Leroy Jenkins had been pretty dispiriting on the failure of the AACM to take root in the Windy City, and George himself kept his colour TV in New York.

"You can't really put a regional label on it, because music is the kinda thing that necessarily has to reach out to people," replies George, "and it becomes part of the mainstream of what's going on. There are a lot of musicians in Chicago at this time, and they're making the AACM a stonger unit than it was before in terms of the community involvement aspect. That's been re-emphasized. People now are teaching classes again, not only in music but in arcane disciplines like Natural Healing."

We mourned the passing of tenorman Fred Anderson's Birdhouse venture on North Lincoln. Anderson, something of a father figure to the younger Chicago musicians like George, Chico Freeman and Douglas Ewart — George spent a formative three years with the veteran — had tried to establish a loft in Chicago's unpromising soil.

"The AACM has always been in need of a performance space," George explained. "Fred had a lot of problems with things which are part of Chicago's political situation. He was the wrong colour, so it was hard for him to work in that area.

"Chicago is a whole jumble of ethnic islands all separated from one another, so it's difficult to break that up. People have tried, but it's basically in the interests of the people who run the city to keep it going pretty much like that, because it results in a balkanization of the scene which makes the personal power of the people very weak.

"It's hard to get attention paid to new music there because the media is controlled, and transportation is very controlled so you don't have easy access to different parts of the city. Fred's Birdhouse was in a particularly inaccessible area of the city by public transportation — from the South Side it'd take at least an hour and half to get there.

"The transportation system is very illogical. There's the North Side and the South Side, and it's very difficult to get from one to the other, although within each side transportation is good. That tends to reduce population mobility.

"Chicago was once described as the most segregated city in the world — it was compared with Johannesburg. Numerous sociologists and urbanologists have studied the area and concluded that the main thrust of government policy is towards racial isolation."

GEORGE IS cheerfully optimistic, analytical, eminently practical. His attitude towards the trombone, for example: "I decided early in my career that I was going to drop the trombone if it didn't seem possible to do what I wanted with it — maybe it wasn't designed to do that sort of thing. It did seem to be the case that limitation wasn't in the instrument, but in the mental concept.

Instruments go through periods of re-evaluation. Part of the reason why the trombone has jumped out there — same reason with the bass — is that people have just started studying it without regard to what previous people were doing.

"Every trombonist I talk to has devised a different technique, and that has led to a lot of individualistic musicians."

Yes, things have changed since everybody copied J. J. Johnson back in the '50s. Today, there's a cornucopia of stylists — Lester Lashley, Joseph Bowie, Paul Rutherford, Grachan Moncur 111, Roswell Rudd, Albert Mangelsdorff.

"All musicians who play anything should be looking at that concept of self-determination a little more closely, because there are so many possibilities the teachers don't tell you about.

"For example, I remember learning Mangelsdorff's method of tone production quite a while ago — and my teacher telling me that it'd never amount to anything! He showed the whole class how to do it as a weird sound, and here's a guy who realised the potential and has really developed it and achieved something really important by using that method.

"I never really took trombonists as models. I could say I took saxophonists because most of the things I heard trombonists doing, I heard saxophonists making a better job of. It's hard to make the trombone fall to the rhythmic thing. You really have to study it for a long time otherwise it just slides all over the place. If you don't want to be sliding you have to make up novel techniques.

"In terms of the trombone, I'm just trying for a pretty smooth sound, well articulated, best possible intonation. In terms of actual ideas, the modern saxophonists have had a greater effect on me. The narrow concept of instrumental lines of delineation is not one that really works for me. I think you've always had musicians being influenced by strong concepts of playing — on whatever instrument."

GEORGE TOURED with Count Basie for a couple of months, soloing nightly on "In A Mellotone". We enthused about the underrated Jimmy Forest and Al Grey, their effect on audiences.

"Al Grey invites you into his living room, makes a living room out of the auditorium," George observed. "Everyone has a different effect in the sort of space they create around themselves when they perform."

"Do you thing avant garde players don't consider their audiences enough?" I ventured.

"If they're coming to hear your music, maybe you should give them your music so that sort of honesty is maintained in your relationship with them. If you're going to compose the music with the audience in mind first, then you might as well let the audience write the music. It's not a no-risk interaction zone where they don't really have to be challenged.

"If people come to hear serious musical expression, then they've accepted that challenge right away. You can relax with it once you've decided to become involved. It's a relationship which grows and becomes deeper."

I told him about my initial difficulties with Albert Ayler — too far, I tell you! — and the wonderland just beyond the barrier. Albert raised the ante for me, and made other saxophonists sound feeble.

"That's what happens," George laughed. "He raises the ante for a lot of people."

Apart from the trombone, George also plays Wagner tuba, sousaphone and synthesizer. He is fascinated by electronics — tape recorders, frequency shifters, phasers — and apart from electronic composers, likes the experiments of Eddie Harris.

"My interest has been in the application of electronic music to live performance. Not many electronic composers have a background of improvisation, so a lot could come out of it. I'm working on applications for micro-computer technology to live improvisation. The division between electronic and acoustic used to be an important issue in jazz criticism, but now we can just accept all sorts of sounds."

On his solo album for Sackville, he uses multi-tracking on one piece, and deploys tape recorders on "Shadowgraph 5".

"Oh, you mean those tapes? Well, what he's talking about is a big report of a news item about a 25 year old big-breasted Italian-American from St. Paul, Minnesota, who was getting her first film project, as yet untitled, but her breasts have been insured for one million dollars. Her hobbies are painting and sex. In other words, it sounds very serious but it's nonsense. I've had a lot of reactions to that piece!

"I'm interested in the interactual consequences of coming together to perform, and relating to each other on a subconscious level. I asked the musicians on 'Shadowgraph' not to be overly concerned with what the others were doing, but to do what they set out to do, and I feel very strongly that their natural instincts as experienced musicians will lead them to make the right choices. Certain things are exactly notated as to what sort of sound is needed, and others are in that grey area. Improvisation doesn't seem to me to describe anything that's going on in that music."

WE TALKED about improvisation in groups like Company and the Spontaneous Music Ensemble, a corrective to the ego and a dodger of entropies.

"I found that a lot of what they were doing a couple of years ago wasn't real improvisation, but reactions to a known quantity. After a while that feels like slipping into a pair of your favourite comfortable shoes — you're not really improvising putting on your shoes.

"I wanted a situation where I'd be forced to improvise because that's the way of dealing with the world. Our daily life situation is not fixed, but there are certain rituals which help you get through it faster and once you've learned those then your life isn't really an improvisation any more.

"I was in business for a brief time, and the number of rituals there seemed oppressive. Once something has been formalised to that point, it becomes meaningless even to the people who're doing it.

"I don't want to give the impression that I'm committed to improvisation totally — I'm happy to play what passes for composed pieces. There's been a new dichotomy drawn between improvisation and notated music — I think it's pretty much false, because compositions don't have to be notated to be compositions. Improvisation is just one of a lot of different approaches. I don't want to eliminate anything which has worked in the past ".

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY
Roscoe Mitchell, "Noon" (Nessa); Anthony Braxton, "The Montreaux-Berlin Concerts" (Arista); "Creative Orchestra Music 1976" (Arista); George Lewis, "The George Lewis Solo Trombone Record" (Sackville), "Shadowgraph" (Black Saint).

WALK ON BY . . . . THE STRANGLERS/**OLD CODGER***. . . . GEORGE MELLY-VOX LEW LEWIS-HARP . . . . THE STRANGLERS-BACKING TRACK/**TANK** . . . . THE STRANGLERS . . . . PRODUCED BY MARTIN PONTIUS RUSHENT . . . . * PRODUCED BY MARTIN PONTIUS RUSHENT, ALAN WINSTANLEY AND THE STRANGLERS

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ALBUMS

Poet addresses demonstrators assembled on behalf of George Lindo: a most serious business

HELL CITY LIMITS

Despatches From The War Among The Rebels

POET AND THE ROOTS
Dread Beat An' Blood
(Virgin Front Line)

SO YOU want the sweet tones of music to help you escape from reality? To many weak, commercial reggae has become the lifeblood of a '70s record collection. Bob Marley's "Kaya" was acclaimed a classic by those too afraid to wake up to what's *really* happening. Steel Pulse's "Handsworth Revolution" is no more than totally innocuous music to anaesthetise a nation (one great title track and the inclusion of "KKK" do not a good album make).

There are too many happy tunes paying eternal homage to love, ganja, Jah: all things we are assured make the world go round. Like hell! Hell itself makes the world go round.

If you can enjoy or identify with the works of all the *true* individuals in music (Coyne, Young, Nyro, Hammill, Hudson, Bowie, Dylan, the list is endless), then you'll have the capacity to listen to and feel for Linton Kwesi Johnson. The poet himself. Not just another token anti-fascist or police-hating black with inspirations of reaching Babylon's playlist — but a man with strong feelings for certain important things and causes. And you don't have to be a RAR fanatic or black to be able to acclaim this milestone for what it is — one of the best albums of this year.

We have here — and not before time — reggae's answer to The Last Poets' apocalyptic "This Is Madness" album of *too* long ago. If not as vitriolic as that slab of subversive American black consciousness, this is still the first *real*, lyrically meaningful offering in reggae so far. It follows too few attempts to lift the music from its basic escapism-is-fun function. One such forerunner was Damballa's "Zimbabwe", which had Jimmy "Easy" Lindsay showing his true colours: an example of the deeper, more substantial medium-as-the-message form that remains truly black rebellious music. Of course, Radio One naturally banned that to perpetuate their own shit, so this album has little hope of being played on the waves.

Pacifists may well frown at all the talk of hate, war and stabbing which comprises the lyrical content here. But it's all relevant, and culled (dragged?) from — yes — real life. Because life hurts, and we humans (at least those of us who can't see any point in being numbed with boredom listening to "Kaya" all day) tend to get a perverse or perverted satisfaction from wallowing in the bad old times: the violence; the arrests; the near misses — all the things you'd like to forget, but can't. This record is the perfect soundtrack to the way you feel after coming out of a night in a police cell. You haven't been in a cell? You lucky, clean-living soul.

As bass and rhythm guitarist Vivian Weathers, lead vocalist on "Songs Of Blood" sings, *"I hold the sting, and mek it sing, and mek it pain, and mek it ring."* A song about determination from pain. All the songs here deal with the strains and pressures of injustice and discrimination. The advocated cure? Unprecedented violence to the oppressor. Commitive listening.

One of the most moving song-poems, "It Dread Inna Inglan" (the current 12" single), has Linton heralding the fact that *"Right now, African, Asian, West Indian and Black British, stand firm inna Inglan, inna dis ya time."*

Such lyrics would seem to stir up racism even further, although they try hard not to take the threats too seriously, for Linton re-asserts that *"No matter what they say, come what may, we are here to stay inna Inglan".*

I can just see the patriots complaining now. I mean, how dare these foreigners mis-spell The Land Of Hope And Glory? All this and more is delivered, not in a patronising terms (no names), but in uncompromising blood-a-go-run terms. Extreme perhaps, but still very potent and stirring stuff.

This is music that excites, incites and unites, gets heart racing, chills the spine *and* makes you dance. All the tracks feature heavy rhythmic backing played by, amongst others, Dennis Matumbi, who also engineered the set — hence the liberal chunks of sub-dub and outright dub passages which add ecstasy to cardiac arrest.

Overall, this is a testimony for those who stand up for their rights against a system of seemingly irreversible wrongs. Who are the targets and who are the victims? When he names the subject of "Man Free" (Darcus Howe), Poet Johnson shows he can be a "merciless realist". For the weak-hearted this might be too much to take.

Of the eight flawless tracks here, five are available in other forms: four on two 12" singles and one as the title song on the second Front Line sampler. "Five Nights Of Bleeding" is a different cut to the one on the first single — and it's even better. The entire album is just over 33 minutes long, so it does seem some kind of a rip-off. But at the same time it works so well as an absolutely essential powerhouse of a set that we'll have to overlook the short-changing.

Let's hope this is just the first instalment of an aware, informative music that will accelerate to encompass even more revelation. In the Poet's own words, "It's a room full of fact, you can't walk out."

Is he preaching to the converted, or condescending to the ignorant? I know which I prefer. Freedom is a very firm thing.

John Gray

DMZ
DMZ (Sire)
DEAD BOYS
We Have Come For Your Children (Sire)

THERE'S A general misconception doing the rounds that Sire — this year's Stiff — has the pick of the pops, but it seems to me that these days poor old Seymour Stein plucks the leftovers and the losers. There were some great bands left unsigned until relatively recently: Willie Alexander, Real Kids, etc. — why, I think even The Boize and The Infliktors are still unspoken for . . .

In fact, Alexander signed to MCA and made a very good album and The Real Kids signed to Red Star and made fools of themselves. With The Boize, Infliktors and Marc Thor, they got their first break on last year's "Live At The Rat" compilation of all the best bands to play Boston's Rat Club. It was New England's answer to "A Fond Farewell To Son Of The Roxy And CBGB's Live Revisited Rides Again" and acted as a similar bargain-basement catalogue to all the major labels who wanted a white punky of their own. With a different line-up, DMZ contributed two tracks, of which one was crummy, the other being "Ball Me Out", good loud sub-Boize trashy stuff, real relief. It's not here.

DMZ also backed Marc Thor on the best track out of 19, the beautiful "Circling LA". They'd have done themselves a favour if they'd stayed right there, and been signed in exactly that capacity. I tell you, they were just GREAT on that track.

Still, we all want to run our own show and that's the mess most people make of liberty. DMZ have taken the dregs from every loser genre and served it up as their-own-album-they-had-to-do. Every heavy metal band from Led Zeppelin to Angel is the basis, with Pirates-type pub rock and Feelgoods-type bad blues rearing their boring heads every so often — the only time DMZ are anything like bearable is when the hideously mixed-down organ comes through, and then they sound like a band thrown off "Nuggets" for being too pro.

Though that's really being too good to them, because that kind of cheapo organ can't help sounding great, and DMZ don't deserve to be able to afford one. 26 minutes of titles like "Destroyer" and "Baby Boom" produced by Flo and Eddie, that's what DMZ are. Music made in a hurry without care or commitment and written off in a likewise manner. Howzat for life imitating art, eh?

Spot the waxwork *Dead pic: JOE STEVENS*

DUMBNESS

Joy Of Man's De-Sire

Meanwhile, the Dead Boys come from Cleveland but *should* come from Detroit. Like DMZ, they idolise Iggy Pop, and they're that dumb, that doomed, that old in heart and soul. American journalists, in all their ignorance of anything fresh and righteous, have hailed the Dead Boys as "the American Sex Pistols" merely because (a) they swear, (b) they have very short hair (and in this case very high foreheads), and (c) they have blatantly fake names like Magnum, Blitz and Chrome. But no, the only interesting thing about the Dead Boys was the stage patter they were coming out with last year at CBGB's.

"We hate John Wayne. All our roadies are queer. None of us have ever seen a male's asshole." Ah, past glories, but a lot of phlegm has passed under the bridge since then. That awful debut album at the end of last year — the Dead Boys told Miles they were going to come up the *NME* and kill Tony Parsons for his decapitation of same, and we're still waiting; drummer Johnny Blitz being unfortunate enough to be knifed by Puerto Ricans and *live;* supporting The Damned's last British tour and being well petulant when an average of 100 punters graced each gig; and, surely the apex of their career, having their picture taken with Sable Starr.

Still trying to top that, they've dug up an old hippie, Felix Pappalardi, to produce. This album, like the last one, is 28 minutes long and covers The Rolling Stones' "Tell Me" (least bad track) and "Big City", which Kim Fowley and Steven T wrote for Venus And The Razorblades' one and only album.

"Well, we can't be told, we're out of control/Adults they're afraid of me," sings Stiv on "3rd Generation Nation", *"Cause we're down to kill".* Now if there's one thing I've had to death it's people over 17 whining on about destroying themselves and still being around when the royalty cheques trickle in.

They go on like that all through the album until the last track, this co-written by the only true Dead Person present, ex-Pere Ubu corpse Peter Laugner. I'm sorry to say it sounds just as playing-dead as the rest — the punk in the street sings Warren Zevon thick Americano psyshlocktic:

"Ain't it fun when you feel like you just gotta get a gun/Ain't it fun when you know that you're gonna die young." Although it's boring, I don't mind it quite so much as the rest because it was actually written by a dead person. I don't think it's particularly admirable to die young, but I think it's much more admirable to die young than to keep going on and on and ON about it — which is essentially what the Dead Boys are about, stalling.

I do find the Dead Boys offensive, I suppose, but not for any shock-horror reason (I swear too). They're offensive in the same way that, say, Foreigner or The Boomtown Rats are — so much noise, so much nuisance about a band so mediocre and useless.

Sleep tight, Mommy America. The Dead Boys may have come for your children, but your little daughters would rather come for John Travolta any day . . . they understand.

Julie Burchill

READING ROCK '78

FRI. 25 AUGUST

The JAM
PIRATES
SHAM 69
PENETRATION
RADIO STARS
NEW HEARTS
AUTOMATICS
THE LOSERS

SPECIAL GUESTS
ULTRAVOX

SATURDAY 26 AUGUST

Status Quo
The Motors
LINDISFARNE
GRUPPO SPORTIVO FROM HOLLAND
NUTZ - NEXT
JENNY DARREN - THE BUSINESS
SPEEDOMETORS

SPECIAL GUESTS from USA
Spirit
CREG KIHN BAND

SUN. 27 AUGUST

PATTI SMITH From USA
TOM ROBINSON BAND
IAN GILLAN BAND
ALBION BAND
JOHN OTWAY - SQUEEZE
BETHNAL - PACIFIC EARDRUM
CHELSEA - AFTER THE FIRE - PAUL INDER

SPECIAL GUESTS FROM USA
FOREIGNER

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Out Go Androids In Overalls In Come Men In Silly Hats

JOHN ABERCROMBIE
Characters (ECM)
EBERHARD WEBER
Silent Feet (ECM)
JOHN ABERCROMBIE
DAVE HOLLAND
JACK DE JOHNETTE
Gateway 2 (ECM)

TIME WAS when Manfred Eicher's ECM stable regularly offered brave new jazz, mostly Made In Europe and certainly none the worse for it. But now, with the exception of a few scoutings on the affiliated JAPO and ENJA labels, the cream is curdling. Fast.

Guitarist Abercrombie's "Characters" is a mooter point than most. A remarkable accompanist, left to his own chops and chores Abercrombie merely fusses and footles a way through eight multi-track electric and/or acoustic compositions. He takes much too much time to state his case on the longer pieces, never really finds much of a case to state at all on the shorter ones.

Although unfailingly precise, polite and poetic, Abercrombie's playing stands alone as confidently as a newly separated Siamese twin. This is a recording without a cause, baroque but sadly never beserk. Characterless even (sorry).

Bassist Weber's "Silent Feet" is similarly extenuated. The return to the four-piece function of Weber's "Yellow Fields" seems retrogressive after the hands-across-the-sky breadth of "The Following Morning", this despite the snip and sizzle of late-Softs' drummer John Marshall.

"Seriously Deep" floats through a whole side (one), never really developing its curiously mid-Softs' "Slightly All The Time" motif; only Marshall manages to topple through the overbearing torpor. Side two's pair of pieces again fail to lift the veil, leaving reedsman Charlie Mariano's gracious glide and slip-slide well off beam.

Shame, shame, shame — this combo could really challenge. But both Weber and pianist Rainer Bruninghaus seem lost in lush-liquid depths of their own making. Too much romanticism, not enough romance. Too much resonating, not enough resounding. Send in the whales, Manfred.

Whereas "Gateway 2" — so numbered 'cos the trio have one under their belt already — is a great way. Forward. Here Abercrombie is perfectly cast, flouting convention as if to the manner born, declaiming like *the* innovative group jazz player he is. Bassist Holland stays painstaking and pulse-driving, drummer De Johnette melodic (he started out on piano) and metric.

"Opening" opens (some surprise) on line, incorporating solos from each player; they match up as complete and coherent as the frames of a medieval triptych. "Nexus" takes Abercrombie at his most electrically electric. No flash, all flare and flair, the guitarist expands through a volume of free-spirit space that even John McLaughlin would be hard pressed to confine. And "Blue" closes, De Johnette at the piano, musing about Ravel in particular and European impressionism in general: a ballad to define the form.

Along with Paul Motian's "Dance", this is the headiest club-not-chamber jazz ECM have put out all year. Pass on through it.

Angus MacKinnon

QUINCY JONES
Sounds . . . And Stuff Like That!! (A&M)

THIS WAS, the cover says, 'PRODUCED BY QUINCY JONES For Quincy Jones Productions'. So, in the end, there was businessmusic.

Quincy would seem to place a higher import on production, with the actual substance of the music well relegated. Disco producers have been on to this for years, of course. Quincy however has taken the trouble to assemble perhaps the biggest and most expensive cast of sessionmusicians ever. A veritable Ten Commandments of pseudo-soul, in fact, a rollcall of America's pseudo-funkjazz emissaries.

And you can't escape. Disco, laundromat, stereo-demonstration, theme music for situational carnality. Cliche-choking, string-suckig, hi-quality, lo-tension. As black as Jimmy Carter singing "Salt Peanuts".

Ian Penman

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL
Collision Course (Capitol)

STRANGE TO relate but not everything that emerges in the new release racks this week will bear the mark of androids in overalls. And disco and punk don't mean a crock of shit in the deep, deep South.

Now and again a corporate body of like-minded individuals gather their resources in the largest state, sequester themselves from the rest of the union and deliver the mail. Asleep At The Wheel roll into town on time every time. "Collision Course" though is not just on offer as this year's wagon, it is actually their most precisely crafted set to date.

The Wheel doesn't spin through too many changes in content or line-up so it is important to realise that "Collision Course" not only marks a gaggle of unoriginal numbers performed with the touch of their gone - but - not - forgotten creators, it also heralds the arrival of the twelfth spoke, ex-Cody fiddle and sax virtuoso, Andy Stein.

The combination of Stein with already entrenched Santa Fe trail bearers Pat Ryan and Link Davis gives them an added wham. Although they can now call on up to twenty four instrumental outlets they maintain a solid, uncluttered ethnic wit, barrel loads of it in fact. Whoever called the shots on the choice of material and the track order deserves a crate of Coors for organisational competence. From "Pipe Dreams" through to Leroy Preston's spooked "Ghost Dancer" the band turn in an unassailable groove.

A much acclaimed mini-European tour last year confirmed A.A.T.W.'s consummate charm and musicianship on the boards and this set doubles the mouth-watering impact by dint of a reliable taste and quality too often overlooked in the unfashionable breed of Southern artistry. All ten songs here are genuinely fine. They include perfect interpretations of Nathan Abshire's classic "Pine Top Blues", replete with Link Davis's Cajun accordion, also Bayou duetting between frontman cum fallguy Ray Benson and rhythm guitarist, singer Chris O'Connell, who has a coarse vocal style which beats Linda Ronstadt nicely on the head.

Lucky Oceans and Pat Ryan steal the honours on Basie's "One O'Clock Jump" with their playing respectively pedal steel and clarinet, while The Wheel's version of Randy Newman's "Louisiana" matches the original in all departments.

Variety and coherence go hand in hand with this lovable dozen. O'Connell is mistressful on Toussaint's "Ruler Of My Heart", a woman's song sung right by a woman. Somehow the continuity is held over to the customary Wheel revolution number "Don't Forget The Trains" and raised in spirit and humour on Joan Whitney's "Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens" (immortalised by Louis Jordan).

If you like Ry Cooder's "Jazz" or if you're looking for something different you can investigate this with pleasure. As down-home hip as Austin, The Wheel encourage a grin bigger than the Lone Star state.

Max Bell

SHIRLEY BROWN
Woman To Woman (Stax)

A WELCOME reissue of one of the great sought-after albums of our time, Shirley Brown's impeccable "Woman To Woman". Recorded and first released in 1974, this solid set of gospel/blues testifying was thought to be the start of a glorious career for Ms. Brown. Alas, she was sucked down the discorporating Stax plughole shortly afterwards and has only recently bobbed up again on Arista.

Of course it is the title track that is best remembered; the one on which a fella's No. 1 woman phones up his No. 2 woman to politely but firmly warn her to back off . . . right off . . . like gone. But although that was indeed a milestone record (some say it sparked off Millie Jackson's "Caught Up" trilogy, not to mention a host of lesser known records), all these tracks are superbly interpreted love/no-love songs; from the similar hit "It Ain't No Fun" to a version of "Stay With Me Baby" that makes the couple of recent British versions sound pathetic.

Shirley is up there with the very best of her class of singer (I reckon she's better than Aretha Franklin and Gladys Knight, for instance; perhaps even on a par with Mavis Staples) and is suitably rewarded with ace accompaniment, which is primarily in the formidable hands of Al Jackson (the late) (drums), Bobby Manuel (guitar), Duck Dunn (bass), Marvell Thomas (piano) and Lester Snell (organ) — sympathetically augmented by The Memphis Horns, The Charles Chalmers Singers and, very sparingly, The Memphis Symphony Orchestra.

You wanna know what is soul? Here 'tis.

Cliff White

ANTHONY PHILLIPS
Wise After The Event (Arista)

NOT AMONG the best known of the Genesis emigres, Anthony Phillips quit the band after the "Trespass" album in 1970, and no doubt he's been trying to go straight every since. Frankly, you'd never guess that he did leave, the Charterhouse sound-syndrome still lingering on this, his second solo effort after several years of musical research, forages into classical-ity and sundry other speculative enterprises. Whatever he's done, wherever he's been, Phillips has been wasting his time; he remains effectively confined within the original Genesis vision.

"Wise After The Event", masterminded by Phillips with help from old King Crimson drummer Mike Giles, former Caravan bassist John Perry and Genesis buddy Mike Rutherford, is a completely vacuous record. Rupert Hine's production impresses as much as Phillips' instrumental versatility, but talent badly and unimaginatively harnessed is no talent at all. Track by track, without exception, this is music to nod off to.

Phillips, obviously regarding himself as something of a poet, contrives plenty of Tolkien/Bolan acid imagery and Beatrix Potter lyrics: all very pretty and harmless enough if you like that kind of thing — drivel if you don't. Most of the songs bear a striking resemblance to Pink Floyd's short and trippy acoustic compositions around the time of "More", but Phillips' vocals rarely rise to the occasional occasion he manages to emote. To quote from the album in context would be rather lengthy; to quote random sentiments would not be to Phillips' advantage, such are the puerile meanderings.

For fanatical Genesis chronologists only.

Emma Ruth

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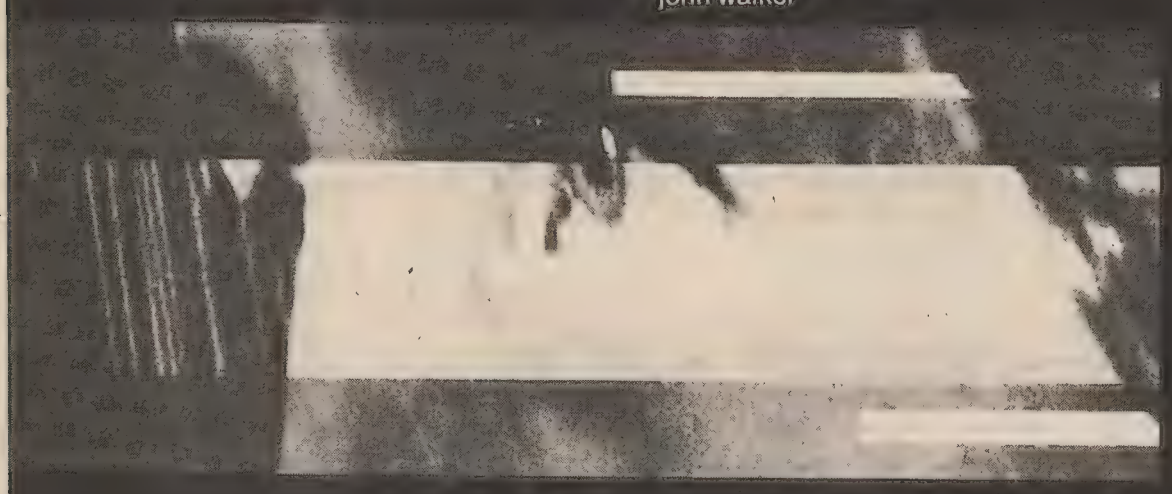
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drilling thru
the SPIRITUS SANCTUS
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OH YOU MAMBOS
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in your dreams
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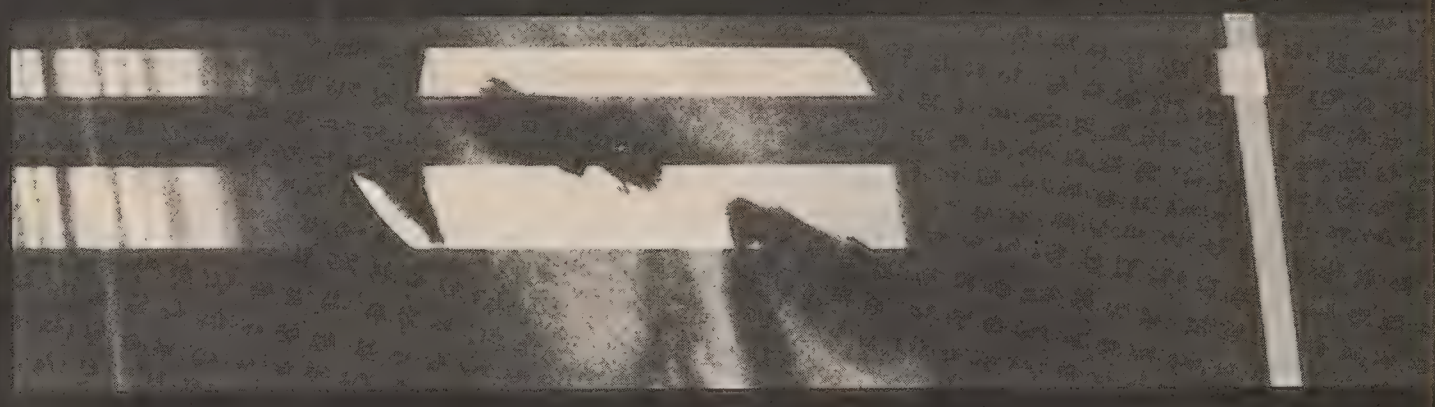
gary leeds

GTLP 033

THE WALKER BROTHERS ARE BACK WITH THEIR NEW ALBUM 'NITE FLIGHTS'

IMPORTS

THOUGH THOSE well-known TV personalities Messrs Cook, Jones, Rotten and Vicious never got around to recording "Belsen Was A Gas", a close approximation of how it might have sounded appears on "Saturday Night Pogo" (Rhino), a compilation featuring 14 LA new wave outfits of various shapes and flavours.

Participants include **The Winos,** who have turned up a couple of releases in recent times; **Daddy Maxfield,** the power-pop twosome who had a single out on Pye about three years ago; **Backstage Pass,** the quartet of Hollywood groupies who have worked with Elvis Costello on Stateside gigs; and such others as **The Dils, Needles And Pins, Young Republicans, Berlin Brats, Vom** and Pistols impersonators **The Low Numbers.**

Performances, along with sound quality, vary considerably throughout. **The Dogs** and **The Droogs** would appear to be a volt of two better than some of the other pure energy outfits, while **The Motels,** whose offering is culled from a demo tape made for Warners, could appeal to those who turn up the volume knob at Blondie time.

The rest of the cuts vary from the sloppy (Backstage Pass) through to the unforgiveably boring **(Chainsaw)** and in toto, it's just like another night at CBGBs or The Rat, which means that yer pays yer money and takes yer pick. But the sleeve is most definitely worth viewing, if only for the cover shot and the back sleeve biog covering **The Hebe Geebees** — three brothers, Morris, Harry and Doberman who run the most popular disco band in Pacoima! — this outfit offering a version of "Night Fever" that's guaranteed to send Gibb fans screaming into the streets.

Following the arrival of **The Beatles'** White Album in Omo-treated vinyl, comes news that a pressing of "Sergeant Pepper" which has the sleeve design reproduced on the playing surface, is heading this way. But the price is likely to be decidedly hefty — around nine pounds, in fact. On the other hand, there are worse value-for-money offers currently rack-stacking — such as **Elvis Presley's** "Elvis Sings For Children — And Grown-Ups Too" (RCA), a collection of such tracks as "Teddy Bear", "Old Shep", "Old MacDonald", "Wooden Heart" and others likely to appeal to lollipop lickers anonymous. For one side of the album runs for a measly 11.57, while the reverse of this souped-up EP lasts a mere 24 seconds longer. If, as the graffiti informs us, Elvis Lives, then it's also obvious that Scrooge has survived.

There's little connection between "Early Frost" (Vanguard) and "F-Word Live" (F-Word PBS) except for the fact that Dick Wagner was once lead guitarist with **Frost,** while his counterpart with F-Word is Dim Wanker. As Michael Caine has remarked — not many people know that.

And finally — before the long hook is stretched out from the wings — a mention that "Jaded Virgin" (Epic), a made-in-Nashville album by female singer-guitarist **Marshall Chapman,** is most definitely worth an ear-bash or two. If the wind is in the right direction, I'll return to this one later.

Fred Dellar

GREGORY ISAACS
Mr Isaacs (DEB)

Prior to the glorious advent of soulful lover Pat Kelly in more recent weeks, lean, laconic crooner Gregory Isaacs was recognised as possibly the most cool executor of heartrending music in the whole world — both by myself and by such other citizens who frequent the same discomixes cum feminaxes as myself, from Phebes to the Blue Crescent cafe and the Apartheid Club, and especially the latter.

Around the time of Mr Isaacs' UK tour, his tinkling "Mr Know It All" title was celebrated as the single most popular tune played out on the local reggae circuit, a fact considerably enhanced by Gregory's personal appearance on the scene.

Furthermore, issue of this latest LP — his fourth — is a most fortuitous climax to this same swift rise in public favour, and should reap well for lessors DEB. Happily, the set is also the singer's best album release to date.

"Sacrifice" opens the account. ***"I was given as a sacrifice to build a black man's hell and a white man's paradise,"*** **laments Gregory, while the Channel One musicians provide a thoughtful, horn-dominated rhythm as backdrop for his enunciation.** ***"But now that I know, it's time I've got to go Lord; the proceeding seems so painful and so slow, slow, slow . . ."*** **— given the singer's tenderness here listeners can only rejoice in the delay's extension to date, and express a silent prayer for its perpetuation.**

"Storm" is the set's supreme cut, describing a blaring Revolutionaries backing track with Mr Isaacs' aching vocal pitched intensely as he interprets the sad lyric. The ***"hang on — come rain, come shine"*** **refrain is destined to repeat itself on all who lend it ears. Both "Story Book Children" and "Handcuff" are a slight disappointment after the supremacy of the opening pair, although neither detract from the side's impact. Former Clarendonian Ernest Wilson recorded "Story Book Children" in a reggae style some time ago, and his version remains the better.**

"Slave Master", which closes the first side, is a reprise of the "Sacrifice" theme, and again features Gregory in his best vocal form. Set to The Heptones' old Studio One "Get In The Groove" tune, the rhythm was extremely popular during 1977 as cut by John Holt ("Up Park Camp"), Cornell Campbell ("No Man's Land"), I Roy ("Point Blank") and others. Mr Isaacs' variation eclipses all the alternative reworkings, as he interprets a melody that no other JA singer could translate quite as poignantly.

The shorter second side is less heady. A slow version of Smokey Robinson's "Get Ready" sets the pace in tuneful style; but once again, a previous interpretation by a Jamaican artist — in this case, Delroy Wilson — remains the superior translation.

Things improve with "Set The Captives Free", a song culled from the Gregory Isaacs greatest hits catalogue, again plying the "Sacrifice"/"Slave Master" preoccupation. For his lyric, Mr Isaacs castigates "Mr Wicked" in the same way as he has already made short shrift of, collectively, Mr Cop, Mr Know It All and Mr Babylon (aka "Handcuff"), thus concluding a popular dancers and lovers-rock effort.

His own "The Winner" and The Silvertones' "Smile" bring the album to a pleasamt, if not spectacular, end — a set for which anyone who ever loved should find a place in their hearts.

Penny Reel

Mr Isaacs strikes extra-classic pose before breaking hearts.

Presenting
Mr Isaacs

LITTLE RIVER BAND
Sleeper Catcher (EMI)

THE LITTLE River Band are one of those poor unfortunate combos who got scythed by some smart journalist's 'New Steely Dan' swipe; not only do they not live up to this, they don't even begin to make sense as anything beyond a New Seekers — they evaporate.

But here's a new album from them and, hey, they've got worse. I'm not trying to be glib but, by Ellington and my gold teeth, this is no more than an Aussie amalgam of all that is margarine in Barclay James Harvest, Jethro Tull and Helen Reddy ('cept they don't even have Kim Fowley to produce 'em).

This is string-diseased, dry-clean, drippy. Lyrically not even caustic enough to be pretentious and musically Moody and Blue with a few semi-transparent silk-jazz guitar runs thrown in.

At best like The Doors with strings but without Morrison. And Cliff Richard is the new Jacques Brel, right?

Ian Penman

Goodmans High Fidelity

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If your albums and singles sound thin and gutless on your present gear, go and hear Goodmans MCD 100 Music Centre — 35 Watts per channel into a highly sensitive pair of RB35 loudspeakers. Just listen to the bass, the sparkling treble, in fact listen to the whole of the Goodmans range. Illustrated with the MCD100 is the complete range of RB loudspeakers, just part of the Goodmans Power Pack.

The favourably reviewed Power Range loudspeaker units and the DB50 cabinet systems are used wherever you hear disco music – the driving force behind Rock. They are extensibly used in stage amplifiers and monitors by top groups like City Boy – make sure you ask if Goodmans loudspeakers are fitted to your gear.

Goodmans
Goodmans Loudspeakers Ltd
Downley Road
Havant, Hampshire
PO9 2NL

To Goodmans Loudspeakers Ltd, Downley Road, Havant, Hampshire PO9 2NL.
Please send me full information on the:
☐ Power Range ☐ High Fidelity Range *(tick appropriate box)*
Name
Address
NME

8 amp plug.

There are eight superb models in the Yamaha amp range. Every one, from the compact G Twenty-Five 112 (bottom right) to the immensely powerful B100 stack (top left) is tough, versatile and built to last.

Good to look at, with effortless projection and great tonal character, these are the amps for the pro. Distortion, reverb, direct inject, close-miking, even a unique 'bright' control and foot switching for effects –you'll find it all here. Yamaha guitar amps: yet another expression of our advanced technology and our dedication to superlative quality.

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THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE

INSTRUMENTS: by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SCENARIO: YOU are a rock and roll musician of the struggling-to-semi-struggling variety. You are maybe a couple of hours away from going onstage for an important gig of some sort, possibly your first bill-topper at the Nashville.

Your lead guitarist has just discovered that there is zilcho sound coming out of that ten-year-old Telecaster he's so fond of. Your rhythm guitarist is frantically prodding around in the back of his nice new amp (the one he saved up for, the one that finally gives him the precise degree of Keefraunch that he likes), trying to discover why it doesn't work.

Your bass player is staring viciously at the area of the stage where his cabinets will be stacked once they arrive and is trying to ignore the shouting match about who-should-have-picked-them-up-from-where that's going on behind him.

The drummer is not participating in this row because he hasn't arrived yet.

The singer is also not participating because he's had to go home again to pick up his mouth harps and his stage trousers, all of which he has forgotten.

The band's manager is quietly committing suicide in the corner.

This band could well be the hottest thing in the known universe. They now have two hours to get themselves sorted out enough to demonstrate it. If this is *your* band. . .

Start worrying.

THERE IS a hell of a lot more to getting a band functioning and viable than simply having good gear and knowing what you're doing musically and visually. You have to have your act together on a legal and technical level or else it'll never get out of the rehearsal room as anything other than an a discombobulated shambles that'll embarrass you and your band and all your mates who've come along to see you.

We'll leave the legals until later (so don't sign anything until we get to that column in the series, okay?), but the technicals can really do you in.

What have we got. . ?

We have busted amplifiers, no drum kit, leads that don't work, a guitarist who's still at home. . . Need we go on? CSM reflects on the problems of a band on the road and reluctantly buys a soldering iron.

First things first. If you're either too clumsy or too artistic (maaaaaan) to fiddle about with your own amps and guitars, then get someone who does know their way about an electronic circuit to check out the guts of your gear and either intercept or at the very least diagnose any incipient faults.

A smart man with a soldering iron can save you a lot of headaches in a comparatively short time, and it's as well if it's done two days before the next gig rather than two hours (or, God forbid, two minutes).

Remember, your guitar can be put completely out of action by a loose connection in the pickup selector switch, and one thing you definitely don't need while wowing the punters is your guitar klutzing out on you in the middle of a solo.

By the time you've tried to turn up the volume, checked that your lead hasn't fallen out, looked around frantically for your spare guitar (that's assuming you've got one — if not, you're screwed) and moved to another instrument, you have already blown it. Badly.

Mind you, there's always the possibility that it might've been your lead. Leads rarely give you too much warning before clapping out, so it is as well to have a spare where you can get at it easily.

In general, if you can afford it, you should have a spare of *anything* that could possibly let you down — even amps. Spare valves for valve amps are mandatory.

Legend still resounds from the occasion that The Bishops attempted to use no less than five AC-30s linked up: three for lead guitar and two for rhythm. No sooner had they plugged in and started to play when three of the amps blew up. Luckily each guitarist retained one functioning amp.

On a larger scale, when you see your favourite heavy metal hero on stage with three stacks linked together, one top and two cabinets may well be there purely as spares. Mind you, they can afford it.

Rough guidelines, therefore, as to how to deal with problem gear once it's on the spot: get spares for as much as possible and maintain constant surveillance on the insides of guitars and amps.

You're in even worse shape if the gear doesn't even arrive, though.

It's just about possible to get your stuff from place to place in convoys of private cars if (a) everyone can drive (b) everybody has a car and (c) everyone has gear that can fit in their own motorised transport, not to mention (d) everyone happening to be punctual and together.

Otherwise. . . boy, would I not like to be you!

God knows, members of bands get on each other's nerves more than enough without situations arising whereby one member of the band always gets stuck with schlepping somebody else's gear about.

If you're just had a vicious row with the drummer, you're not going to be at your most receptive when he asks you if you've got room for his cymbals and floor tom tom in the back of your car — as well as both your guitars and your amp top. He's already asked the singer, but the singers's car has two bass bins in the back already and an AC-30 in the front passenger seat. Plus it's all going to have to be hauled up three flights of stairs at the other end. . .

Solution: a roadie and a van. Vans have to paid for, maintained and insured; roadies have to be paid and kept happy. It's a truism that the roadie eats first, but the man who schelps your amp and scuttles on stage to realign the microphone that Johnny Superstar has just kicked over in his graphic enactment of Western Angst should be on a wage even if the band aren't.

Roadies get no ego-gratification, no royalties, no publicity and no creative satisfaction. The least they deserve is money — and decent treatment from the band. Musicians who mess their roadies about are assholes — and you can quote me.

Consider: if you've got a gig to do, your head should be firmly focussed on your music and your show. You should be worrying about the songs you're going to play, the hot moves you're going to do with the mike stand, your killer solo in the third number, whether you've rehearsed the new stuff enough for everybody to know exactly where it ends. . . you shouldn't be mentally and physically exhausted from chasing your amplifier all the way around town and fixing it once you've finally found it.

SO WHAT happened to the unfortunate combo we started out with? Well, one of the guys from the P.A. crew took a soldering iron to the Telecaster and patched it up, but he told its owner that the guitar needed a new switch and if it didn't get one then the problem was going to recur. He couldn't fix the rhythm guitarist's amp, though, so one was borrowed from the support group. It didn't have the right sound, unfortunately, and the poor axeman was put off something rotten.

The bass player phoned a

WAYNE COUNTY auditioning roadies.

mate who whizzed round and collected the bass stack, but it arrived late (as did the drummer and singer) and they only had time for a one-number sound check. They played a severely below-par set that night, and the guys from the two record companies who the manager had — after much persuasion — blagged into seeing them weren't impressed.

Check it out. It's a drag to have to worry about your gear before you go on, but it's a lot worse to be worrying about it while you're on stage.

MR LEAN OR MR FAT GRAVY BOAT Ingenious design permits regular gravy to pour from either side. Center spout for pouring lean gravy only. Beautifully polished stainless steel. Decorative as well as useful for dining. When entertaining **SECURITY THE SAINTS** new single
HAR5166 . . . . . 90p r.r.p.

Thursday, August 10, 1978 — The Cars **ALBUM** WEA

▼ **Unique cardboard chassis adorns this truly special black vinyl record, complete 12" disc, centre bore THE CARS.**
● Motor to your nearest VIRGIN RECORDS, specialists in sound investments, showrooms in every major city, the best around.
▼ **The new album from THE CARS,** handles well in all conditions, steers well on corners, cruising speed 33.3 RPM, overtakes most models, performs erratically at 45 RPM.
▼ Admire the sensuous lines of THE CARS, debut album creation from the WEA stable, stylish duo planed bodywork.
▼ **THE CARS**, cruises easily at full volume, economic to run, hours of enjoyment, easy to maintain.
● VIRGIN RECORDS, the best stock is always found in the best stores, no delay, buy the goods straight away.
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▼ ARE YOU FED UP with walking pace, THE [illegible] will get you somewhere
▼ **THE CARS**, 1978, definitely this years model, LHD, a must.
▼ **IMMEDIATE CASH** will secure your copy of **THE CARS debut album.**
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▼ **1978, 12", 33.3 RPM, 9 tracks WEA tested.**
● Genuine discount on THE CARS albums from VIRGIN RECORDS, many other models available at competitive prices.
▼ **BEAUTIFUL** cardboard chassis, immaculate black vinyl interior, full stereo.
● **EXCITEMENT**, experience THE CARS debut album in the comfort of your own home, courtesy of VIRGIN RECORDS.
▼ **AMAZING SOUND for year, 1978, full stereo.**
▼ 12" plastic sound converter, fit one to your turntable, essential, THE CARS.
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● **VIRGIN RECORDS**, stores in major cities, records available off the shelf, discount given, **OFFER ON THE CARS.**
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▼ **Clutch hold of the debut album from THE CARS.**
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▼ **THE CARS**, listen and you will not be able to remain immobile, the sound of today can be within your reach.
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▼ **MIDDLE OF THE ROAD is absolutely no way** to describe THE CARS debut 12" long playing disc, 9 tracks that will knock you onto the sidewalk.
▼ **NEW WEA release, looks like a black vinyl disc, sounds like THE CARS.**
● VIRGIN RECORDS, the right distributor, WEA ease the suspension, THE CARS the album.
▼ THE CARS, the ideal disc to cover your rocker ho[illegible]uel, time but not energy.

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BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

marquee

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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 10th & Fri 11th (Adm £1.50)
WILKO JOHNSON
SOLID SENDERS
The Young Ones & Ian Fleming

Sat 12th August (Adm 75p)
THE BUSINESS
Reaction & Ian Fleming

Tues 15th August (Adm. £1)
THE MOVIES
Plus support & Joe Lung

Wed 16th August (Adm 75p)
PACIFIC EARDRUMD
Plus support & Joe Lung

Thurs 17th August (Adm 85p)
THE BOYFRIENDS
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Fri 18th August (Adm £1.)
RAMROD
(Featuring ex. Salt & ex. Rory Gallagher Band)
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat 19th — Wed 23rd August
Marquee Special Concerts
ULTRAVOX
Plus SPEED-O-METORS and DJs
Advance tickets to members £1.25
Non-Members at the door£1.50

Sun 13th & Mon 14th August
Marquee Special
THE VIBRATORS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
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Non-Members at the door £1.50

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Special guest appearance For One Night Only
BETHNAL
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday August 10th 60p
THE VICARS

Friday August 11th £1
THE RECORDS

Saturday August 12th
A benefit gig featuring
THE INMATES
+ JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Sunday August 13th 60p
GENTRY

Monday August 14th 50p
A benefit for Laycock School with
PATRIK FITZGERALD

Tuesday August 15th 60p
HANK WANGFORD BAND

Wednesday August 16th 75p
STAGECOACH

Thursday August 17th 75p
THE EDGE

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 10
THE RECORDS
FRI 11
TERESA D'ABREU BAND/
THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS
SAT 12
STREET BAND
WED 16
THE RACING CARS
THURS 17
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S
BATTLE AXE

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday August 11th
GENERATION X
Saturday August 12th
PONDERS END

The Hollywood Killers
Saturday August 12th at 10.30pm
Dingwalls, Camden
Monday August 14th
ROCK GARDEN
W.C.2
Enquiries: Danny 058 085 211
We Like Rabbits

CHINA STREET

August 16th KENSINGTON, W.6.
August 17th DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET.
August 18th THE SWAN, STEVENAGE
August 19th MUSIC MACHINE, N.W.1.
August 21st ROCK GARDEN, W.C.2.

Contact Helli or Tim —
01-806 6938

RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

FAREWELL FESTIVAL
Thursday August 10th 75p
JOHN OTWAY

Friday August 11th & Saturday August 12 75p
ADVERTISING

Sunday August 13th 75p
WHITE CATS

Monday August 14th 75p
THE RECORDS

Wednesday August 16th 60p
AUTOGRAPHS

Thursday August 17th £1
JAB JAB

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday August 10th 75p
CHAMPION
+ The Drones

Friday August 11 & Saturday August 12th £1
REGGAE REGULAR
+ Spizz Oil

Sunday August 13th £1
THE BISHOPS
+ Nova Scotia

Monday August 14th 75p
SORE THROAT
+ The Paranoids

Tuesday August 15th 60p
STAR JETS
+ Fischer Z

Wednesday August 16th Free
HANK WANGFORD BAND

Thursday August 17th 75p
DEAD FINGERS TALK
+ Interview

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thursday August 10th Free
TRANS-AM
(ex-Burlesque)
Friday August 11th 50p
C GAS 5
Saturday August 12th £1
LEE KOSMIN
(ex Loose Shoes)
Sunday August 13th 50p
AUTOGRAPHS
Monday August 14th Free
SOUNDER
Tuesday August 15th Free
PEKOE ORANGE
Wednesday August 16th Free
MONOS

TERESA D'ABREU BAND

Friday, August 11th
Dingwalls, Camden Lock

Tuesday August 15th
Brecknock, Camden Road

MUSIC MACHINE

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday August 9th £1.00
WHIRLWIND
+ Kurban

Thursday August 10th £1.50
TANZ DER YOUTH
+ Patrik Fitzgerald
+ Special Guests
THE EDGE

Friday August 11th £2.00
GONZALEZ
+ Tour de Force

Saturday August 12th £2.00
In aid of fun . . .
THE TOURISTS
CONVENTION
+ Lee Fardons Legionaires.

Monday August 14th £1.00
JAPAN
+ Support

Tuesday August 15th £1.00
THE BUSINESS
+ Sucker
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30pm.

Wednesday August 16th £1.00
ADVERTISING
+ The Vapours
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30pm.

Thursday August 17th £1.75
THE REZILLOS
+ The Human League

Friday August 18th £2.00
NO DICE
+ Joker

Please note: That **THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS** *Tour is now* **CANCELLED.** *Refunds available from box office.*

OVERSEAS
LIVE

Thurs. 10th Aug
Western Counties, Paddington
Sat. 12th Aug.
The Wheatsheaf, Kings Road
Sun 13th Aug.
John Bull, Chiswick
Tues. 15th Aug.
Western Counties, Paddington
Sat. 19th Aug.
The Wheatsheaf, Kings Road.

THE INJECTIONS
Play State Rock

The Dissidents will be fed ALASKAN SALMON

Bookings:
Blanchange 01-854 1447

WHOEVER "BORROWED"

THE IDOLS

Green Bugatti from Old Bond St please return Mastertape located in glove compartment, marked

THE IDOLS

to Windsor Castle
309 Harrow Road
where the band have taken up residence for the Thursdays through
August 10, 17, 24, 31.
Keep the car

RADIO LUXEMBOURG PRESENTS

JAPAN

MON. 14TH AUG.
THURS. 31ST AUG.

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
presents

NO SWEAT
+ SKUNKS
Thurs August 10th
at the
RED LION, High Street, Hounslow
Admission £1. Doors open 8 pm Membership 15p
Enquiries: Ray Bland, Eel Pie Sound
Telephone Chertsey (09328) 63357

BOGNOR ROCK
K.O.'s kids, Socks Southern Soccer supremos and Naffs NF.

STAA MARX

Thursday August 10th 7pm-11pm
PORTSMOUTH YMCA

Friday August 11th 8pm-1am (late bar)
WATERLOOVILLE FOOTBALL CLUB

Saturday August 12th 8pm-12.30pm (late bar)
LITTLE HAMPTON WINDMILL

LATE FLAASH: Rock Against Racism Benefit Monday 21st London Windsor Castle.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Thursday

BASILDON Double Six: RIGHT HAND BAND
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: LITTLE BO BITCH
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: GYPP
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
EDINBURGH Astoria: GENERATION X
FARNCOMBE Three Lions: THE VAPORS
FLINT Raven Hotel: TROPICAL COAL
GLASGOW Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Doune Castle: HIGHWAY
HAKE Wellgreen Hotel: STEVE ASHLEY
HANLEY Gaiety Bar: ZHAIN
HANLEY The Place: ROY JAY (for three days)
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LANCASTER No 12 Club: ANNIVERSARY
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ORPHAN
LIVERPOOL Gulliver's: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: HOT WATER
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: DIAMOND LIL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE RECORDS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TANZ DER YOUTH/PATRICK FITZGERALD/CABARET VOLTAIRE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DOGWATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HOUNSLOW Eel Pie Club: NO SWEAT/THE SKUNKS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE VICARS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CHAMPION
LONDON Marquee Club: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: REBEL
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD. Thomas A' Becket: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: OVERSEAS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-AM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LUTON Plume of Feathers: BERLIN
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS/MONITOR
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME Hepstalls Inn: THE ACCELERATORS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: JOKER
PERTH St. Alban's Hotel: BAJAH
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: GONZALEZ
PORTSMOUTH Y.M.C.A.: STAA MARX
POYNTON Folk Centre: TIM LAYCOCK
PRESTON Clouds: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
READING Three Tuns: EL SEVEN
SEAHAM Arts Lab: HOT STUFF
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
ST. HELENS Railway Hotel: THE EDDY
TETBURY Festival: N.W.10

Friday

ASH Chequers Club: RIGHT HAND BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLYTH Golden Eagle: SIDEKICK
BOGNOR Harrison's Bar: SOUL DIRECTION
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MIKE ABSALOM
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHARAFIA
BURTON 76 Club: WITCHFYNDE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: EX-DIRECTORY
DUMFRIES Stage Coach: GYRO
EASTBOURNE King's Club: LABI SIFFRE
GLASGOW The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND / MEL HAROLD / PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: PEGLEG FERRET
LEEDS Shaftesbury Hotel: SNOOTS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ETHEL THE FROG
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE MOVIES / HOT WATER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TERESA D'ABREU BAND / LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: DIAMOND LIL
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: THE BLADES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRIBESMAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON Marquee Club: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: ROKOTTO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SINCEROS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PLEASURE ZONE
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: SONS OF JAH / MAT STAGGER / PRAG VEC
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: STRAW DOGS
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: HOT SNAX
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SON OF A BITCH / BILBO / AXE
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE REZILLOS
NEWPORT Village Club: THE DODGERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
PLYMOUTH Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
PORT TALBOT Sandman Club: CO-CO
RETFORD Porterhouse: GENERATION X
ROCHDALE Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
RUGBY Emmaline's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: 90° INCLUSIVE
SEACOMBE Cozzer: SPIDER
SHILDON New Shildon Club: HOT STUFF
STOKE Cheshire Cat: DAVE McLAINE
STOKE Jollees: JOE BROWN & THE BRUVVERS
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: FLAGON
WATERLOOVILLE Football Club: STAA MARX
WICK Folk & Jazz Festival: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD
WORKINGTON Down Under Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
YORK Winning Post: JUGGERNAUT

Saturday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE MOVIES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BOLTON Moss Bank Festival': THE ACCELERATORS/POSEIDON/FRANCHISE/VILLAIN/WIFFER/THE OUT (If wet, postponed until next Saturday)
BRADFORD Golden Cockerell: BAD NEWS
BRIGHTON HOVE Adur Inn: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRISTOL Granary: N.W.10
BRISTOL University Settlement: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND/MEL HAROLD/PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: DIAMOND LIL
CARSHALTON St. Helier Arms: SHAZAM
CHESTER Valentino's: SPIDER
CHICHESTER New Park Centre: JOKERS BLUFF/THE DALEY
CLAYTON LE-MOORS Albion Hotel: BUFFALO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SWINGING BLUE JEANS
DARLINGTON Bowes Hotel: HOT STUFF
DERBY Talk Of The Midlands: STRANGE DAYS
DERBY Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
DUDLEY J.B's Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
DUNFERMLINE Northern Roadhouse: GYRO
EASTBOURNE King's Club: LABI SIFFRE
EXETER Routes: TIM ARNOLD
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
GLASGOW Burns Howff: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Curlers Tavern: MODERN MAN
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: HOTLINE
HIGH WYCOMBE Multi-Racial Centre: THE GOOD GUYS/THE INCURABLES
KENILWORTH Squires: RAY KING BAND
LEEDS 'F' Club: STADIUM DOGS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BLACK DOGS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE DODGERS
LITTLEHAMPTON Windmill: STAA MARX
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE REZILLOS
LONDON BATTERSEA Park: RANDOM HOLD
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE STREET BAND/THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: POSEUR
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: POSEUR
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GONZALEZ
LONDON EAST HAM Town Hall: MISTY/MENACE/THE TICKETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: GYPP
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BUSINESS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PLEASURE ZONE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: MARSHALL HALL EXPERIENCE/HOT SNAX
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage (lunchtime): GOATS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: CHAMPION
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE/ZHAIN
POOLE Chequers Inn: DOUBLE EXPOSURE
PORTHCAWL Manor Suite: CO-CO
PORTSDALE Town Hall: MATCHBOX
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: GENERATION X
SOUTHAMPTON Hoglands Park: ANTI-NAZI CARNIVAL with MERGER/CHELSEA/HERE AND NOW etc
ST ALBANS City Hall: NUTZ/TOAD THE WET SPROCKET
STOKE Jollees: JOE BROWN & THE BRUVVERS
TONYPANDY Naval Club: BANDANNA
WINSFORD Labour Club: SALFORD JETS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKINGHAM King of Clubs: SOUL DIRECTION
WORKINGTON Down Under Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
YORK The Barge: OVERLORD
YORK White Swan: JUGGERNAUT

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND
AYLESBURY Market Square (2 - 6 pm): JOHN OTWAY BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BAND OF JOY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
CHELMSFORD City Arms: ZHAIN
CHESTER Valentino's: THE ACCELERATORS
CROOK Paton Beehive: HOT STUFF
DUMFRIES Stage Coach: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
GLASGOW Doune Castle: UNDERHAND JONES
HINCKLEY Working Men's Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE MOVIES
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JUGGERNAUT

BILLY IDOL and Generation X are playing a few dates this week, after a lengthy absence from the gig circuit. They're at Edinburgh (Thursday), Retford (Friday) and Sheffield (Saturday).

LEICESTER K.R.R. Club: STRANGE DAYS
LOCHMABEN Balcastle Hotel: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CYANIDE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WHITE CATS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: GYPP
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GENTRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BISHOPS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MIDDLESBROUGH Loftus Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAISLEY Disco Harry's: MATCHBOX
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: GONZALEZ
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: BLIND DOG
PORT TALBOT Sandman Club: CO-CO
POYNTON Folk Centre: AC HOC / GRAHAM COOPER
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: NATIONAL SMILE BAND
STOKE Sammi Belles: DANNY JAMES
TORQUAY Princess Theatre: BERNI FLINT

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: BILL PRINCE
BATLEY Carlinghow Club: STRANGE DAYS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LIFE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: THE REZILLOS
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CARDIFF Gt. Western Hotel: RED BEANS & RICE
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: ZAINE GRIFF
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve's: THE ACCELERATORS
CLIFTONVILLE Queen's Hotel: RIGHT HAND BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE MOVIES
EXETER Routes: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/N.W.10
GLASGOW Amphora: THE BEARS
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CHOU PAHROT
GREENOCK Victorian Carriage: UNDERHAND JONES
GUILDFORD The Junction: WHIRLWIND
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Brannigan's: JUGGERNAUT
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ACROBATS OF DESIRE
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: CO-CO
LIVERPOOL Grafton Palais: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: EX-DIRECTORY/PLEASURE ZONE/JESSI RUSSELL
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RECORDS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SORE THROAT/THE PARANOIDS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: GILES MITCHELL
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: STAN'S BLUES BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: BERLIN
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SOUNDER
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: JAB-JAB
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: DEEP FREEZE
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: MATCHBOX (for three days)
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PORT QUIN Longcross Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND (for three days)
PRESTON Moonraker: BUFFALO
SWINTON Duke of Wellington: SALFORD JETS
THORNLEY The Club: HOT STUFF

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE REZILLOS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: PARADOX
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOLTON Tongueward Club: SALFORD JETS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: J.A.L.N. BAND
CARDIFF Gt. Western Hotel: RED SHARKS
DEWSBURY Turks Head: SNOOTS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
EPSOM Adriano's: EX-DIRECTORY
EXETER Routes: BREAKER
GLASGOW Amphora: CHICO
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CHOW PAHROT
GLASGOW Downe Castle: UNDERHAND JONES
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RUDY AND THE ZIPS
LIVERPOOL Romeo and Juliet: DAVE BERRY AND THE CRUISERS
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: TRANS-AM
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE EDGE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE STICKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: SURROUNDING SILENCE/KEITH TIPPETT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FISCHER-Z
LONDON Marquee Club: THE MOVIES
LONDON N.15 Stapleton Hall: SORE THROAT
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TRIBESMAN
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: OVERSEAS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CHINA STREET/DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshead: UNORFADOX
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: THIRD EDITION
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: THE FAMOUS FIVE
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
PENZANCE The Garden: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/N.W.10
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE DODGERS

Wednesday

BATHGATE Green Tree: UNDERHAND JONES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's'; BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
CANTERBURY Millers: RIGHT HAND BAND
CARDIFF Gt Western Hotel: THE CATS
CARSHALTON St Helier Arms: FLYING SAUCERS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: RUPERT (Presley anniversary tribute)
GLASGOW Amphora: OVERHEAD CALM
GLASGOW Doune Castle: HIGHWAY
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
HEREFORD Market Tavern: SHYLOCK
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: MIKE & TONY
LIVERPOOL Havana Club: SPIDER
LIVERPOOL Romeo & Juliet: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: EATER / U.K. SUBS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RACING CARS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SUCKER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: C.GAS 5
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: DICK MORRISSEY—JIM MULLEN BAND / VIOLA WILLS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON Marquee Club: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON WANDSWORTH King George's Park (lunchtime): LANDSCAPE
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: JAB—JAB
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: CHINA STREET
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
PETERSFIELD Mercury Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / N.W.10
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
PORTSMOUTH Mercury Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
READING Bones Club: THE REZILLOS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STEVENAGE The Swan: SOUNDER
STOKE Sammi Belles: DAVE McLAINE
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: STEVE BROWN BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: HOT STUFF

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS ★ at the Lyceum

Country Joe MacDonald + Meal Ticket

Sunday 27th August

Tickets £2.00 in advance, £2.25 at door
Doors open 7.15pm

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee)

THE ROCHESTER CASTLE

145 STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH STREET. N.16.

Wednesday August 9th — 50p
DOLL BY DOLL

Thursday August 10th — £1
SORE THROAT

Friday August 11th — 75p
THE SINCEROS
(Ex. Strutters)

Saturday August 12th — £1
DEAD FINGERS TALK

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS ★ at the Lyceum

PENETRATION

with special guests
The Fall
Ed Banger and His Group Therapy
+ Punishment of Luxury
Sunday 20th August £2 in advance £2.25 on door
Doors open 7.15 p.m.

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee)

THOMAS A BECKET

Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Monday August 14th
BLIND DRUNK
is Matt Vinyl a small face

Tuesday August 15th
STAN'S BLUES BAND

Friday August 18th
Saturday 19th
Sunday 20th
LAURIE'S BLUNDERBUST

LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-407 1334

JAB-JAB

01-586 1444

August

Sat 12th — REVOLVER ITV
Mon 14th — Moonlight Club, Railway Hotel N.W.6
Wed 16th — Nelson's Club, Wimbledon F.C.
Thurs 17th
Fri 18th — RED COW W.6
Sat 19th — Rock Garden, Covent Garden W.C.2
Sun 20th — Rochester Castle N16
Mon 21st — Carlton Club, Warrington
Tues 22nd — Thornton Club, Bradford

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday August 10th — FREE
ZAINE GRIFF

Friday August 11th — 40p
WARM JETS

Saturday August 12th — 50p
Jam Session with
ROD DE'ATH
LOU MARTIN
+ many special guests

Sunday August 13th — 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday August 14th — FREE
PANTIES

Tuesday August 15th — FREE
YOUNG BUCKS

Wednesday August 16th — FREE
ANGELO PALLADINO

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words W

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS

Saturday August 12th
NUTZ
+ Toad the Wet Sprocket
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD

Saturday August 19th at 8pm
Capitol Radio's
NICKY HORNE'S ROADSHOW
+ THE DODGERS

Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans Tel 64511 or available on door

Saturday August 26th THE PIRATES + Blazer Blazer

Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

FAME

LANDSCAPE — WORKERS' PLAYTIME

AUGUST DATES:
Fri 11 Plymouth Arts Centre; Open-air lunchtime gigs: (LONDON)
Mon 14 South Bank Bandstand 1pm
Fri 18 W. H. Smith's, 10 New Fetter Lane, EC4 1pm
Sat 19 Alexandra Palace 1pm Elegant evening concerts: (LONDON)
Sat 19 Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd., W6
Fri 25 Hampstead Town Hall (+ Roger Ruskin Spear)
Sat 26 Red Cow
Mon 28 Swan Theatre, WORCESTER
Thu 31 Rock Garden LONDON

Event Horizon:
01 703 7677/870 2061

A.J.'S CLUB

High Street, Lincoln.

Thursday August 10th
THE NEXT BAND

Saturday August 12th
DODGERS

THURSDAY AUGUST 10th
DEBUT gig of

371

(formerly Ringmaster)
at THE BUCCANEER
Brighton Seafront.

STREET CHORUS

WINDSOR CASTLE
HARROW ROAD W9
MONDAY AUGUST 14th

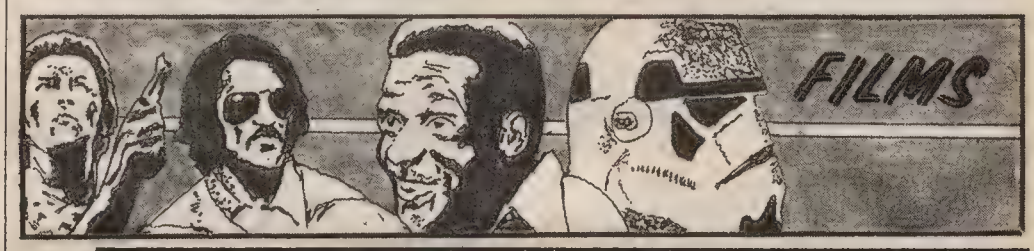
THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY THE 13TH

Dancing for you at these discos . . . .

August 11th
Windsor Castle
Harrow Road

August 13
Marquee
(with the Vibrators)

August 21
Railway Hotel
West Hampstead
Starring
Adrian, JC, Niggel
Super Ape Payne,
Nicky Tesco + Olivia Newton John



WHITE HART, ACTON

Tuesday August 15th
House Band
THE SATELLITES
+ special guests BLITZ & DJ

Admission 85p

THE INMATES

'MAXIMUM R & B'

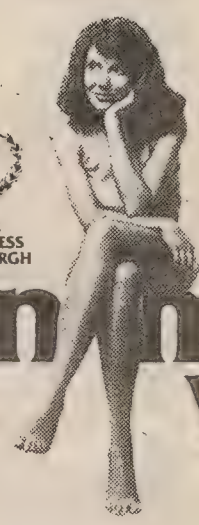
SAT. AUG 12th — HOPE & ANCHOR
GARNER STEAKHOUSE STRIKERS BENEFIT
TUES. AUG 29th — THE NASHVILLE

LAST BASTION!

THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday August 16th
ADAM AND THE ANTS
+ The Ruts & D.J. Jerry Floyd

She laughs, she cries, she feels angry,
she feels lonely, she feels guilty,
she makes breakfast, she makes love,
she makes do, she is strong, she is weak,
she is brave, she is scared, she is...



1978 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL
WINNER BEST ACTRESS JILL CLAYBURGH

an unmarried woman x

20th Century-Fox Presents
PAUL MAZURSKY'S
AN UNMARRIED WOMAN x
starring
JILL CLAYBURGH ALAN BATES
co-starring
MICHAEL MURPHY CLIFF GORMAN
Produced by PAUL MAZURSKY and TONY RAY
Written and Directed by PAUL MAZURSKY Music BILL CONTI
COLOUR BY MOVIELAB PRINTS BY DeLUXE®
Now a Paperback from CORONET BOOKS Music from the film on 20th Century Records & Tapes

NOW WARNER WEST END LEICESTER SQUARE | STUDIO OXFORD CIRCUS
ODEON HIGH STREET KENSINGTON
and at selected ODEON and other leading theatres

THE ACCELERATORS

MACHINE AGE R&B

Thursday August 10th
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME, HEMPSTALLS INN

Saturday August 12th (afternoon)
BOLTON, MOSSBANK FESTIVAL

Sunday August 13th
CHESTER, VALENTINOS

Monday August 14th
CHESTERFIELD, ADAM & EVE

Wednesday August 16th
YORK, THE REVOLUTION

Saturday August 19th
LIVERPOOL, KIRKLANDS

All enquiries **051 728 7639**

REGULAR MUSIC
PRESENT

EDINBURGH ROCK FESTIVAL

Friday August 18th £2.00
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES at Clouds
Monday August 21st £1.50
JAPAN + The Skids at Tiffany's
Friday August 25th £1.50
THE REZILLOS + The Mekons at Clouds
Monday August 28th £1.50
MERGER + The Monos at Tiffanys
Wednesday August 30th £3.50, £3.00 or £2.50
PATTI SMITH at the Odeon
Friday September 1st £2.00
SHAM 69 + The Valves at Clouds
Monday September 4th £1.75
THE LOVE IN, Nik Turners Sphynx + Tanz Der Youth at Tiffanys

Tickets available from leading Edinburgh record shops or by post from Fringe Office, High St., Edinburgh, cheques, postal orders, payable to Fringe, except for Patti Smith gig, for which tickets are available from Odeon.

They're back again at
THE BOMBAY GRAB
Bow Road,
London E.3
Friday 11th August
EMBRYO
All band enquiries
AYM 01-986 7331

Objects de sex
RAPED
+ DICK ENVY
+ INNOCENTS (Girl Band)
Wednesday August 16th
FORESTERS ARMS,
Mitcham Road, Tooting
(Near Tooting Bdy Tube Station)
Come early, Admission 50p.

THE SPECIALS
021 236 0342

"Brilliantly made...frighteningly true"
MARGARET HINXMAN - DAILY MAIL

Midnight Express X

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents
A CASABLANCA FILMWORKS
Production
of An ALAN PARKER Film
'MIDNIGHT EXPRESS'
Executive Producer PETER GUBER
Screenplay by OLIVER STONE
Produced by ALAN MARSHALL
and DAVID PUTTNAM
Directed by ALAN PARKER
Soundtrack available on Casablanca Records
Based on the true story of Billy Hayes
from the book Midnight Express by
BILLY HAYES and WILLIAM HOFFER
RELEASED BY COLUMBIA - EMI - WARNER DISTRIBUTORS

1978 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

FROM THURSDAY AUGUST 10
ODEON HAYMARKET TELEPHONE: 930 2738
Sep Progs daily, doors open at 2.00, 5.00 & 8.00 pm. Late Show Fris & Sats, doors open at 11.15 pm. All seats bookable. Box Office now open.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Gold records hit by inflation . . .

WHO DECIDES when a gold disc is awarded, and are the criteria different in this country and the U.S.? — **R. J. SYMOND, Bucknall, Stoke-on-Trent.**

● **In the States, awards are certified by the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America), a gold disc representing a sale of one million for a single and half a million for an album. In Britain, authority for such awards lies with the BPI (British Phonographic Society) who state that to qualify for a gold disc a single must sell half a million copies, while an album must nett sales worth £250,000.**

But if album prices shoot up much faster, I reckon artists will only have to sell a couple of dozen LPs to qualify for the latter award!

MOTT's Ian Hunter.

COULD YOU provide a full Mott The Hoople singles discography, listing both A and B sides? — **GEOFF FAWCETT, Sorby Hall, Sheffield.**

● **Sho "nuff, to quote a phrase I have on loan from CSM for a week. The first Mott single was "Rock And Roll Queen/Road To Birmingham" which Island released in October '69. After which came "Midnight Lady"/"The Debt" (WIP 6105, October 1971) and "Downtown"/"Home Is Where I Want To Be" (WIP 6112, December 1971) before the band switched to CBS and cut "All The Young Dudes"/"One Of The Boys" (8271, July 1972), "Honoloochie Boogie"/"Rose" (1530, May 1973), "All The Way From Memphis"/"Ballad Of Mott" (1764, November 1973), "The Golden Boys Of Rock'n'Roll/"Rest in Peace" (2177, March 1974), "Foxy Foxy"/"Trudi's Song" (2439, June 1974) and "Saturday Gigs"/Medley (2754, October 1974). "All The Young Dudes" was re-issued in February 1976 on CBS 3963, "Roll Away The Stone" forming the new B side.**

IN CASE Brian Hogg hasn't told you, your mention of his *Smashed, Blocked* discography in a recent Info City, resulted in the publication selling out! I enclose a copy of *Hot Wacks 15,* a Jan and Dean special, in the hope that you can do the same for us. — **BERT MUIRHEAD, Edinburgh.**

● **Bloomin' cheek you porridge peddlin' Picts have got! Just because you've produced a great little run down on Jan and Dean, complete with biographies, discographies, lists of chart hits, a fair number of illustrations and various bits of other interesting trivia at the reasonable price of 40p plus postage and packing, from an address listed as Hot Wacks, 16 Almondbank Terrace, Edinburgh EH11 1SS, you think you get a free plug in this highly revered publication. Well, you're not getting one, so there! (Stage directions — stamps foot in Sassenach manner and exits stage left, whistling "There'll Always Be An England".)**

I WISH to obtain several Elvis Presley imports. Can you supply the name and address of any specialist shop that provides such discs via a mail order service? — **K SPENCER, Hunstanton, Norfolk.**

● **Ray Gurlack, of 125 New Cross Road, London SE14, is an Elvis dealer who comes highly recommended, though as you're in the Norfolk area you might try Sneakers, 8 St Gregory's Alley, Norwich, an emporium which specialises in the odd mixture of Presley and Rod McKuen discs.**

IS THERE any chance that you might be reprinting your 100 top album listing? I started collecting all the albums on the list sometime ago but have since lost the relevant copy of *NME.* — **PHILIP OWEN, Warwick, Warks.**

● **I've received a score or more letters requesting a repeat of our Critic's Choice 100 Best Album Chart. But there obviously isn't room in this column to reprint that time-honoured listing and as far as I know, there's no up-dated repeat performance in the offing. However, Paul Gambaccini has just provided a book titled *Critics' Choice — Top 200 Albums,* which is published by Omnibus Press, Book Sales, 78 Newman Street, London W1P 3LA and includes contributions by *NME* names you've loved and cherished, plus a number of other worthies.**

Incidentally, Gambaccini's array of critics came up with a Top 10 that comprised: (1) The Beatles' "Sgt Pepper"; (2) Dylan's "Blonde On Blonde"; (3) Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited"; (4) Van Morrison's "Astral Weeks"; (5) The Beatles' "Rubber Soul"; (6) The Beatles' "Revolver"; (7) The Stones' "Exile On Main Street"; (8) The Stones' "Let It Bleed"; (9) The Beatles' "Abbey Road"; and (10) Bruce Springsteen's "Born To Run".

If you want to learn about the other 190 prize items then you'll just have to buy the book (price £2.25) or tune in to the special one hour show the Beeb are devoting to Gambaccini's tome on August 28.

Pick us up in your car tonight and we'll follow you everywhere.

Tune in to Radio Luxembourg on 208 m, medium or 1439 Khz and you hear music, followed by more music.

Everything, in fact, from pop and heavy rock to country and soul.

Unlike most other radio stations, Radio Luxembourg's transmitters are so powerful that no matter where you drive there's no need to retune your dial. Simply tune in and Luxembourg's strong signal will follow you on every motorway, road and lane.

Everywhere you go we come too.

So, if you're out on the road and looking for some company between 8 in the evening and 3·45 in the morning, you know who to turn to.

Radio Luxembourg 208

It's not surprising we're Britain's top national radio station.

208m Medium Wave 1439 Khz.

Two old nutters still worthy shock . .

Kevin Coyne's "Babble"

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

I HAVEN'T really got this sussed. Hard to *describe* briefly, let alone assess. However . . .

Figures appear on stage. A tape starts. Kevin's voice, some kind of monologue. "Oh no, poetry," someone nearby groans. But it's stream-of-consciousness (I think).

The first song. Kevin sings "Are You Deceiving Me? (I'm guessing the song titles, none were announced) — mistrust, insecurity. *(And probably "Don't Deceive Me." Good try tho,' Graham — Ed).* More monologue. Hard to concentrate on a disembodied voice. Dagmar sings "Come Down Here", a statement of need, mutal dependence. Monologue again, then Kevin with an anguished "I'm Dead, I'm Dying, I'm Gone," asserting unavailability.

The show continues in this format. Monologue — the thoughts/memories of a guy in an asylum (later, a prison) — alternating with songs about the relationship between a hopelessly introspective man and a weakly sympathetic woman.

Various themes are explored — commitment, freedom, isolation, the final retreat into institutions. One monologue beginning *"Goodbye old monster"* is a farewell to the world outside; and later the disembodied voice tells of a desire to go up the stairs, where it's safe and warm, and *"Crawl into the void, crawl into the void."* Blackness. Interval.

It's not always easy to work out the connections between songs and monologue or between the songs themselves. The minimal 'acting', which consists mainly of Dagmar staring meaningfully at Kevin, and him looking sheepish, isn't much help. Still, it's different, and interesting, and — yeah — I'm enjoying it.

The second half follows the same structure, but the main focus now is the relationship between happiness/nastiness. The first song is a great confessional by Kevin, "I killed the cat . . . I hit the mother". Next, Dagmar with "Sweetheart, Sweetheart", a desperate, soulful ballad — love as protection from the outside world, *"We have our castle, we've got ourselves all the while"*. On which the monologue mournfully comments, *"We live in a lump inside"*. Then a song about the way fascism appeals to our illusions of freedom without responsibility.

The cycle draws towards its close, working up to a climax with "Happy Homes In The Moonlight", a devastating attack on the hypocrisy of domestic bliss — walking through the streets at night, you glance through the windows of the houses, and the front room is a facade of family cosiness, but in the backroom someone is *"playing with a gun"*. A final, very ambiguous song, and that's it. Babble. Songs For Lonely Lovers. You and me, baby.

I'm still confused about the connections, but it's the kind of confusion that excites, that comes from someone tackling a complex topic in a new way. And you don't need to understand it all at once. Just enjoy, as the monologue crackles with wit, pain, striking imagery. And the songs, rivetting, emotional, drawing impassioned performances from Dagmar and Kevin. Though the pacing of the show, alternating tape and songs, tends to dissipate the intensity each time it's built up, and I'm left with a vague dissatisfaction.

No encore. Kevin returns to introduce the band — Dagmar Krause vocals, Zoot Money keyboards. Brian Godding guitar — and thanks us for coming.

"I know doing this kind of thing is difficult and dangerous," he says, "but I think I'm right."

I think so too. I'm grateful for any music which tries to deal with real life, and Kevin Coyne is one of the rare warriors on that particular battlefield.

"Babble" shows he's still winning

Graham Lock

LEFT: MICHAEL CHAPMAN has the cheek to play the Marquee, while (BELOW) KEVIN COYNE babbles: "I don't fancy your one much. Mike."
Pix by CHALKIE DAVIES and PHIL FRANKS

Michael Chapman

THE MARQUEE, LONDON

"BUGGER THE tennis, and get on with the drinking," jokes Michael Chapman, Folk troubadour and social critic, supping his jar of jungle-juice.

Surveying the scene, I start wondering if this is The Marquee, or a People's Free Festival for unrepentant hippies. Everyone is sitting cross-legged on the floor — stalwart folkies are swaying gently with an air of nostalgia, avid buskers are recording every note of his fretwork in mental shorthand, and a few disgruntled tourists are wondering why the audience isn't wearing bin-liners, with hunks of scrap metal through their ears.

Chapman's been around now for eleven years. He's moved from the Cornish folk circuit into working with a rock band, using musicians like Mick Ronson and Keef Hartley, and is now transferring his enormous back catalogue to Criminal Records.

His appearances are rare and if minority appeal is one of the requisites of being a cult hero, then that's what this handful of faithful followers would suggest he is. I suspect, however, that this particular cult hero thinks of his future in slightly larger terms.

Playing solo and acoustic, he was able to intersperse songs like "Northern Lights" and "Among The Trees", with straight instrumentals such as "Party Pieces" and "Wellington The Skellington" *("music for dogs to dance to")*, which is a beautiful, quirky, blues-based rag, with the most amazing bottleneck and harmonics.

Another nifty piece of guitar work was a brief rendition of "Streets Of London" played with a wry grin, and a semi-tone out of tune, that phased into the equally excruciating 'Bicycle Made For Two'. A little later, Stefan Grossman got the chop as well.

What really makes Chapman is the emotive simplicity of songs like "I'm Sober Now", and what breaks him is his tendency to shamble into listless psychedelic phaser solos that are better left buried in the Roy Harper "Stormcock" era.

As a technician (and entertainer), Chapman's talents will always be recognised, but do songs that paint soft-focus pictures of disillusionment have any relevance right now?

Unless he changes his tune, he'll be limiting himself to audiences who, like me, were being spoon-fed Jansch and Davy Graham albums ten years ago.

Whatever happens, Chapman certainly won't make any concessions — which is great, because one Al Stewart is more than enough.

Mark Ellen

ANNETTE PEACOCK (above) has an unconvincing flutter at the Lyceum, while G. TAR SLIT gets a bee in her barnet at the Music Machine.

Pix by PENNIE SMITH

SOME GIRLS DO IT PRETTY GOOD

Annette Peacock

THE LYCEUM, LONDON

ONE OF THOSE musical experiences devised as a tape-loop for the Pavlov Institute, Pekin, the oddly assorted fare at the Lyceum drew a deservedly tiny audience and an infinitesimal response.

Blazer Blazer kicked off with a series of crushing riffs at an amplitude which caused the sternum to flutter as if beset by a myriad elfin plumbers' friends. At the risk of sounding like a curate at a circle-jerk, I must say that I found this an unsporting device, preferring to savour things through the old head and the old senses.

Tanz Der Youth kept it down a bit, presumably because they had invented a second line. Beneath the standard riff, there was an eerily circling keyboard figure which at least loosened up the thumping, and put me in mind of one of those chaps in leotards with a luminous skeleton painted on them.

Annette Peacock's band came minus Mick Ronson, and maintained the standard of shambles. Her compositions need sensitive interpretation to render up their bouquet, and I'm inclined to think that Paul Bley does them better than she does. His grasp of the inner voicings of chords, his touch and timing, tension and release, fill the silences which are so typical of her writing with reverberations.

Vocally, she is not equipped to do this, and in a rock 'n roll context it sounds like a meeting of ECM and Sun Records. She has a small, attractive voice, somewhere in the region of Astrud Gilberto and the ingested Peggy Lee, but she can't haunt a space like a piano's sustaining pedal.

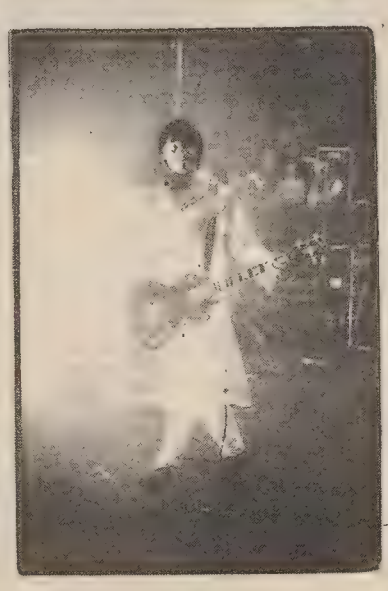
Numbers like "Too Much In The Skies" suit her; Elvis doesn't. I first heard "Don't Be Cruel" with curiosity and re-heard it with compassion. She has jemmied open the familiar deadlines to little purpose save noodling. "Love Me Tender" was saved from inconsequence by Pete Lemer's barrelhouse backing.

Probably unfair to judge her on this disastrous evening: anybody who can write "Mr Joy", "Ending" and "Open, To Love" can write. Some of the vocal moods that she is tilting at have been captured by Jeanne Lee on Archie Shepp's "Blase" album, and since they share similar vocal limitations, perhaps it's just a matter of finding the right band.

Stick with it, Annette.

Brian Case

. . . and some blokes don't



RICH KID STEVE NEW poses as a prat.

The Slits Rich Kids

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

THE WETTEST of London nights couldn't dampen the resolve of the capital's punters to ensure a sell-out for Rich Kids and The Slits in the Gothic splendour of Camden Town.

Were the people in this enormous queue really all here to see Rich Kids? I dunno, but certainly a sizeable portion of the crowd were still left wet when the real stars of this evening took the stage.

It was my first (and admittedly) late Slits gig, and I was expecting some trashy 3-chord dole queue ramalama dressed in shocking pink female guise — something out of the same stuck-in-'76 rut as the throwback likes of Adam And The Ants. This expectation had been modified only by the received opinions of one or two of London's more thoughtful new musicians and critics that The Slits were "Among the most radical bands playing today". They were right. It's true that the quartet are still in possession of only the most rudimentary musical technique, but they've already evolved a long way clear of the primal punk mud of '76. In fact, their musical naivety perhaps encourages a refreshing willingness to explore new forms.

Their songs are full of surprising but unforced changes — none of the current vogue among 'intelligent' new bands for stops and starts for their own sake — and while any lyrical power was largely discharged in the rather messy PA system, practically every number bristled with hooklines and enticing verbal bait.

Visually, The Slits put most of their contemporaries to shame. It's not a matter of their being an all-girl group (the UK's first proper female rock group) but that they have their own sartorial style and, more important, that they really work the stage.

Ari Upp is the real visual mainstay, of course. She crackles with electricity, looks like Salvador Dali's moustache aerials, her stage prance and dance a curious and highly individual blend of dubwise stepping (what Sid Vicious would probably call "Wop skanking") and earthy Germanic bopping, hands out front like paws and arse waggling in the rear like a mischievous Technicolor rodent.

They were well received and encored with Marvin Gaye's "Grapevine". I was expecting some hell-for-leather up-tempo bash — the usual punk conception of a version, like The Dickies thinking if they play "Sounds Of Silence" fast enough, it will sound great, when it doesn't — but they delivered the song real straight, like they meant it. Just no doubt about it, these girls got soul as well as originality.

It's been several months since I saw Rich Kids and they've got worse.

They're apparently pitching for the same area as mid-period Mott The Hoople, but all their professionalism confidence, technical virtuosity and noise (far too much of that), and silly clothes couldn't disguise their basic lack of direction and purpose. More, their lack of real character.

Neil Spencer

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"And don't touch me there, either . . ." RAPED's SEAN PURCELL enjoys a taste of his own medicine. Pic by STEVENSON

ONGOING LACK OF MORAL FIBRE MENACE

Menace
Raped
Rotten Klitz

ACTON, LONDON

NOSTALGIA, A THING of the past? . . .

Try telling that to the crop-heavy brigade of Wednesday night regulars at the White Hart and you'd quickly be sent scampering with the strap of your bondage trousers flapping between your legs.

For stepping off Acton High Street into the so-called "Last Bastion" of Punk on a hot summer night is like entering a time warp — dragging you down, down and back to late '76 attitude copping and a 3-Chord Wasteland pushed full-stun through a duff P.A. (God, I'd almost forgotten what a truly dire sound sounded like).

It would be soiling this paper that I'm writing on were I to go into detail on how bad the first band were. Their pathetic "shock" name says more about their mentality than words here ever could.

Menace and Raped, meanwhile, just seem hopelessly stranded . . .

Raped — the group who had their "Pretty Paedophiles" EP banned even in Rough Trade for bad taste — attempt heavy metal. The resultant sound is sloppy, played without gusto or commitment. A half-hour set includes an okay carbon-cover of "I'm A Boy" and a not-so-okay reworking of "Knock On Wood" (the Bowie version, natch).

Front man Sean Purcell faces the taunting Skinheads with admirable bottle, returning their jibes with croaked, calculated insults ("Bollocks, you non-believers" was one I particularly remember).

But no amount of face cream or lipstick can hide the desperate straits such a band are in.

Menace — the bill toppers — are tighter, but little else; once the ever-present support band to The Shams in the Roxy/Vortex days (hence the large Skin contingent) they are dumb and characterless. They have gone nowhere. At least The Lurkers do this sort of thing with a bit of panache.

As I dejectedly leave the hall — and even as I pen this review — I am still wondering what exactly it was that ennervated me so much about these three groups; the oh-so-calculated poses, the patent dearth of any real talent (a vital commodity) or the unashamed lack of moral fibre. Take your pick.

Take me away. I've had enough.

Adrian Thrills

PARISIAN SUMMER

Starshooter
Metal Urbain
Stinky Toys
The Lous

OLYMPIA, PARIS

THE NEWER kind of French Rock music proves to be fast, furious, but hardly reactionary. Why? 'Cos there's nothing really, nothing to react against. But then that's what the Communists probably thought at the recent elections . . .

Maybye France will remain in a sludge of Space-ish disco slop, Tang. Dream impersonators, and Plastic Berts. It would be a pity.

The one thing which emerged from this evening of *nouvelle vague* was a spirit (of '76?), a spirit of innocence, a 'beguiling and blending split between' lightheartedness and passion. A nice balance.

But we have a problem here, the most obvious and obstinate one — language. Everyone jumps about and it's ragged and it gives them something to shout about. But what, I have to ask, what exactly do they shout *about?*

Anyway, first **The Lous:** A four-piece, all girls and in no way stereotypical outfit. When I asked a near-by mademoiselle what The Lous were singing about, she answered: "The problems of young people between about 15 and 23. The problems the girls have, the problems they have with the Women's Lib." At this she gave a little chuckle.

I wish The Lous would chuckle a bit. Although not as stridently uh, existential as our own Slits, The Lous perhaps pursue avoidance of tradition and role-traps a little too strenuously.

Otherwise they yammered it out with force but little sense of dynamics. Their belief is their future. (They should watch the butch posturing — something which is OK neither for boys or girls. A guitar hero move is a guitar hero move is . . .)

Stinky Toys' one problem is also enamoured of himself playing the electric guitar pose how you say?

Stinky Toys are five garcons et une mademoiselle. She was decked out in best Debbie Harry pantaloons and pony tail and moved convincingly, sexy though a little restrained. Her voice is a little plain — someone did suggest Patti Smith inflexions — but that's a minor consideration.

Although they suffer as much from the two shortcomings of all the evening's bands — presentation and dynamics — a good few of their songs betrayed intelligent pop schooling (Them? Roxy Music?).

Metal Urbain engaged my interest most strongly. The only reservation here is that, perhaps, without the whacking drum machine which is central to their sound they could be just any other foreign legion bash bash bash. Their sound is insistent and jagged, rather like a can-opener.

Again, the presentation is rather unengaging, and there are not really enough highs and lows in the set. But I was told that they have a single coming out on Radar. Jolly good.

Metal Urbain are the most consciously moderne of the French bands, the one most likely to appeal to homeland tastes.

And now **Starshooter,** who capably, easily and very convincingly galvanised the approval and participation of the audience.

Starshooter are effective and enjoyable. Doubly worthwhile if you place them alongside some of America's infant(ile) reactions to the New Wave — Suicide Commandoes, Dickies, Germs, et al — simply because they are *not* pretentious.

Paradoxically, Starshooter are easier to understand than such psuedo-diseased specimens as mentioned above. Understand them on the level of 999, Cheap Trick. Fun — but not the dreaded clean-cut fun. They have a manic drummer, and also brought on a (very good) stripper. Well it *is* Paris . . .

But . . . have they any future in Britain? Is this an important question? I have decided to draw no conclusions on any of the bands at this moment. (If you don't leave space for expansion you end up like Heathrow Airport).

Ian Penman

Joanne Mackell

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

JOANNE MACKELL flew in to London last week for her first live gig in almost three years. Some treatment, but when you've made an album with a bunch of L.A. pros, I guess someone considers the investment should be followed through.

The voice likened to the wrath of God in her press release, is only mildly earthy, unless substituting "ya" for "you" and emitting the odd "whoo yeah" constitute your definition of raunch. ***(Yeah! Get Down! — Ed).***

Her songs are largely inoffensive Californian soft-rock that any self-respecting hellraiser would disown. A competent version of Bob Seger's "Fire Down Below" is the only exception.

The British pick-up band led by Mackell's producer/guitarist Joe Falsia ("My favourite Italian") take care of business, but the material's just not there. A modest talent given a premature launch must be the verdict.

Will record companies never learn?

Harry George

Big Chief

PEGASUS, LONDON

SEVEN OF US went to the Pegasus last Saturday, and had a heap good time at the hands of Big Chief.

Chief are John Fry (saxes/vocals), Dick Heckstall-Smith (saxes), Adrian Paton (piano), Tony Desborough (bass), Tony Edwards (drums/vocals) and Janice Ponsford (vocals). This particular night, Paul Carmichael was deputising on bass, and Tony Brien guested on congas. These changes disrupted their usual set a little, but the band still delivered a storming performance.

Despite, in the main, a straight jazz background, Big Chief play a remarkably catholic choice of music, ranging from B.B. King to Wayne Shorter, Joni Mitchell to Stevie Wonder. Their R&B is especially fine — sweaty, honking versions of "Work Work Work", "Let The Four Winds Blow", "The Walk" and a terrific, percussive "Iko Iko".

The two saxes are the main focus of the band. They mesh impressively, and take brief, spectacular solos. If there's a weakness, it's the vocals — John Fry seemed rather unemotional (a mistake when singing *"I feel like breaking up somebody's home"*). And two of my companions insisted Ms Ponsford sang both her numbers entirely flat. However, with the band turning out such assured, exciting music, maybe that's a minor point.

Anyway, Big Chief play the Pegasus, Stoke Newington, every Saturday, and the Stapleton, Crouch Hill, every Monday. Go along, listen, bop, have fun. They're gonna have a lot of feathers in their headdress before long.

Graham Lock

HEAP BIG FUN

BIG CHIEF Dick Heckstall-Smith takes another toke on the peace pipe before blowing up a storm.

NUT SCREWS WASHER & BOLTS

The Valves

EDINBURGH

THIS GIG was a benefit for Edinburgh newspaper *City Lynx,* whose windows mysteriously shattered shortly after they started running anti-National Front articles. The good citizens of Scotland's capital turned out in force to pay for the office defences, and to drink till one in the morning.

Proceedings were opened by six-piece white funk outfit Ignatz, an established local act premiering a new set of material penned and learned in a mere five days. I must confess that white funk, with the exception of the first Cate Brothers album, passes me by totally, but Ignatz do what they do well enough. They performed in their customary professional style, although at times they could have been a little tighter (unsurprising at a first gig with new material), while the sound crew performed in *their* customary unprofessional style, but could conceivably have got drunker. Ignatz' standouts were "I Don't Care", the perennial "Breakfast At Tiffany's" and their semi-reggae "Dawn Surrender."

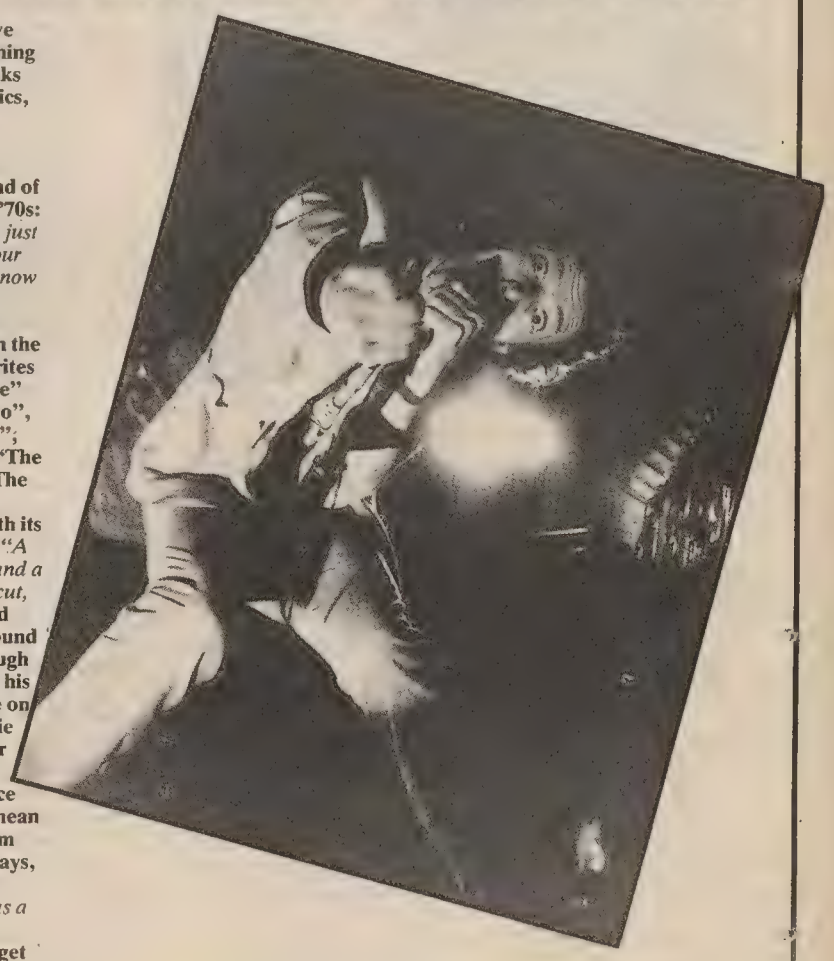
And so to the heroes of the night, The Valves. From their bases in New Wave, 60's R 'n B and the Kilburns, they've evolved a strong, entertaining identity of their own, thanks largely to Dee Robot's lyrics, which are simultaneously humorous and incisive.

Perhaps his best song is "Walk Don't Walk", a kind of "Hello Goodbye" for the '70s: *"I say I'll pick you up, you just knock me down . . . I'm your best friend, but you don't know it, 'cause you are your own worst enemy."*

Tonight, The Valves ran the gamut of all the old favourites — the singles "Robot Love" and "No Surf In Portobello", the fine pop song "Radios"; the old rock'n'roll classic "The Way I Walk", "Turn Up The Volume" and the sublime "Haircuts From Mars" with its incisive Dillinger parody: *"A spanner, a bolt, a washer and a nut, that's how I spell haircut, Jim."* **All were present and correct, and despite the sound problems they shone through — Pada Scott digging into his bass like a demented mole on speed, and guitarist Ronnie McKinnon (who makes Sir Alec Guinness look like a member of the Temperance League) laying down his mean licks without too many bum notes. They closed, as always, with "Tarzan" and "For Adolf's Only"** *("Adolf was a piss-artist — Okay!")*

The Valves — music to get drunk to.

Dougie Thomson



DEE ROBOT does the funky human. Pic by ALAN WILD

ANOTHER BOY, ANOTHER BLOODY GUITAR HERO

The Only Ones

ASHTON COURT, BRISTOL

THE BRISTOL COMMUNITY Free Festival held in the spaciously picturesque environs of Ashton Court is a worthy event encompassing music, entertainments for kids, sideshows and the usual hippy regalia.

Bristol is rather more than a last outpost of freakdom, it's a positive stronghold, and while the cast list of causes I pencilled down on my programme included the run of the mill axe-grinding, there were also projects of universal import like Cyclebag and the Bellevue Crescent Street Association to whet the agit-prop appetites. Except that by the time I arrived the prevailing mood was distinctly laid back, man. Baby punks frollicked with small heads, cigarettes were doctored and the police were noticeably conspicuous by their absence, as was the bad acid. *(Shame. — Ed)*

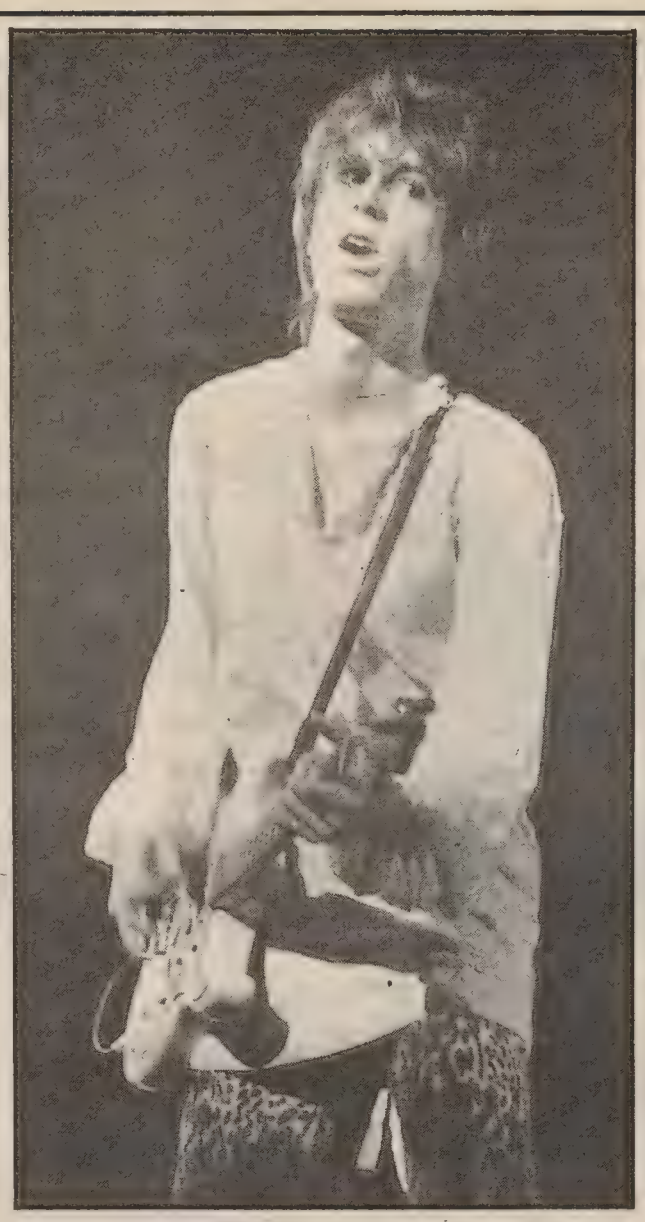
On the main rostrum Keith Christmas and his band kept a low profile as the Glastonbury contingent nodded off enthusiastically and straggling bikers tore off wheelies on the drag down by the house.

England's glory, The Only Ones, were late arrivals. Despite John Perry's emulation of Juan Manuel Fangio on the M4, the rhythm section, Kellie and Alan Mair, broke down on the Chiswick Roundabout and thus made an eleventh hour appearance. No matter, Bristol is second home to The Only Ones, Perry is a local lad who made this festival twice before with The Rats (legendary British West Coast group), and most of the band seem to know the audience by sight, if not name.

Their month lay-off has done the band a great deal of good. Perrett, back from Brazil, has a heap of new material and unleashed three strong songs, "She Says", the velvet-like "Flowers Die" and a tune called "You've Got To Pay". The Only Ones' thick sound textures made lyrical assessment of said songs impossible but Perrett's stage performance is so gutsy that incomprehension is irrelevant in the light of the confident energy he sparks off in the ranks.

Perry has added an echoplex to his attack and uses it with the panache expected from the best modern guitarist in Britain today (another snappy fact for your scrapbook). The shortly to be re-released "Another Girl, Another Planet" — already a standard hot classic — was taken on a star trip tour of unknown dimensions, those of you au fait with the Love Doors Dead catalogue will see just why the dapper Perry has been called the Jeff Thomson of the guitar hero league — speed, violence and a good straight line.

Perrett has been labelled a romantic by his growing body of admirers, but a listen to the bizarrely ambiguous "The Beast" or the drily witty "Language Problem", not to mention old-time fast talkers like "City Of Fun" and the dangerous vision of "Immortal Story" indicates this is far from true. Perrett has space travelling in his blood, he moves fast and on his own. That tendency he has to be too serious is offset by the calibre of his band, which aside from the aforementioned Perry, boasts the twin cylinder precision of Mair and Kellie rocking the band on a heavyweight axis while still providing their own masterful intricacies.



ONLY ONES' PETER PERRETT and his pants called Spot. Pic by CHRIS HORLER

Perrett's rhythm guitar understanding is now so improved that you can love this band on a dozen different levels; witness the punky duetting of Perrett and Vengeance artist Koulla Kakoulli during "Immortal Story", itself followed by a "Horse Latitudes"-revisited guitar barrage ending.

A year later and The Only Ones are far and away the most creative source to tap off the new freedom. The Clash, Buzzcocks, Banshees are still learning things musicians of this calibre left behind years ago.

As one kid said to Perry after the show, "You make it look so easy". They do too. You're gonna see these boys change.

Max Bell

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society has finally secured premises in Covent Garden for a National Jazz Centre.

A five-floor 19th century warehouse, it will be converted into two performance areas, rehearsal and practice rooms, recording facilities, library, seminar room and restaurant. It should be in operation by 1980. £210,000 has been raised so far towards the £300,000 target. Cats interested in subscribing contact JCS.

Over 60 jazz musicians have received Arts Council bursaries since the scheme was established in 1967. Application forms are available from The Music Officer (Jazz), Arts Council Of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London WIV 0AU. Any professional British jazz musician can apply, closing date August 25.

It looks as if JCS are bringing Don Cherry over in September with a trio. There are regular jam sessions at the Dublin Castle, 94 Parkway, Camden Town, every Thursday night — surprise guests, admission free. The Dizzy Gillespie Quartet is at Ronnie Scott's until August 17, when Milt Jackson weighs in.

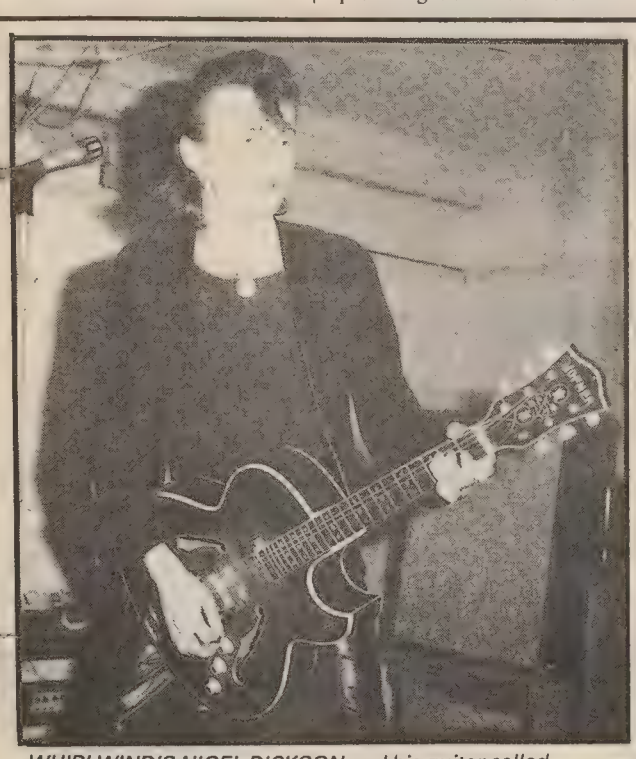
Projection Records of 9 Grove End, Rectory Grove, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, have taken over the distribution of Paul Bley's IAI label. Current releases include the outstanding "Duet" by Lester Bowie and Phillip Wilson, "Jaco" by Pastorius, Pat Metheny, Bruce Ditmas and Paul Bley, and "Reeds 'n Vibes" by Marion Brown and Gunter Hampel.

Projection have also taken over the marketing of the marvellous Black Saint label, with upcoming releases by David Murray, "Interboogieology", "Warriors" by Don Pullen and Chico Freeman, "The Fifth Power" by Lester Bowie and Arthur Blythe, and "Junk Trap" by Joseph Bowie and The Human Arts Ensemble.

Incus Records have released "Company 5", and Ogun have released "In Conference" by the Harry Miller group, including Trevor Watts and Willem Breuker, and Lol Coxhill's "Joy Of Paranoia". Over the next couple of months, Ogun are putting out "Procession", a live recording by Brotherhood Of Breath, "Cynosure" by the Trevor Watts String Ensemble, and "Ark-Frames", a double by the 22-piece Keith Tippett orchestra.

Great news for jazz movie buffs: *Sven Klang's Combo* opens at the Scala Cinema on August 4. The hippest and most accurate portrayal of the scene ever made, this Swedish film leaves *New York, New York* back at the hollow stump. See it.

Brian Case



WHIRLWIND'S NIGEL DICKSON and his guitar called Hugh. Pic by NANDO VALVERDE

Whirlwind

THE NASHVILLE, LONDON

THE COOL WAVE swept back into town on Saturday night as Chiswick rockabilly quartet Whirlwind concluded a two-night stand in West Kensington.

Fresh from a nationwide jaunt with Ian Dury And The Blockheads, it was surprising that the motley crowd they drew last weekend could no more than threequarters fill The Nashville. But those of you who found the dubious charms of *Revolver* more alluring sho nuff missed a treat.

Not that Whirlwind are deterred. Shooting into their set like a shaft of greased (back) lightning, they gave an hour of some of the best UP music I've heard all month.

Touring with the, er, big names also seems to have added sparks that were previously absent: a few months ago, Whirlwind were so cool, they looked as if they were brought out of cold storage half an hour before every gig. Now, since the Dury stint, singer Nigel Dixon acknowledges the audience with more than just the odd cursory mumble; guitarist "Redhead" Lewis, meanwhile, seems to have been watching Link Wray a bit — no feedback as yet, but a few scorching, screeching solos straight out of the old master's book.

Whirlwind's biggest trump is, in fact, their willingness not to be held back by sticking too rigidly to the traditional rockabilly guidelines.

They pay the customary tributes, covering Elvis, Gene and Eddie, but, in six months, seem to have added only one new song, the ballad "I Remember". Hopefully, by the time they go into the studio to cut their second album in the autumn, there will be a few more where that came from.

Adrian Thrills

Gloria Mundi

SHEFFIELD

*GLORIA MUNDI'S arrival is preceded by a mild spot of beer-throwing brouhaha amongst the audience. It's quite apt, in a way: Mundi are the kind of band who almost **demand** a violent reaction, though they'd probably dislike such pointless dissipation of energy.*

They're rather affectedly photogenic, especially taciturn duo Beethoven (guitar) and Ice (bass), although vocalist Eddie Maelov's daft black swimming-cap adds little to their onstage presence.

Songs like "Condemned To Be Free", "Victim" and "I, Individual" hint at a commendable existentialist world-view, although any effect Mundi may be hoping to obtain is negated by the crass, clumsy manner in which the views are expressed. Musically, they show but few glimmers of talent; none are exceptional musicians, and the ideas they come up with are at best uninspiring and at worst not unlike someone being sick in a Transit.

On the whole, a pretty unprepossessing pot-pourri of posture and polemic . . .

Andy Gill

Sore Throat/ The Members

WEST HAMPSTEAD, LONDON

WHACK—whack-whackiness is the name of the game with both these combos. Both have now been crawling London pub dives such as the Moonlight — formerly Klook's Kleek, a well known blues haunt — for a good few months. And both seem to thrive on a perculiarly English offbeat eccentricity.

First up, The Members are a very young amalgam. They already have one single on Stiff, the West London home of all balls odd, and judging from the frequent zany cries for a "Rat Up A Drainpipe" (the flipside of the 45), they attracted a larger proportion of the audience than did the headliners.

They play mildly interesting R&B Punk with shades of attempted live rock dub a la Costello/Yachts, lacing the proceedings with the odd Tamla classic — sorry, but I've forgotten the name of the song, pub rock drives me to drink!

Sore Throat, who have been slogging around the pub circuit even longer, are tighter, with a small horn section — a saxophone. They fuse R&B, jazz and swing, look incongruous in Number One crops and silly white jackets, and are boring as hell.

Adrian Thrills

Pete Atkin's "A&R"

THE WAREHOUSE THEATRE, LONDON

PETE ATKIN'S stage production is the first attempt at treating the music scene as the serious business it is. For that reason it is fairly important.

Unlike the sophomoric antics of the (pre-Travolta) *Grease*, which assumes all young people are pimply morons OD-ing on sock hops and milk shakes, or the gin-soaked cliches of the Janis Joplin-inspired soap opera *Teeth & Smiles*, *A & R* reaches for a behind-the-scenes look at the petty bickerings, mammoth rip-offs and general nastiness which can go on in the lives of down and out musicians.

The date is September 1976.

Amy, the girl singer whose band was killed by hype, and Jake, a bitter songwriter who lost all his royalties to a shark with a big cigar, are both reduced to session work in a seedy studio. The endless cups of tea, the musical noodling between numbers, the boring fiddliness of a recording session are accurately represented, as are some harsh observations about the dank underbelly of the music business.

Unfortunately the play is still a failure. It's not the beef with the rock press that I mind, although Atkin does lay it pretty thick. And it's not even his depiction of the play's rock journalist as a supercilious, rambling oaf: "A one-man Pseud's Corner . . . the only man who's ever described Chuch Berry as 'poignant'." That was, after all, the funniest joke of the evening.

No, fault lies with the fact that Atkin can't decide if he's writing a hard-core expose of the music biz or a West End tourist hit, and he loses credibility by straddling both sides of the fence. The mixture of insiders' gossip and mainstream references is an uncomfortable one.

Why is there no mention, if this is September 1976, of the apocalyptic summer just passed, which was soon to make redundant the likes of Jake and his long-haired, bedenimmed colleagues? As representative members of the rock community aren't these people worried? Or at least curious?

Atkin's characters are insular, dull, dead to everything but their own situations, their own cloistered persuasions. They splutter rather than spark, collapse instead of question and the demanding over-view, the vital friction which is crucial to good theatre (and good music) is distressingly missing. No wonder Jake is such a loser musician.

This lack of vitality spreads throughout the play, for although Atkin gained his first-hand information by recording six RCA albums (Clive James wrote the lyrics), he lacks James' spirited, sardonic wit.

A & R is passionless, a deadbeat of a play, and the realism therefore becomes a sham. Because the whole rock scene *A & R* attempts to personify is alive and throbbing and ever-questioning — exactly the opposite of its depiction here.

Maybe Mr Atkin ought to listen to Chuck Berry. And then try it all again.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

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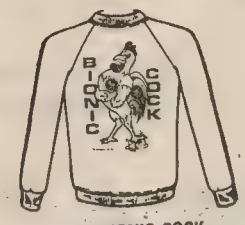

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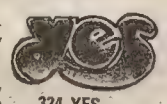

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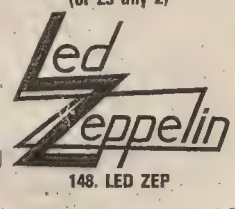

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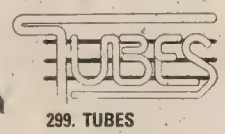

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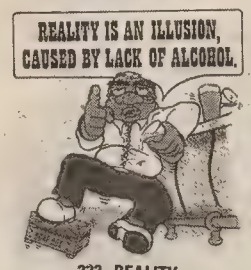

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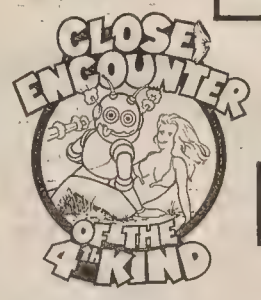

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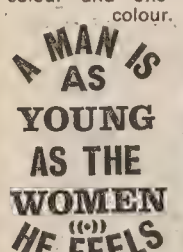

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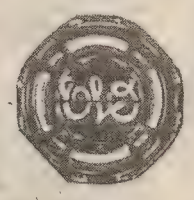

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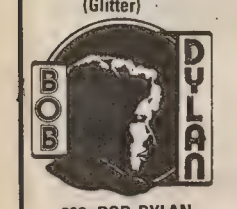

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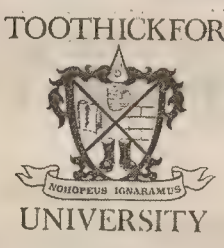

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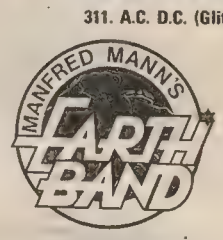

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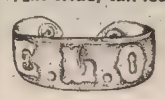

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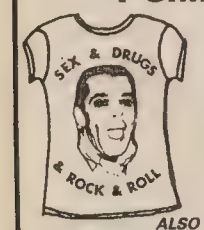

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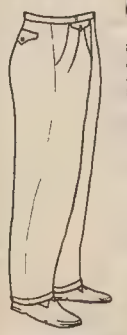

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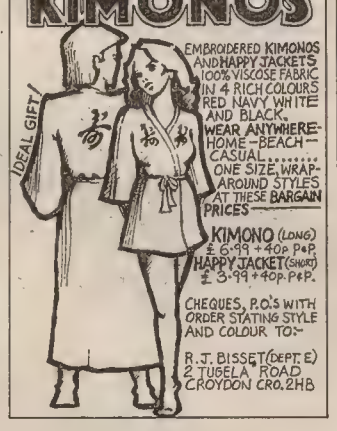

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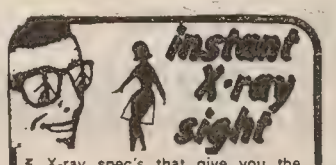

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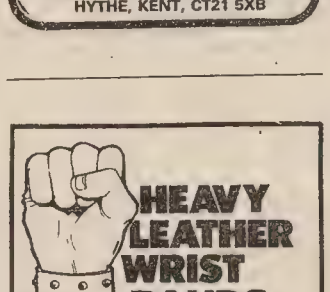

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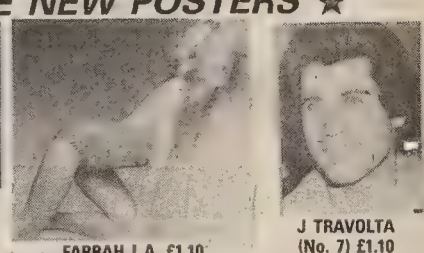

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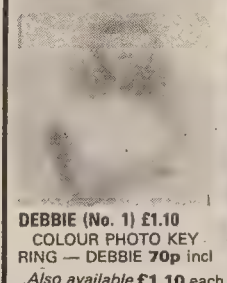

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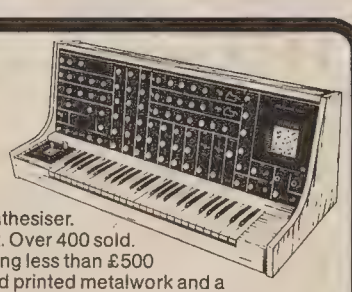

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PETE

From page 28

Three years ago you talked about being too old for this kind of life and activity. Do you still feel that with The Who and rock? Does it depress you as much?

"No. I don't feel the same as I did.

"But a lot of crap, well-meant crap, well-meant, supportive, encouraging crap, has been written to me lately: You're only as old as you feel.

"I know that!

"I know some 60, 70 year old people are like adolescents. But they don't prance around on a rock and roll stage.

"It's not age; it's being realistic about the practicalities, particularly of the road. You have to be fit to do a year touring the States, because you don't lead a regular life and you don't have a stable existence.

"You travel a lot, which is exhausting. You're under immense pressure. Your ego is fed left, right and centre. You tend to look for escapes by going to parties, boozing and God-knows what.

"I can get in good physical shape quickly to do a certain amount of work with The Who, by running or some kind of excercise. But I never used to have to do that.

"And Moony goes to a health farm to get in shape, just to bang the snare drum.

"It's absurd. Life wasn't always like that.

"Most of all, you've got to be in psychological shape so you don't fuck up. It's not just youngness in heart.

"I don't feel young in heart. I didn't feel young in heart when I was 19. I believe I am over a million years old, if you want to know the truth. It's like; hand me my straitjacket.

" 'Oo wants to feel young in heart?

"Leave it to the butterflies."

The Boyfriends

NASHVILLE

THEY WEREN'T fooling anyone, of course, despite the black uniform and street lizard sunglasses, but it gave them an excuse to play a set of classic pop standards as their own support band. And very nice too.

Thus The Boyfriends, alias The Backbeats, gave us an action replay of the last ten or more years' outstanding numbers, ranging from an immaculate imitation of "Have I The Right" to a customised version of "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend". As a justification of Pat Collier's current Pop vision it was a well-judged prelude to the evening's entertainment.

The sound was authentic: all treble and harmony with Vox organ and tinny drums predominant in most numbers and guitar intros and interjections kept short and sweet. What particularly impressed was the ease with which they made each song sound different despite their seemingly limited set-up, exemplified by the sharp contrast between "Till The End Of The Day" and their best number, "All Or Nothing". It was like listening to a box of crayons.

The three front men share vocals which is just as well since Pat Collier's voice is their one serious weakness in performance. I couldn't always hear the words, ("Arnold Layne" was lost completely) and those I could identify were rendered almost unintelligible by Collier's outrageously Americanised delivery. It's the sort of vocal Paul Jones used to affect in Manfred Mann Mark 1. I didn't care much for it then and it jars badly now. Still, a rousing rendition of the greatest rock instrumental of all time ("Nutrocker", natch) closed the first half in fine style.

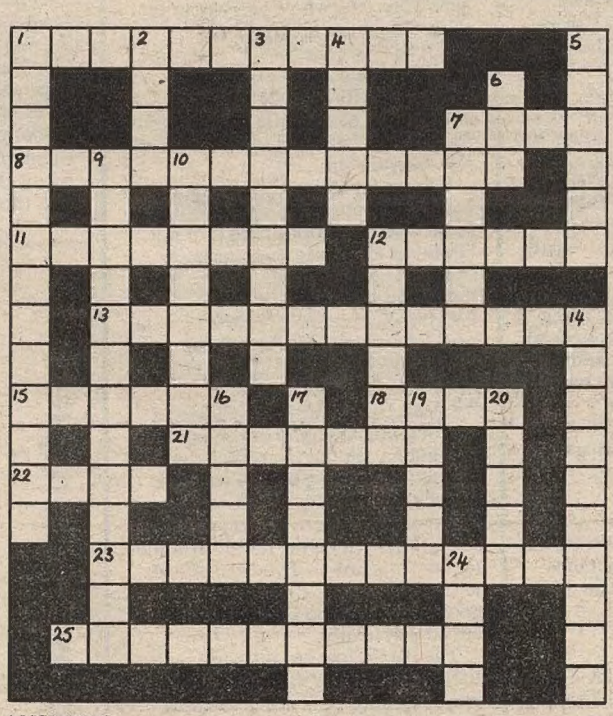
After a short break, during which the "Pop History" banner was complemented by "in the making", the band returned as The Boyfriends decked out in sub-Sergeant Pepper rig; Collier sporting a topper as well as the obligatory ruffled shirt and high collars. Challenging the audience to accept that their numbers would be rock standards in five years' time, they played a set which was surprisingly almost as good as the first, reinforcing the belief that some of the numbers at least would be around long after the demise of the group. Again their musical flexibility stood them in good stead, and ballads like "Lizabeth" contrasted effectively alongside pure pop rock of "Ponytail" and "Memory", a singalongabop worthy of The Tremeloes. "4875" stood out as being the one song with an edge of menace but "Don't Ask Me To Explain" and "That Flight" were the undoubted highspots of the set, the ones destined for longevity. Chris Skornia's keyboard work was nostalgic joy throughout and Mark Henry and Steve Bray on bass and drums respectively made effective use of their low profile.

For the present they have a strongly-defined musical identity although in a year's time they may still be travelling the circle line. Anachronistic? No. They escape that accusation.

But "Pop History in the Making"? I think not.

Neil Norman

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 At 45 r.p.m., the Handsworth Sound (8,3)
7 & 5 down. A.k.a. J. H. Deutschendorf, folkie wimp
8 You get a share of Eagles' royalties, you get bed and board at the Hotel California, you bet you've got nothing to complain about! (5,4,4)
11 Semi-legendary black U.S. R&B outfit, of "Poison Ivy", "Little Egypt", "Yaketty Yak" etc.
12 One third of one of rock's most famous trios. 22 across was guitarist. The missing one is Jack.
13 Now defunct, Will Birch's old outfit from Southend way (7,6)
15 Another fave rave trio — this one's a bit more current (3,3)
18 Worshipful punk?!
21 From the Land of the Rising Transistor, she married a lad from the 'Pool (4,3)
22 One third of famous rock trio. 12 across was the drummer. The missing one is Jack.
23 Don't nail Darts! (anag. 5,8)
25 Gannex Harold's. . .um. . . Californian nephew. You know, the one who writes songs in a sandbox! (5,6)

DOWN

1 Creamy pan cult *("Steady!" — Ed)* (anag. 4,9)
2 Gilmour or Edmunds
3 Tracks included "Come Together" and "Something" (5,4)
4 Cher's 'ex', professionally and matrimonially
5 See 7 across
6 To The Who what the punk is the Pistols!
7 & 16 Punky form of transport, or transporting form of punk — no relation to Van Morrison, Sue Zooki, Lamm Bretter or Scooter Herring!
9 Glasgow's answer to Otis Redding! *("Doesn't mean he's dead — he sings soul" — Ed)* (7,6)
10 Alright night for fighting (E. John), and for disco dorking (B. Gees)!
12 First husband of Carole King — together they were a very successful '60s songwriting team.
14 A Who classic — accept no Clout!
16 See 7 down
17 Thatcher-supporting manager of E. John and Queen (4,4)
19 Some lead to opportunities, some to toilets, and some to the Soft Parade!
20 22 across classic as Derek!
24 Banks or Iommi

ANSWERS

ACROSS: "Black And White"; 7 "Shaved Fish"; 3 (Bill) Nelson; 9 "(Back In The) USSR"; 11 "He's So Fine"; 14 "Saturday (Night Fever)"; 15 (Bonnie) Raitt; 15 Wings; 13 "Sheet (music); 20 Uriah Heep; 21 Sid (Vicious); 22 and 23 Bianca Jagger. **DOWN:** 1 "But Seriously Folks"; 2 "All Around the World"; 3 Kate Bush; 4 "Desire"; 5 Trojan; 5 "These Foolish Things"; 10 (Otis) Redding; 12 (Leo) Sayer; 13 "(Saturday) Night Fever"; 17 (Jimmy) Savile; 19 "Sheet (Music)".

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Illustration by BOLLAND,

HACK BAG

still residing at 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1

WE ARE into the second half of 1978 and it's hardly been the great year many of us hoped it would be for most of the new bands which arrived in 1977. Don't blame the bands, the GLC, the *NME* or whatever because it's the fault of the fans. That is fans of the worst kind, the intellectual rock fan. The sort who've been writing to the *Bag* lately placing impossible demands on bands like The Clash and T.R.B.

These guys just don't give bands a chance to develop. If a debut album is anything less than brilliant or a new band plays at a large venue, then your intellectual rock fan puts the boot in and searches for another unfortunate new band to carry out his own political ideals.

I wish these so called rock fans would piss off, rock'n'roll just isn't for them and they are just making a cock up of the whole thing. I just wanna rock, but I suppose that makes me thick.
GRAHAM STEEL, Seacroft, Leeds.
Dunce cap winner. — M.S.

SO THERE we were sitting in the sitting-room in comfy attire, with refreshments at hand. The clock struck 11.15 pm, we gagged Grandmother and a hush fell over the room . . . *Revolver* was nigh.

Mooted to be the ultimate music show we awaited this new innovation with baited breath — a new concept to revolutionise music on television??? How very "Roots" this programme was . . . even the chairman appeared to be "pogoing" — or was that just bad camera work? (N.B. Full step-by-step instructions on how to "Pogo", page 10, *TV Times*).

Unfortunately, Peter "Kook's" hilarious role as disgruntled dance hall manager failed to raise a titter . . . it was his resplendent ginger "head-gear" that had us falling about. Also isn't the split screen technique a bit dated . . . shades of Mike Mansfield perhaps?

Come back Tony Wilson, all is forgiven!!!
Ms. S. SPHINCTER, Cockfosters.

OF ALL THE irresponsible, mule headed, ridiculous things to say, your comments on ITV's *Revolver* are the worst. OK, so it wasn't totally mind-blowing (pardon the expression) but it augurs well for the future — and remember, this is the FIRST rock show on TV for years — and don't start wetting yourselves about *So It Goes* 'coz apart from a few shows before it got good, it was never networked. So if you want to endanger the future of one of the best programmes to come out way for years, then you and people like you can carry on making snide, crass comments about anything which doesn't exactly resemble the dim distant days of your youth in the shape of *Ready Steady Go.*
J. RIPCHORD, Somerset.
Bi-focals winner. — M.S.

WHAT WILL the BBC let us hear next? I refer to Thursday, 27 July's edition of *The Songwriters* on BBC-1 when the colourful sextet of entertainers treated us to a clean version of McCartney's "Get Back" — I quote — "Sweet Loretta Martin, thought she was a woman, but she was a *FRYING PAN*".

A bit obscure for me!
RICHARD LYONS, Chester.
Another man winner. — M.S.

WOULDN'T IT be great if we were all middle of the road types: we could buy our threads at shops like 'Fosters Menswear' and Tesco — paying £4.99 for a pair of jeans instead of the usual 13 quid for a pair of Levis.

All our records would be on black vinyl, be either 7" or 12", and could be bought at 'all leading shops'. We could read about the groups who made the records (Co-Co, Brotherhood of Man, etc.) in grotty papers like the Sun *every* day and hear them on Tony Blackburn's show five times a week!

Wouldn't it be great!
A CHEF.
This man is a genius. — M.S.

PLEASE STOP writing such stupid criticisms on groups like Devo and Wire. Their genius is obviously beyond your narrow minded comprehension.

Art has now stepped firmly into another dimension — let's face it, the sooner emotion and sensitivity is dropped from music the sooner we get back to fun. After all it's so pretentious pretending music should be anything but dribble.

Wake up you cretins, smile and live, music is here to be ignored.
JOHN PANTS, Crawley, Sussex.
This man is probably Ian MacDonald. — M.S.

I'M SURE Mick Farren (*Silver Screen* 22.7.78) will be pleased to know that some people do read bits of *NME* other than the main features. I'm also sure that Pennie Smith and Chalkie Davies had a good giggle at his moronic ignorance and bad eye sight. If he was in desperate need of a stiffy initiator he could easily have found an appropriate little hole (if you'll pardon the expression) instead of the house of good taste showing *Bilitis.*

David Hamilton is not only the director of this piece but an extremely successful 'stills' photo person. Granted his range of subjects and styles is somewhat stunted but this is his first encounter with a fully fledged cine camera. It's a pity you couldn't have sent someone who might have looked on it as an exercise in photography inspired by the poetry of Pierre Louys instead of reducing it to the level of *Emmanuelle Meets Andy Pandy On Fireball XL5.*
BAYONET FASTENING & THE LENSCAPS, Crumpsall, Manchester.
Tits and bums are still tits and bums no matter how they're farted up. — M.S.

BEAT THIS for entertainment — our second movie is just finished, *Thank God It's Monday.* It concerns two bespectacled and distressed 30-year-old Jim Reeves fans who napalm the dancing disco scene of an American factory. Film directed by the C.B. Geigy brothers from Australasia.

And even better still is the scene where they make the Hardy boys eat their own vomit whilst suspended from a wheelbarrow pushed by the amazing Blandin (Crocus Behemoth) on a tightrope over the Niagra Falls.

The film's climax astounds the world as our heros prove the Turin Shroud to be nothing more than a Steve Hillage T-shirt.
MARGARET HATCHET and WILLIAN WHITEWASH, Preservative Films, Limerick, Eire.
What deodorant does he use? — M.S.

DESPITE PAUL Morley's pessimistic response to the Anti-Nazi League "Northern Carnival", some bits of his article were almost agreeable. The whole party-politics thing did grate a bit, and I was annoyed to see the S.W.P. had some sort of privileged position in the event. But Morley's "let's keep politics out (nasty stuff) of the proceedings" attitude came across as wet, liberal crap.

Racism *is* political. By deciding that you can oppose it is taking a political stand whether Morley likes it or not. "Political extremists and crackpots" sounds suspiciously like a quote from the infamous *Daily Torygraph* backlash against the people who went on the London Carnival. OK, so groups like the S.W.P. do tend to use these events as publicity for themselves, turning the event into a sort of political supermarket, but let's remember that these meetings and demos (and getting beaten up in the process) long before RAR was even heard of, and before it became "fun".

Morley's "sit on the fence" attitude to politics is fine — if you can afford to sit on the fence. Black people getting killed in the East End can't afford that luxury.

The *NME* (like its imitators) seems to find trendy 'fun' causes particularly easy, devoting more space to nurds like Genesis P. Orridge and his Auschwitz fixations and the antics of hypocritical old farts like Dylan, than to the Buzzcicks/Steel Pulse/China Street/Exodus gig (not to mention other bands who do RAR gigs, numerous though they be).
TIM ROBINSON (no relation), Mancunian exile in London.

HAS the *NME* got an ANL fixation?
R. SOLES and AL BUM, Cheekton, Nr. Bumsrush, Buckinghamshire.
Hasn't everybody? — M.S.

IF ANYONE would like to go on our mystery coach tour to *Crossroads Motel*, you can!!!
SANDY 'WHEELCHAIR' RICHARDSON.

NOW LISTEN here you chaps. After months of investigation I can now reveal my committee's findings. We have come to the conclusion that Tony Blackburn, who for years has always been there or there about's in that most prestigious of *NME* awards "The Turkey of the Year", is no longer (shock, horror) unchallenged!

Yes, dear people, the Sunday *mornings on Britain's biggest and best,* wunnerful Radio 1, you can hear Bannockburn's most serious rival, the man (doubtful) who plays all those "terrific and fabulous" discs — Peter "I'll do anything for you Mr. Chinnery" Powell.

Am I too early to nominate Powell for prat of the year (some title considering how many there are on Radio 1).
LORD ANNAN, House of Lords.
P.S. You bounders better cut out that filthy language you use, or I'll investigate you.

I TOO have been jilted (twice in fact) so I know it's no laughing matter. I can sympathise with Jilted John and think Paul Morley was very unkind to probe into his affairs (John says, "I feel oppressed now . . . You're asking very personal questions").

Furthermore, John is an artist, and an artist should not be questioned. It's all there in the music so just listen to the record. If you print this letter please no nasty comments or remarks about my name (after all there is a Caroline Coon and nobody laughs at her).

Last of all, tell everyone who has not bought the record to buy it and make Jilted John famous.
RALPH COON, Churchdown, Glos.
Ha ha ha ha. — 'ORRIBLE NME STAFF

DEAR JOHNTY Thompson, I wish I knew what weird trip yer on, but I'll tell ya this — yer obviously ain't never seen BLACK SABBATH'S OZZY OSBOURNE otherwise ya wouldn't pass unfounded comments like wot ya have. I personally think a lot of Sabbath freaks would agree with me that Ozzy is FAR from a prat and I hope you find time from yer Wombles records to listen some time and find out fer yerself.

So don't knock what you don't understand.
A "PARANOID MASTER OF REALITY" WHO'S OUT TO SABOTAGE YOUR TECHNICAL ECSTASY. Bristol, Avon.
Just go ahead and stand in the corner with the other six bozos in Darth Vader masks. — M.S.

GREAT! Brillo! A cancer's overtaking the musik industry. And about bloody time too! The whole business is totally out of touch with the people on the street who buy the albums. One out of every two albums I buy is faulty and the large firms like EMI and Polydor don't even answer the letters I write to them. (I wonder what happens to all those stamps on me S.A.E.s?)

There are only two things that can save rock music — smaller companies like B.B., Rapid and Stiff, and Bootleggers.

Bootlegging albums keeps money in my pocket. I'd be flat broke if I had to go out and buy all the albums I've got on tape. It's about time the business got a swift kick up the ass to knock some feelings into them and the more it hurts the better.
ANDY CLEAL, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.

I'VE BEEN buying your paper for three years and haven't thrown a single copy away.

Do you wanna buy them back?
BRUCE, Hull.
No. — M.S.

IS THIS letter the right size to fit a gap anywhere?
GORDON, Heywood, Lancs.
Yup. — M.S.

Spread by Mintinque

BAD NEWS of the week was the return on Saturday of Rupert Murdoch's loathsome *Sun* (beats us why any self-respecting NUJ member would want to be associated with the deleterious pro-Thatcher rag), with all its blind prejudices intact.

By Monday, it was hitching itself to Fleet Street's already over-populated punk-is-dead bandwagon with an absurd piece which is purported to prove that *le punque* is no longer in vogue with the youth of today. In fact, the statistical survey of teenagers that *The Sun* had commissioned merely emphasised the truth of Disraeli's old dictum — there are lies, damn lies and statistics.

For example, according to the *Sun* poll, the third most popular singing star with kids is **John Travolta,** who has so far wrapped his tonsils round roughly one-third of one hit record; a separate table discloses that the groups which best reflected the kind of life teenagers face today were **Wings, ELO, Abba** and **Boney M.**

Stuff and nonsense? Sure. The poll seemed merely to prove what was top of the charts on the day it was conducted — and some may argue that it needed less than an overpaid team of market researchers to discover that. No doubt if *The Sun* asked its readers who was Britain's prime minister, the majority would answer **Jeremy Thorpe** . . .

Roy Orbison recently extended an invitation to **Emmylou Harris and the Hot Band** to support him during his five-day stint at the London Palladium. Which she accepted — to the dismay of WEA, her recording company. Hadn't they spent time and money building her up to be a big name in her own right, and not a support act to ageing bozos like Roy? Consequently, they refused to give any promotional backing at all to Emmylou's impending visit, beyond issuing a terse press release, which detailed the new Hot Band line-up, but somehow omitted to mention that the band's two most quixotic names **(Glenn D. Hardin** and **Albert Lee)** had departed. However, all is now amicably resolved. Orbison has cancelled his tour . . .

Joyful judicial japes at the Nashville last week. Lawyers representing leading discobore group **Heatwave** attempted to enter the joint to serve writs on leading blooze-rock band of no connection whatsoever **Blast Furnace and the Heatwaves;** said lawyers were told they couldn't enter unless they coughed up the entrance fee of 75p since their names, alas, weren't on the guest list. The lawyers went into discussion *in camera,* decided that they would just have to pay up, and were then told that they couldn't get in anyway since the gig was by then sold out . . .

Some girls: after agreeing to pay **Marsha Hunt** £250 a week maintenance of her daughter **Karis** (whom he is alleged to have fathered) **Mick Jagger** found himself being outsmarted by **Raquel Welch** and **Lucille Ball,** both of whom objected to the way their mugs were used on the "Some Girls" album sleeve. The Stones should really have known better, since **The Beatles** had to get legal clearance for all the faces on the "Sergeant Pepper" cover. They have now had to black out the girls' faces. The U.S. "Some Girls" cover thus now bears the message: "Please accept our apologies — we are being reconstructed." Once current stocks are sold out, the same stricture will apply in the U.K., so if you want the original cover, buy now . . .

Neil Young's next album, "Comes A Time", could be released before the end of the century if he gets his skates on, though the presence on the album of **J.J. Cale,** guesting on guitar, suggests that it might not be after all . . .

George Harrison, bless 'im, seems to have laid his religious convictions aside, as he is backing the irreverent Monty Python movie, which may or may not be called *Brian Of Nazareth,* to the tune of £2 million . . .

Wrongful arrests: Marquee DJ **Jerry Floyd** last week spent time in Queens Park nick after being apprehended trying to break into his home to collect his discs for an evening's work, and **Japan's Mick Kann** was similarly arrested for trying to force an entry into his own car after leaving his keys inside . . .

Yet more hardship for Scottish rock fans: the Glasgow Odeon has been refused a music licence — more on this in the near future . . .

Two of the films in the NFT rock movies programme have proved unavailable for screening. Last week, the *Grateful Dead* was replaced by a second showing of *Fillmore,* and *Metamorphoses,* due to be screened on Saturday, has been replaced with *Yellow Submarine* . . .

"He's an all right geezer, really," slurred lapsed Catholic and seld-appointed Guinness heir **John O'Lydon** of **Pete Townshend.** The two of them were seen exchanging anecdotes in the liggers enclosure at the Music Machine last week, after watching a **Gloria Mundi** gig, which J.R. described as "gloriously mundane" *(ho ho).* Also present, yep, you guessed it, were **Steve Jones,** and his shadow, **Paul Cook.** The inseparable duo offered their condolences and apologised for **"Mouthy" McLaren's** bad sportsmanship. Are they re-forming? queried *T-Zers,* short for a line or two. "You must be joking," said John, smiling triumphantly. The Rotten One was last seen sprawled on the floor discussing the state of the nation with 10, then 40, then 100 aficionados. All in a night's work. Really . . .

Staying in the same arena, news reached us that poor old **Sid Vicious** has taken to donning a black eye-patch. Unfortunately, he isn't doing a **Johnny Kidd** — quite the reverse. Mr. Beverley is actually in considerable danger of going blind in his left eye, due to a lazy muscle made more malignantly non-functional after the boys in blue set about the ex-Pistols bassist last year. Chances of blindness appear to be 50-50, and *T-zers* wishes him well for his forthcoming operation.

More scam on Sid is that he's contemplating a return to modelling for fashion students unless Glitterworst Ltd find an outlet for his creative urges . . .

QUOTE OF the week comes from self-styled transexual vampire **Amanda Lear.** "Disco is the lowest form of music," confessed the lanky, flat-chested one, "but it's the quickest way to fame . . ."

While **Mick Jones** is in LA with **Sandy Pearlman** putting final touches to **The Clash's** new album, an ex-roadie of the band's, **Rodent,** is back home, working as a debt collector . . .

Good news for fans of the late **Nick Drake** is the up-coming release of a boxed set of his three superb albums, along with a fourth that will more than likely feature previously unreleased gems recorded just prior to his death, as well as other hitherto unissued material. *NME's* **Nick Kent** is supplying the sleeve notes *(provided he can meet the deadline — Ed.)* and the package will be sensibly priced at around £7. . .

Due to persistent public demand, **The Pirates** have re-recorded a brand new studio version of "Shakin' All Over". WEA say they will rush-release it on September 15 (so how long does a slow release take them?). . .

Buddy Guy: "I ain't gonna say **Eric (Clapton)** and those cats can't play. They got a million to say they can play. Maybe it's me and **Junior (Wells)** the ones that can't play. . ."

Congrats to **Claudine Martinet,** publicist **Keith Altham's** P.A., who married **Steel Pulse's** singer **Michael Riley** in South East London last week. . .

Late '50s T.V. star **Vince Eager** alive and well and mightily miffed about one of **Peter Cook's** jibes on **Mickie Mouse's** *Revolver;* Cook said, "Due to the unexpected cancellation of Vince Eager I have to introduce another band who rushed here all the way from tax exile — **Ian Dury and the Blockheads".** Ever since — apparently — folks have been berating Vince for reneging on his commitments. . .

Tod Rundgren set to score upcoming film *Simon,* a story about life seen through the eyes of an acid casualty. Todd recently told *Rolling Stone:* "I guess I'm like those old-fashioned artists, **da Vinci** and **Rembrandt,** *(what label were they on — Ed.)* you don't get discovered until you're dead. . ."

The Boyfriends — who have been approached by **Pete Townshend** to appear in the *Quadrophenia* movie — are presently undertaking a series of doppelganger gigs; in the first half they appear as **The Back Beats,** dressed in black suits, singing '60s material, and in the second half they appear as themselves.

The Warm Jets were trashed onstage by a mob of skinheads during their gig at Romford's Albermarle Club. Afterwards **Paul Ballance,** the Jets' lead singer, commented: "It's sickening that three per cent of the audience can ruin the whole show for everyone. . ."

Mick Jagger *(Christ, not him again — Ed.)* wants to release "Beast Of Burden" as next Stones single. EMI, though, reckon "Respectable" a better chart contender. . .

Elvis Costello, together with wife and son, is holidaying in Nashville where he's been duetting with country star **George Jones.** So he may yet appear at the Wembley Country Festival? . .

Ertwhile pard'ners **Simon** and **Garfunkel** apparently holidaying together on the Greek island of Patmos. . .

Would anyone who wrote off for a petition to protest against the GLC's refusal to allow **The Stranglers** to play Alexandra Palace (Thrills, 15-7-78) please send an SAE to the organisers — **Gary Bailies** & **Ron Wilson,** 22, Birnam Road, London, N.4. Both jobless, like, their meagre finances can't stretch to meeting postal rates. . .

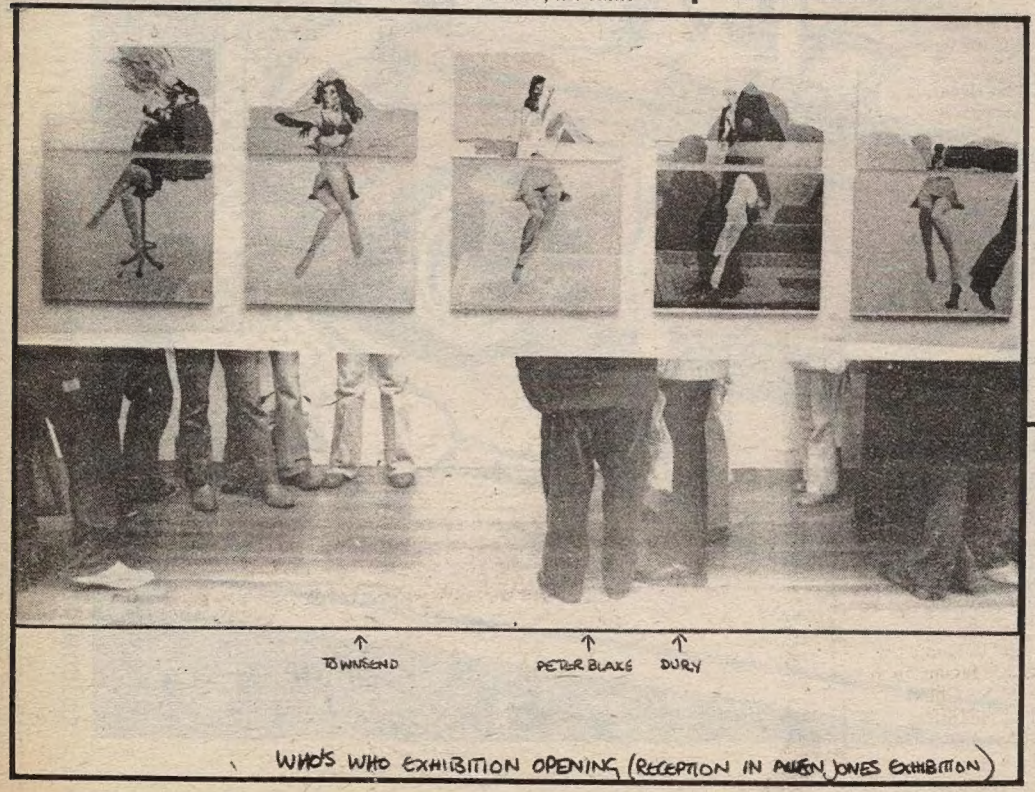
T-zers would like to extend a clammy hand of welcome to **Angus MacKinnon** and **Paul Rambali,** two bright young men with full and successful careers in front of them but who have decided to forsake it all for a full-time job on *NME.* Tall craggy Angus is already well-known to readers of *Martian Times,* and once bought **Kraftwerk** a drink; his ambition is to visit Alpha Centauri. Suave, good-looking cub reporter Paul lists his favourite colour as blue, and his favourite band as **Pere Ubu;** he once shared a cigarette with **The Cramps.** Gee. To like they'll soon be as cynical and jaded as the rest of us. . .

Someone wrote to the *Sunday Times* last week defending *Evita* (which the paper had correctly described the previous week as an "odious artefact"), by saying "I know it's only rock 'n' roll, but I like it". *T-zers* is lost for words . . .

THE 'OO have always liked to give a helping hand to those less fortunate than themselves, and always chose some deserving but largely unheralded band to support them on tour; one such was Kilburn and the High Roads, who gigged with the lads on their '73 bash, and contained in their ranks the wonderful Ian Dury, here seen getting matey with Mooney.

Pic: DANNY CLIFFORD

T-ZERS GETS MATEY



AFTER THE opening last week of The Who memorabilia thingy at the ICA, the reception was held in an adjacent room showing an Allen Jones exhibition, which gave NME's *PENNIE SMITH the opportunity to take this delightfully ingenious snap of the guests and to mis-spell Pete's name in her own inimitable style. (P.S. Don't what* T-zers *did and go on a Monday — it's closed.)*

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This Week	Last Week	TOP TEN
20p Rocket to Russia, The Normal, Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise.	1	(2)	CLASH POLICE
	2	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
	3	(3)	C.C. ROCKER
25p Kaya, Joe Gibbs, Black Slate No. 2, Steel Pulse No. 2, Aswad, T.V.O.D., Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.	4	(4)	STEEL PULSE
	5	(9)	SIOUXSIE OVERGROUND
	6	(6)	COMPLETE CONTROL
	7	(5)	SHAM 69
	8	(—)	LAZY SOD
30p Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollock, So Many Fools (Siouxsie), Here & Now.	9	(—)	NO FUTURE
	10	(—)	THE LURKERS

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